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Monday, August 15, 1927

I painted on the "Old Farmers' Almanac" until about 12. Mr. Bradley came during the morning and asked me to give a talk on Alfonso and Spain at the meeting of the Village Hall Society a week from Sunday, that is the 28th. He suggested having the portrait there if possible. Of course I had to accept but it is like taking a dose of medicine. However I guess I'll get through with it all right though it will be hard having everyone I know in the audience. It would be easier in some ways with strangers. About 12 I went in swimming with E. & Hope and Wise. We went round to the bathing beach in Woodlark. It was cold. 56°. Came back and dressed and went up to Nanna's for lunch. After lunch played a set of tennis with Hope then stayed round Cove House the rest of the afternoon as various people came – Mr. Atwood from E. Gloucester bringing a Mr. Thresher of Detroit, then Mrs. Carvalho who we met in Spain – a very vulgar person, sometimes amusing. She said that when she went to the palace in Madrid, she kept on into a room the guards told her to keep out of because the King was passing through, said she heard the bugle call that he was coming and wanted to see him so she just went and Alfonso bowed to her politely as he passed her. She said she followed him a little to see what clothes he had on, described them to us quite minutely, saying he was dressed "quite democratic." Imagine the nerve and rudeness of it! She brought with her to Cove House two people a Miss Rice and a Miss Wise. Went up to Nanna's for dinner and took an early bus over to Gloucester for the annual meeting of the Gloucester Society of Artists. Miss Judson had telephoned during the afternoon that Mr. Wigglesworth, the president, could not be there and I as vice-president had to preside. The business of the meeting was to elect the officers for the next year and the difficulty was that we could not get anyone at the meeting to accept the nomination for president. Mr. Wigglesworth had refused to run again but was elected by acclamation. That could not stand however in the face of his refusal to serve so the election of president was put off until another meeting to be held a week from to-night. The other officers elected were, I as vice-president, Mr. Barry as secretary, Mrs. Anderson chairman of the house committee and Mrs. Little chairman of the entertainment committee. If Mr. Wigglesworth still refuses to be pres. but will be vice-president I will resign in his favor. It was a good thing though to get the office filled because Mrs. Brumback showed a disposition to want to change the policy of the exhibitions, to make them more "modern" again and we might have tried to fill the office with some one agreeing with her, though I doubt if they could be elected. The Barry's took me home stopping at the Stoddards for a while for tea and to listen to the radio. I did not mind the presiding at all. in fact rather liked it.

Tuesday. Aug. 16. I painted on the Old Farmer's almanac until 12. Then played tennis with Louise. Then to mamma's for lunch. Afterwards went over to Sleepyrocks and played tether-ball with Wise, E. and Jack. – a new pole just put up. It was great fun. Then to the Village Hall fair. Back to Cove House and later took a run up to Gloucester Harbor in Woodlark with Wise & E. Went to mamma's to supper. over to Sleepyrocks afterwards. read the Bible in Spain aloud with E. & W. Wise went to New York to-night. E. Walter sat out on the piazza with Virginia Keys during the evening. She seems much more normal and says she feels better. Jack had a long talk with the Dr. while he was here and feels encouraged about the situation.

Wednesday. Aug. 17.

Painted on the Old Farmer's Almanac until 11.30. Went on a picnic with E., Hope, Lucy and Louise, up in the marshes on an old pier. After lunch played ball and slept, Home about 2.30. Went for a little sail in Wasp with Dudley French for him to see what he could do with her as their boat like her seems to handle much better. He said he thought they were about the same. ~~E. and~~ but theirs, sailed by Mrs. French, beat us all to pieces. E. will sell her probably to Mrs. Chadell and she has chartered a little fish boat for Hope for the rest of the season. When I came in from sailing I found some people here. Miss Kent and two friends, then Mr. & Mrs. Barry came, then a bunch of four from the Barnacle, then Mrs. Roberts and her daughter who was the little Eve at the dance the other night. They were very nice and interested, talked about my painting the two girls in similar black velvet dresses trimmed with silver. They live in St. Louis, hope it comes off. I got a letter from mamma's Dr. yesterday saying that her recent cold and cough did not seem to indicate renewed tubercular condition, which is great as I hoped. To-day got a letter from the Attleboro Art Association asking me to have a show there in the Atlanta Art Museum this winter. Will probably accept. Went up to Mamma's to dinner. Then back to dress for the opera at Stillington Hall. Miss Moseley came for me at 7.45. Opera was Martha. So funny and old fashioned, only fairly well done. More amateurish than the other show, Figaro. Saw Ralph Bradley there. The fire-works for the Gloucester celebration of Cape Ann day were going off during the performance.

Thursday. Aug. 18.

Alma came to clean so I didn't paint, just did odd jobs round the house and garden, wrote letters etc. Went up to see Miss Trull to ask her if her mother would like to have E. stop for her in the car so that she could get down to the studio to see Ella Aspinwall's portrait before it goes. It began to rain about the middle of the morning. Went to Mamma's for lunch. Mrs. Chamberlain who is down just for a few days and a Miss Baker, who is staying at the same hotel, came over after lunch. Mrs. C. very enthusiastic about my latest portraits, Alfonso and Mrs. Aspinwall. Two people from Lynn came in the morning on a pilgrimage to Gloucester to see the exhibitions, had read in the papers about me etc. I stayed round all the afternoon writing letters, playing the piano etc. Went up to Sheeprocks for dinner and stuck in photographs in my album afterwards. E. brought me home as it was pouring. Wise telephoned while we were at dinner that he would have to stay over another day in N.Y. to talk to Mr. Ochs of the N.Y. Times as they are thinking of ordering a press. Miss Flagg has asked me to be judge at a costume party at the Gloucester Community House next Tuesday night.

Friday. Aug. 19.

clearing and cold in the afternoon

Too dark and rainy to paint so I wrote my report for the National Ass'n of Women Painters & Sculptors on the Convention of the American Federation of Arts last May in Boston, to which I was a delegate. Have been meaning to do it all summer but there was no great rush as the report won't be read until the meeting of the ass'n in the autumn. Various people came in during the morning. Miss Fallows brought some people from Miss Flagg's, among them Dr. Wm H. Park who is head of the Board of Health of N.Y. city and has done some valuable bacteriological work. He is having his portrait painted by Johansen. Said he wished he had known about me. J. has had 8 sittings so far and has only worked on the head and not finished that. Miss Hunt also brought some people and Constance & Gertrude Whittemore brought a girl. I went to Mrs. Best's to luncheon. A party of eight. E. Wister, Virginia Keys, Christine Lindeman, Mrs. Frick, Mrs. Best, a Mrs. Taft from Manchester, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Patterson and I. After lunch went and called on Mr. Dawson. He seems quite feeble, propped up with pillows. Then home. E. wanted me to go out sailing in a new boat they have chartered for Hope for the rest of the summer because Wasp is so unsatisfactory. It is a little fish boat and Hope will call it the Sculpin. It sails finely. I couldn't go because I thought Mrs. & Miss Towle were coming to see Mrs. Aspinwall's portrait. They didn't come but it was just as well I stayed because Miss Ada Rainey of the Washington Post who wrote me up when I was in Washington last November painting Borah, came. She brought two ladies a Mrs. Ridgely and a Mrs. Deering. All very enthusiastic and she took a photo. of all four to use in the Post. Two ladies from Melrose also came while they were here. Then Mamma & C.W. came. I went up to Mrs. Adams' for supper with E., Hope, E. Wister & Ginny Keys. After supper went up to Sleeprocks. Then home to bed early. Ginny Keys goes to-morrow. Sorry as she is a nice girl and a good influence for Elizabeth, who has been much better lately. The No. Shore Breeze has my picture, a Bachrach one, and a little notice about my painting Mrs. Aspinwall. Wise comes back to-morrow.

Saturday, Aug. 20.

Miss Ripley, who is having a sale of dresses etc. at Nancy Flagg came over right after breakfast to see my things and Mrs. Madden stopped in. A little later Miss Towle & Mrs. Woodman and her sister, Mrs. Browse came and while they were here Wise arrived from New York. He had a successful time and it looks as if he was going to get an order from the Times for a press. He would like some autoplate business though. He'll have to go down again next Tuesday night. Prof. Bradley also came with the postal cards announcing my address at the Village Hall association meeting next Sunday. He asked me to make a poster but I declined on the grounds that I was too busy. I don't like the idea of making a poster to advertise my own address. About 11.30 we went in swimming over at the sand dunes — Wise & C., Hope, Louise and I. Lunch at Mamma's. Went back to the studio soon after as a reporter was coming from the Boston Globe. He interviewed E. Jose at Sleeprocks for a story on her photographs then came to Cove House, a photographer with him. I showed him everything but he decided that as alfonso and I had been written up so much and so recently in the Globe that he would keep me for some articles he was going to write later on New England artists and writers. Wise took Philip (who arrived about 3 to spend Sunday) & me and the two newspapermen out for a run in Woodlark, up to Lanesville where the photographer took some pictures of the harbor and two men in Esquimaux kyacks. When we got back they drove Philip and me over to Gloucester to a tea and exhibition at the Winter's studio. E. & Wise came along later and picked us up on the corner and took us to a big tea at Mrs. Loose's on Eastern Point for Sec. of agriculture and Mrs. Jardine. Had a nice little talk with the Sec. (Wise talked to him about the Spanish grape situation) and also with Sen. Capper who is on the Foreign Relations Committee and also met Dr. & Mrs. Lancashire, Dean Bratenahl and others. Mrs. Ridgely who came to the studio yesterday with Miss Raisey, the Washington Post correspondent, was pouring and was very cordial and nice, cracking up my work to Dr. Lancashire etc. Sec. & Mrs. Jardine are coming to Sleeprocks to tea on Monday. When we got back Philip & I had supper at Mamma's, then went for a little call on Constance & Gertrude at the "Castle" and then to the Yacht club dance. Had a very good time. Danced with Philip, Mr. Stockton who dances awfully well and Mr. Hale. Went home about 11.15.

Sunday, Aug. 21.

I started to paint Herm Rice but it was too dark so put it off till to-morrow. Mrs. Coulter came at 11 bringing her friend Mr. Hackett, a Mrs. Hobbs from San Diego, Calif., and a Mrs. Holdsworth and her friend Mrs. Morton from Brookline. All much interested and enthusiastic. Josie and Viola Prichard came as they left also E. & Wise and after that Philip came for me to play tennis. We played one set in which he beat me 6-4, then I improved and the next set we left at 4 all as it was time for lunch. After lunch I went back to Cove House and just stayed around all the afternoon until 5.30 as it had got foggy and misty. Philip came down and played the piano. Also E. & W. Mrs. Damon, Sally Littlefield and Dell Cushman stopped in. Mamma & Philip & I went to the Huntsmans to a tea and exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Mordell awfully nice water colors of flowers and little oil landscapes. Wise bought a flower study. Went to Mammas for supper. Philip left at 7. and I went to the Bradleys at eight to hear Miss Rulison play the piano. about thirty people there. I sat next to Mrs. Linderman & Mr. Hight with Mrs. Broadhurst behind. Miss R. played very well indeed and I enjoyed it. The Hights brought me home as far as the Woods where I stopped in for a while. The Maddens were there at dinner. Wise brought me home. He will try and get E. Whistler to start sittings for her portrait soon. She is much better in every way.

Monday. Aug. 22.

I painted on the Old Farmers Almanac for one hour and finished it except for a little work on the calendar on the wall which I can do without Herm". Everyone likes it and I think it makes a good picture to exhibit. Will try it first in the Carnegie Institute International at Pittsburg, I think. When I finished I went to play tennis with Nell Cushman but we couldn't get a court so we went in swimming instead. She went with her husband, Bobby and Sally Littlefield and I went with E. + Wise + Hope over to the sand dunes. Up to Sheeprocks for lunch. E. Whistler has refused again to sit for her portrait and I'll have to let it go, I guess. Got back to the studio early as Miss Ricker was coming to see about making a poster for my address at the Village Hall next Sunday night. She will use a balcony. flower pots etc. from one of my Spanish sketches. Before she left a lot of people came. Then I went over to the tennis courts and played two sets with Nell Cushman. Beat her 6-4, 6-2. Came back and some more people came, the Misses Tickner and the Misses Torrence. They had been to call on the Lindermans and Fricks' the Misses T. are friends of the Fricks and said that Mr. F. had told ~~them~~. he was going to have me paint his daughter Mary Morris who has just arrived in Squam. I hope he does as I want to start something new and don't know just what as I haven't heard from Mrs. Baker and E. Whistler won't sit. Some other people came and by that time it was too late to go up to the Woods for tea. Sec. & Mrs. Jardine were coming but the Sec. gave out and Mrs. Jardine came with Mrs. Loring. Wise was going to try and bring them to the studio but they had to go. Saw his portrait etc. up there however. I went up to Mammas for supper and took the 7.25 bus over to Gloucester for the meeting of the Gloucester Society of

Artists to elect a President. Frank Wigglesworth has consented to be president again, provided that Mr. Berry, the new secretary will take a lot of the work off his shoulders. Mr. Dudis-Bida was there, sat next to me and I am going to the costume dance with him Friday night. The Berry's brought me home and stayed for quite a while Mr. Berry fussing with the radio. He found out the trouble, a loose connection in the loop socket. While they were there, about 10 minutes of 10, Mr. Arthur Lee stopped in. Suppose he was over in Annisquam and saw the house lighted and the door open, so stopped for a minute. I had a letter to-day from Miss Murdock saying that the Frick collection of photographs of paintings wants a print of my portrait of Borah, also Mrs. Longyear wants a photograph of Alfonso's portrait for her collection. Miss Judson, over at the Exhibition says there is a possibility of my chess picture being bought for the Boston Chess Club. Hope it goes through.

Tuesday, Aug. 23.

Foggy and showers all day. Sacco and Vanzetti were executed last night. There have been last minute appeals and demonstrations of violence all over the world. None of the men appealed to, chief justice Holmes and Brandeis of the Supreme Court and of course Gov. Fuller all the time have yielded one inch and it became increasingly clear, to everyone except anarchists, red sympathizers and well meaning people influenced by the enormous propaganda in their behalf, that the decision of the Mass. courts was just and would be carried out. The State House and all public buildings, subways etc., not only in Boston but all over the world have been heavily guarded and there has been no serious outbreak as yet. Clarissa Nicholson (Hawks) Hetty's friend was among those arrested for picketing, carrying placards etc. in front of the State House yesterday. Thank goodness it is over and that Fuller was firm. He now has shown himself as a strong man and a possibility for vice-president. Belle Hooper and little Anne came to the studio to see me after breakfast, then E. H. Wise came and took me over to Manchester for the flower show which however did not open until 2 o'clock, so we could only look in the door. We did some errands on the way back in Gloucester and when we got back to Cove House Wise nailed up the box with Mrs. Aggeswell's portrait which I had been packing before Belle came. It, left by Am. Ex. this afternoon. She will have it for a while in Philadelphia and then it will go to Mrs. Thom's in Baltimore. I had lunch with Wise and Hope, E. went to a luncheon at the Beals' and E. Vistler to lunch with some Baltimore friends at Eastern Point. After lunch I went down to the "Castle" to see Constance + Gertrude who is going back to Brookline to-morrow, Belle and Anne there as Constance was going to make a sketch of Anne. I did not stay long as I knew she wanted to get to work. Came back to Cove House, changed my clothes and went up to Sheepsrocks to see a Mr. + Mrs. Albion Lay who were coming to call. They knew E. + Wise at Virginia Hot Springs. I thought they were deadly. Mrs. Lay was a Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizer, had read all the accounts of the trial carefully, was sure they were innocent and had they been killed because they were radicals. Had no apparent reason for her opinion except that "they didn't behave like criminals". Very intelligent and a mixture of stubbornness and sentimentalism. Her husband just heavy + deadly. Wise + E. brought them down to Cove House later and after they were gone we stayed there in front of the fire and Mamma and C.W. came down. I went up to Mamma's for supper and was going over to Gloucester to judge the costumes at a costume party for the Community House but Nancy Flagg telephoned that the costume part of the dance was off as the weather had been so bad So I ~~got~~ asked Mr. + Mrs. Hopper to come to the studio for some music. They had been talking of coming. She plays quite well, bangs too much though. They got some tickets for the artists' costume ball from me for Friday night and Mr. Meyer who stopped in for a minute may get some. The Hoppers liked my sketches and are going to get one. Also think a client of his (he designs woodwork and mantel pieces in New York) would like my ship model and I will probably send it on later for her to see. Also when they can afford it they want a portrait of Mrs. H. and the little boy possibly for their new mantel which has a big panel to be filled. It may come off someday. Wise went to N.Y. to-night. I had a letter from Nina and she seems almost like herself again.

Wednesday. Aug. 24

It simply poured all night and all day until about 5 o'clock. Miss Mosely stopped in after breakfast for a while. Then E. came down to take Mamma and me over to Manchester to the Flower Show. We stopped at Magnolia on the way home and I tried to get a dress and little felt hat so as to have something nice looking to wear to luncheons etc. down here in the early fall when it will be too late for summer things to look well. Couldn't find anything. Had lunch with Mamma, went over to Sleeprocks afterwards and they all came down to Cove House to make candy etc., Hope, Louise, E. & E. D. Vetter. We made fudge and it came out all right after we put it back and boiled it some more. While it was cooling, Hope and Louise and I went over to Nancy Flagg's and looked in the window at a "Style Show" that Miss Rigley was having. There certainly wasn't much style about it. Annisquam girls as models to show off the dresses and the dresses most of them awfully frumpy looking anyway. Some people came to see Alfonso. Then the rain stopped and I tied up my hollyhocks which were quite badly broken by the storm. Went up to Sleeprocks for dinner and stuck in photographs afterwards.

Thursday. Aug. 25.

a lovely sunny day after the rain. Alma came to clean the studio so I couldn't paint. I tried to get someone to play tennis without success. E. came down and wanted me to go out sailing in Oriole. So we went and while we were out Mrs. Madden telephoned that she could play this morning but not in the afternoon as I had asked her. So I missed the chance to play with her by going out sailing. We didn't have much wind but got back in time for a swim off the float before lunch. Went to Josie's to lunch. Quite a big party, two tables, after lunch I came back and just loafed round Cove House, as I couldn't get any one to play tennis with me and E. had gone out in Oriole again and Hope over to Gloucester with her mother. Mrs. Mayes came to call. Katharine drove her over and they had the baby in the car. Then Mamma and C. D. came down and Miss Moseley stopped in. About six Hope came to put the sail cover on Sculpin and we played three games of tennis and then I went up to Mamma's to supper and over to Gloucester in the evening for the Costume Dance at the Community House. Nancy Flagg asked me to come as judge as they had decided to hold the dance, postponed because of the rain Tues. & Wed.; so I went, but it was an absolute fizzle. They had the street roped off in front of the Community House and a band playing but no one danced except an occasional couple of sailors and there was not a costume in sight except half a dozen children selling balloons and ice-cream cones. Nobody trying to sell them. That's the second time Nancy La[illegible] got me over there for nothing. Last year there weren't enough people in costume for the prizes to be awarded and this year there wasn't even any one dancing. Must have been lack of announcement and advertising about it. If she asks me again next year I think I'll stay in Annisquam till she telephones me that there is actually something going on. I had to wait half an hour for a bus so I just missed the 9 o'clock one and as I didn't inquire there was one at quarter past. I went to the waiting station soon after 1. It was a deadly waste of an evening. I hope I hear from Mrs. Bishop soon about the portraits as I want to get to work on something and don't know just what to begin. I may do a still life of vegetables in the [illegible] people wanted something of that kind and it would be [illegible]. I've got to do something. I hate being out of a job and wasting time so.

Friday, Aug. 26.

E. stopped for me early and we went over to Gloucester to meet Wise, doing some errands first. He is in good spirits and things are going well though the Times order will not be settled until next week. Mrs. Pringle had telephoned that a Globe photographer was coming down on that same train and that she would bring him over to Cove House to take my picture in my costume for the Gloucester Society of Artists ball to-night. They drew up at Cove House just as we did and I beat it upstairs and got into my black lace evening dress, mantilla and comb and the photographs were all taken inside of ten minutes. He went over to the gallery after that and took some other artists and they will all be out in the Globe to-morrow. After they left Mr. Dudis-Biada came to see about a sash and handkerchief for his good costume. Then some people came to see Alfonso's portrait and Wise and E. came down and ~~went in bathing~~ I went for a little sail round the cove with Hope in Sculpin. I got a letter from Mrs. Jerome of the Atlanta Art Ass'n saying that they were much interested in having my exhibition but that it would have to be in March, the last two weeks, as Feb. was all taken. Wise wired for me saying I would take that time. I came in from ~~swim~~ sailing and got dressed to go to Mrs. Thoss luncheon at the Wonlam tea house. E. Wester and I drove over. About 14 people, mostly Baltimoreans and Philadelphians and a delicious lunch. I sat next to a Miss Adeline Piper who is Sec. for the Baltimore Society, the Friends of American Art. She's going to ask Mrs. Thom to lend her my portrait of Mrs. Aspinwall to show there. There were some nice things on sale at the Tea House and I got Mamma a set of pearl bar pins for her birthday to-morrow. We got home about 3.30 and some people came to the studio immediately - Marguerite Pearson, the artist, her father & mother and a friend. She is a helpless cripple and it is a miracle what she has done with her work. Mr. Barry told me about her the other night and how she worked in a wheeled chair with her mother handing her each brush as she wanted it etc. Before they left Miss Kent and her brother came. Then Wise and E. and Mamma and C.W. came and sat in front of the fire and talked until it was time to go up to supper. I had supper at Mamma's and came back right after to dress for the Fakers ball over at Gloucester in the Hawthorne Inn Casino. I stopped in at Mrs. Chidell's to see if she wanted a ticket. Mr. Meyer was there. He came back with me to Cove House and helped me dry a silk handkerchief I was washing out for Mr. Drudis-Biada to wear, in front of the fire. He went to the dance in a gorgeous Indian prince costume of Mrs. Crane's, taking his mother and Mrs. Chidell who were gotten up in some queer arrangement of Liberty scarves, with small ones tied round their heads like swinging clothes. I went in one of Harvey's cars with Mr. & Mrs. Hafner. The dance was quite good fun. Lively and peppy and very good music and I had a very good time as I danced all the time with Mr. Drudis Biada & Mr. Hafner and once with Mr. Meyer. It was rather a cheap crowd and some of the exhibition dancing was pretty cheap but good fun. We stayed until 12 when it ended.

Saturday, Aug. 27.

It poured all day. The rain and cold have been terrible this summer and there have been 9 rainy week ends so far. Everyone is disgusted. Wise and E. came for me in the car with Hope and little Wise to go over to Rockport to see the surf. The baby was darling. Kept saying in a conversational tone, "It's raining". He said it when the rain blew in the car window on his face and in just the same tone when Wise brought him back in his arms from a brief stay on the rocks to see the waves, with his hat blown off and his hair all wet. When we got back and got him safely delivered to "Nana" we went down to Cove House and sat in front of the fire. About 12 we went up to Mamma's to wish her many happy returns and for me to give her my present. Then I went to Mrs. Adams tea house to leave

The picture came out in the Globe to-day. One among those of the artists at the ball and E.'s with Mr. de Lue's write-up about her. Very good indeed.

Lunch with Josie and Charlie Rogers, Lucy Dodge and a friend of hers Brenda Tweed. After lunch Josie, Charlie & I went to Cove House. E. & Wise ~~&~~ Hope & Louise came over and later, after Charlie R. had gone back to Gloucester, Mamma & C. D. and Philip came. We made candy and pop-corn, played the piano and sang and had a great time. E. had asked us all to dinner for Mamma's birthday and she and Hope had presents for Mamma at the table and a birthday cake. Jack Wheeler came during the evening. After dinner, about 10 o'clock when Mamma & C. D. left, Philip and I went to the yacht club dance. Not very thrilling and I came home about eleven. E. & Wise want me to do an other portrait of E. in evening dress and we may start Monday, putting off the sittings if I start the Baker portraits. It will be great fun to do it. She will probably wear a black satin evening dress, a black and gold wrap she got in Paris and sit in a chair we are going to borrow from the [illegible].

Sunday, August 28.

A rather hectic day. Rained all day and poured with thunder and lightning during the night. I had planned to have a little time to myself after breakfast to go over my address for the evening — to plan it out, not to write it, as I spoke from notes only. Mr. Hackworth came along though just as I was coming back from breakfast and stopped in to see my things and before I had got my bed made E. & Wise came down. They left very soon however and I had half an hour before the kids came, Hope, Louise and Sylvia Hafner. Then Mr. Hafner came and I talked to him while the kids popped corn in front of the fire. Then E. & Wise came back and Philip came and we all sang and played the piano. Then E. & W. took me up to Mamma's to lunch but as I found it was not to be ready till 2 I went back to the studio and had half an hour more to concentrate on what I was going to say. That was the last chance I got as there was a steady stream of people all the afternoon. Mr. & Mrs. Barry and a friend; Percy Albertson, Mr. Tilton and Charlie Rogers; Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Rogers from Gloucester; Mr. [illegible] and three girls (very cheap): Mamma & C. D. and Philip and Jack and of course Hope and E. & Wise. Also Mr. Bradley stopped in to arrange about our taking the portrait up to the hall, which Wise and I did on my way up to supper at Mamma's. We put it on an easel on the platform and covered it over with a Fortuny hanging as I planned to uncover it at a certain point in my address. I had supper at Mamma's. Philip left immediately afterward as he was driving up with Francis Hartley and could not stay down for my "party". After supper I went over to Sleeprocks for a cup of coffee to steady me and it worked quite well. I was a little nervous when I began but got over it when I got the portrait uncovered and felt that attention was focussed on it and not on me and after that I could talk more easily and I think it went all right. Talked 40 minutes and everyone seemed very much pleased and interested. I hope I don't have to do it again but suppose I will mind it less the more I do it. Afterwards E. + Wise + Hope and I had drinks at Mrs. Adams's soda fountain and then E. + Wise came back with me to Love House bringing the portrait in one trip and the easel in another. I am to start E.'s portrait to-morrow and am thrilled. Such a relief to have the talk over.

Monday. August 29.

I got started painting early and finished the calendar in the Old Farmers Almanac, so that is all done now. E. came down at 10.30 to pose for her portrait. Wise went over to the Beals and got the chair, a nice Spanish one, and we made the sketch. It is going to be a stunning portrait I think! size 36 X 42. I went up to Mamma's for lunch and caught the 5 minutes of 2 bus for Gloucester for a meeting of the exhibition committee at the Gloucester Society of Artists. Mr. Anderson, Miss Judson, Miss Arnold + I were there, the one other member of the committee Mr. Schmidt being abroad just now. We got the dates for the shows for next year and the rules planned out. Then I took a bus back and found E. + Wise and Hope and Jack going in swimming. I was going with them but some people came so I couldn't get away. I got the studio straightened out after they went and my brushes washed and went up to Sleeprocks for dinner. Jack went back to Baltimore to-night. There was a nice write-up in the Gloucester Times about my talk Sunday night.

Tuesday. Aug. 30.

Had a good sitting with E. and got the canvas practically covered, except the head and arms. Had a letter from the Atlanta Art Association in answer to my telegram saying that they have definitely put me down for the last two weeks in March, the pictures to be there March 10. I am to let them know how many pictures I will send and give them material for publicity. I will go down so as to be there in time for hanging the show and will stay on while it is open. E. & Wise are going to Augusta in March, where Jorie goes, and they want me to come with them and they will come to Atlanta to see the show. Atlanta is about 24 hours from Augusta. It will be great and I ought to get some commissions as Atlanta is a rich city. I went up to Mamma's for lunch. In the afternoon played tennis with Lucy Dodge and Wise & E. and Hope and I went in swimming off Woodlark. The water was quite warm 62° but a cold wind and the sun not out bright. Went to Grammas to supper and to Sheeprocks afterwards. Mr. Madden came to call. Various people came to Cove House during the day among them a Miss Ballioni brought by Miss Young, she is head of the Dept. of Spanish at Wesleyan University, has often seen Alfonso at San Sebastian and thought the portrait a perfect likeness, quite excited about it. She came from the Balearic Islands and thought they were the most beautiful place in the world. Everyone says nice things about my [illegible] Sunday night. F. J. [illegible] said there were over 200 people there which is pretty good for such a stormy night. He is delighted.

Wednesday, Aug. 31, Elizabeth's birthday.

I went up to Sheeprocks right after breakfast with my present, a desk pad with an old map on the cover, one of Helen Souter's that I thought E. would like. Then we walked down to Cove House and began work on the portrait again. Got the head all in and the canvas all covered except a little piece in the lower right corner. We will have a black and gold frame like Alfonso's and I have ordered it. It is going to be a stunning portrait I think and I am thrilled about it. Hope fell in the water, stepped off Woodlark missing the float because she was looking at the oil in the water. She was a good sport about it. She was all alone when it happened and the first we knew was her voice a bit agonized downstairs calling to me to come down. There she stood on the piazza dripping and there were some people in looking at Alfonso so I took her in the back downstairs room through the window and she took off her wet clothes and got into her bathing suit. She wasn't frightened a bit just annoyed at herself and didn't like the idea of getting into the oily water. I went to Mrs. Pullicover's for lunch because Jorie asked everyone at Sheeprocks and Grammy to lunch at Mrs. Adams.

C.D. went up to Boston for the day. So that took away both my lunch places and I couldn't go to Mrs. Adams either of course, as they were there. Rather amusing. I suppose she left me out because she had me the other day with Charlie Rogers. After lunch we all went over to Nancy's to see the children in a "Style Show" of some children's clothes that are there on sale for a few days brought down by the Little Lady Shop of Boston. Hope and Louise and Sylvia Hopper and Louise French were in it, Ginny Hayden and some others I didn't know. They all looked awfully nice and the clothes are very pretty. Great excitement among the kids of course about it and they were very busy yesterday afternoon trying on the dresses and deciding what they would wear. After that was over Wise drove E. Distler and me over to E. Gloucester to Thomas, to look at some dresses and evening wraps. I got a three piece jersey dress, to have something fresh to wear here later on when it gets colder. It is sort of a light pinkish rosewood color. Then they left me at the Ladd's for tea. Dr. Ladd's birthday, just family there by the time I got there. They have a house on Gerring Road, off Eastern Pt. Road. The old gentleman seems wonderfully well and young. Then I took a bus home and went up to Sleepwicks for E.'s birthday party. The Hights', MacNutts, Bartletts & Mamma & C.D. there.

Thursday, September 1.

Another rainy day. It rained all the morning and simply poured in the afternoon with high N.E. winds. I worked on my report for the N.A. of Women P. & S. most of the morning, copying it on Wise's typewriter. Wise came down and worked in the shop and Hope and Louise and Ruth Frick dressed up and acted charades. E. went over to Gloucester and went to get a shampoo. Alma was cleaning the studio. When I went up to Mamma's for lunch I found B. & G. there. They left the boat in Gloucester Harbor because Henry was afraid there was not good anchorage for her here. She is rather big for the Cove and there is too much current off the yacht club. B. & G. seem very well. B. has not been seasick since that day we were on board and they have escaped some of the bad weather as they were back at Princeton for a while during the worst of it. They are spending the night at the Hawthorne Inn to-night and will be here till over Labor Day. After lunch we all came down to Cove House for the afternoon. that E. & Wise

Mamma & C.W., B. & J. and I. Hope went to Magnolia with her mother. I showed Jim my Old Farmer's Almanac and he was very much pleased with it. Thought it one of the best things I had done. Suggested making the table-cover a little darker so as to give the lamp something to stand on more obviously. It blew so during the afternoon that Jim got worried about the boat - they had left only Tinker on board - so W. & E. drove him over to see about it. I went next door to the Little Lady shop at Miss Flagg's to choose a dress. and when I came back found they had gone. They didn't get back until almost seven but everything was all right apparently. Mrs. Broadhurst telephoned in the morning and asked me to go to dinner with them at Del Monte's. Alex and Charles Davenport were coming down. So they called for me at 7 and we drove over. The place was empty except for our party but began to fill up after 8 o'clock and when we left at 9.30 several tables were full and lots of people dancing. A very good place of the sort. Good music. A circular room on the rocks at Magnolia. When we got back we stopped at the studio for a minute for Charles Davenport to see Alfonso. He knows Quincy Bent and I showed him my drawing and he liked it very much. Then we went to the Broadhurst's house for a while and saw some of his photographs. Then the three men took me home. Quite a nice time but not thrilling as Charles D. is pretty heavy and the Broadhurst's nice but rather "Boston". I like people to be more spontaneous and natural.

Friday. Sept. 2.

I started painting E. early. I was going up to the luncheon she gave for Sister E. but Mrs. Proctor telephoned and asked if she could bring a guest, so I stayed away to make a place for her at the table and went off on Sea Roamer instead. I much preferred that except that I wasn't feeling awfully well and would rather not get cold and wet out sailing. Brookline went to the luncheon. I painted till 11.30 and then Wise & C.W. and Hope and Louise and I went over to Gloucester Harbor in Woodlark and joined Jim on Sea Roamer. We had lunch on board in the harbor before we started and then sailed out around the whistler off Halfway Rock and back. A good breeze. Hope felt the motion a good deal and lay with her head in my lap most of the way. She recovered immediately though as soon as we got back in the harbor and she and Louise stayed on board while Jim and Henry took the boat up the river and dropped anchor in Squam off the yacht club. I came back in Woodlark with Wise and C.D. I wasn't very comfortable during the sail because of the tummy-ache anyway and the combination of that and the motion did make me sick, so that I lost my lunch. However I'm glad I went and hope we have another sail to-morrow when I will feel all right and can enjoy it. When we got back to Squam Wise + E. drove me over to the Hawthorne Inn to leave some stockings for Mr. Harvey that I had promised to take over when I went to the meeting last night. Then when I gave up the meeting for the dinner at the Smiths' I planned to take the stockings this morning but as we went by water I forgot them so we had to make the special trip. I had supper with Mamma + C.D. B + Jim dined and spent the evening on board. Afterwards I went over to Sharprocks and then home early. Lucy Dodge was operated on for appendicitis yesterday afternoon. She began an attack of pain Wed. P.M. and as she has had them off and on for years Dr. Fears decided that he had better operate. So he got a surgeon and etherizer down from Boston and they took her to the Addison Gilbert Hospital here. She is doing well and her family will stay on two weeks or so longer. I had a long cheerful letter from Nina to-day. She is evidently much better and quite encouraged.

Saturday. Sept. 3.

Had a sitting with E. until 11.30. It is coming along nicely and Wise is delighted. When we got through we went out and anchored near ~~to~~ Sea Roamer in Woodlark. E. + Hope in their bathing suits. and Wise + I stayed in the boat while they went in swimming. Brookie and Jim and Mamma came over to the beach in their bathing suits and dug clams and went in for a dip afterwards. Then Wise left me on board Sea Roamer for lunch and they went home. After lunch they came out again for a sail and we had a lovely afternoon. Light breeze and smooth sea. We sailed up to Rockport and back. Louise was coming but couldn't for some reason. Hope thought she was being kept at home as a punishment for something. Too bad as she is so crazy about it. When we got back, about 6, I found two people at the studio (I forgot to say that Mrs. White brought some people in the morning). They were a Mrs. Winters of Cambridge and her son who is studying with Hibbard. Mrs. Winters is a sister of Mrs. Bob Washburn in Boston. After they left I went up to

Mamma's for supper and they all came down to the studio afterwards and Brookie sang. It was quite a warm evening and we had the windows open and her voice sounded beautiful. It is really a shame that she does not use it professionally. C.D. tried to get tickets for us all to go to a performance of Seraglio at Leslie Buswell theatre by the Am. Opera Co. to-night but they were all sold. They managed to get in an extra chair for him and he went over as he wanted to see the company for business reasons – they are interested in putting on some of the opera's C. C. Birchard and Co. have published. Mrs. d'Ascenzo telephoned and asked me to tea to-morrow or Monday

Sunday. Sept. 4.

Had a sitting with E. until 11.30. Then they all went in swimming off Woodlark and I went along to watch. Jim & B. came off Sea Roamer and joined us at the float. A perfect day. Lots of people in bathing or sailing around in boats, or playing tennis at the yacht club. Had lunch at Mamma's with Mamma & C.D. and B. Jim stayed on board the boat all the afternoon to do some writing. B. stayed with Mamma and I went for a little sail in Woodlark with Wise and E. to watch the racing and then Wise took me over to the Stuarts in Bass Rocks to a song recital by Miss Harriet Eells and tea. She sang very well with a great deal of musical feeling, style and intelligence. Interesting unusual songs. A charming personality. On the way over we stopped at the hospital for me to leave some flowers for Lucy Dodge. She is getting on all right. We all had supper at Mamma's, E. Wister came too but would not come down to the studio with us all afterwards to hear B. sing. A beautiful still moonlight night.

Monday Sept. 5. Labor Day.

A perfect summer day. I tried to get a table cover from Nancy to use in the Old Farmers Almanac as Jim had suggested having something different in the picture, on the table under the lamp, but couldn't find the right thing in her attic. Then Hope and Wise and E. Wister came down for Hope to take her mother out sailing in Sculpin. There wasn't much wind so Wise and I went after them in Woodlark and towed them home as it was getting time for us all to go off on Sea Roamer for the day. Wise didn't go because he decided that he ought to stay at home with E. Wister as it was her last day. The Wi.'s was coming at 2.30

and it was a good thing that Wise did stay as he had a satisfactory talk with him and with E. too. I haven't heard the details yet. He followed us for a while in Woodlark and took some pictures of us under sail. Mamma + C. W., Hope, Louise E. and I went and of course B. + Jim. We didn't have much wind but had a lovely, peaceful day just fooling round in the bay off Rockport. Ate lunch while we were under way. Hope was very amusing telling fortunes and Louise did Morris dances on deck and we all sang etc. Got back about 4.30. Wise met us in Woodlark and we all went in swimming, except Mamma and C. W., undressing at Cove House and going around to the bathing beach in Woodlark, stopping to get B. + J. off Sea Roamer on the way. E. Wistar and the baby on the beach. The water was great 67°. We all went up to Sleeprocks for dinner. Bonny telephoned during the evening. She had arrived safely in Boston. B. + Jim will leave early to-morrow morning and go through the river to Gloucester, then down to Marblehead, give up the boat and take the train to Boston. They will spend to-morrow night, then have dinner with Mamma & C. W. and Bonny and go to Quisset the next day for the unveiling of a memorial tablet to Joe Holland. Louise' family leave to-morrow and E. Wistar too.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.

I cultivated the garden and tidied up the flower boxes for a while after breakfast. Then went up to Mamma's to see if there was anything I could do to help her get off and close the house. She had a woman there cleaning and the trunks were gone so there was nothing to be done but oversee the last tidying up which she had to attend to herself. So I went over to Sleeprocks to borrow a table cover for the Old Farmer's Almanac, and E., Wise & Hope came down with me and we all went in swimming over at the pool. Louise came along too. The water was the warmest it has been this summer. A perfect day. Louise left in a rush as they were having an early lunch and leaving for Lincoln at one o'clock. Then I went up to Mamma's for lunch, Wise & E. coming along to say good by. Hope and I went along with Mamma on her way over to the train, getting off at the hospital to see Lucy. We took some flowers along. Lucy looked finely and the sisters will have her taken out in a few days now. She is in the maternity ward and Hope and I looked in at the nursery and saw some of the babies before we left. Wise came for us at three with Ruth Frick in the car as she had come up to play with Hope. We drove back to Cove House & Hope & Ruth went to play tennis. Wise & E. and I were going out in Woodlark but the steering gear broke (luckily E. had discovered it when she took the boat to the Fish Market float to get some gas.) so I played tennis with Mrs. Madden at the Crane's courts. I played first with Mary Adelaide Bradley who is a darn good player for 11 yrs. old. She beat me 6-2. Of course Mrs. Madden who is a strong player beat me all to pieces too. ~~After~~ She was playing with Mrs. Crane first. Afterwards Mrs. Madden took me to Mrs. Adams for ginger ale. Then I went back to Cove House and talked to Wise until it was time to dress for dinner. I had dinner at Sleeprocks. Such peace and such a relief to have E. Lovette gone. So many people have gone that Squam is very quiet and peaceful. Sea Rover went out at 7.30 this morning. I just missed seeing her from my window but Louise saw her go.

Wednesday. Sept. 7.

Changed the table cover in the Old Farmer's Almanac as Jim suggested but decided later that I liked it better as I had it first and wiped it off again with turps. The darker cover made the line of the table against the wall too prominent. E. came down about 10 and we painted until quarter of twelve. It is coming nicely. Then she and Wise and Hope and I went on a picnic in Woodlark up the Essex river. We ate our lunch on the sand dunes near the mouth of the river and then went up towards Essex beyond Masconomo ~~Masconomo~~ point. Turned back as I had some people coming to the studio, Mrs. Pillsbury and Miss Stanton, the miniature painter. We got back early enough to go in for a swim before they came. Wise & Hope & I went, over at the pool. The water was great. E. stayed at Cove House as she felt rather tired. Mrs. Pillsbury & Miss Stanton had arrived when we got back. I got dressed right away and they stayed for about half an hour afterwards so it didn't matter much my being late. Miss Stanton lives in the winter and had an exhibition at the Atlanta Art museum last year. Just before they left Prof. & Mrs. Bailey came. They only stayed about fifteen minutes though as Harriet's car was waiting to take me over to Beverly Farms for a tea at the Mary Lord Ladds.

Mrs. Ladd has her statues, fountain pieces etc. placed out in the woods round the house and studio. With pools and fountains rigged up. I don't like her work at all. In striving for the emotional idea in her subjects she loses her sense of proportion entirely, so that her things are weak anatomically, out of scale, the heads and hands almost always too big, and often ridiculous in their exaggerated facial expression. She is a nut if there ever was one. Miss Ladd who is a corker, showed me the studio, the retreat, where Mrs. Ladd can retire for her great genius to imbibe rest and inspiration, the studio is an old barn and the work shop where as a great privilege I was allowed to see her masterpiece, which she is now at work on. A heroic size figure of Christ with a little child in his arms. I was not at all impressed by it – the same fault as in her others. Head too big, features over emphasized and arms and legs too short – the whole thing weak in construction. There were quite a lot of people there, music, elaborate refreshments supplied by the Hotel Statler etc. I stayed about half an hour, talked to Miss Ladd and to a German Sec. of the German embassy at Manchester for the summer. Whom I did not like. Got home about quarter of seven and Wise came down for me at seven to go up to Shagrocks for dinner. A peaceful evening of three with him & E. He went to N.Y. to-night.

Thursday, Sept. 8.

E. came down for a sitting and I got the portrait into shape to leave until the frame comes next week when one or two more sittings will finish it. We stopped at 12 and E. drove over to Gloucester to get the Nancy Holmes' for a picnic. Hope & Ruth Frick and I went too. We took Woodlark and were going to Folly Cove but there was a good deal of spray and the kids in front were getting wet so we turned around and went over to the sand dunes and ate our lunch on the rocks there. When E. was rowing the Holmes ashore and the kids and I were waiting in Woodlark, they went aground and E. took off her shoes and stockings and was stepping out of the boat to shove them off when she lost her balance and sat down in the water to the great delight of everyone of course. It was lovely and warm and not much wind so she didn't go home to change but just dried out pretty well as she was. We came back about 3.30 and I showed the Holmes' Alfonso and E's portrait as Ethel was particularly anxious to see it. She thinks it will be very good when the little things are done that are necessary to pull it together. After that E. took them back to Gloucester and I ordered Harvey's big car to go over and collect my pictures from the two exhibitions. I took the two kids along too and they were great fun. I got them sodas on the way over and they were very busy bringing out the smaller pictures from the galleries and of course enjoyed hugely sitting in the automobile almost hidden by the big canvases. and singing at the tops of their lungs as we drove back. Such fun having them round. Ruth Frick is a nice kid and she and Hope are very cunning together - just the same size and both of them so busy and full of pep. I brought along Mr. Harvey's etchings too. Saw Miss Judson and Frank Wigglesworth at the G. S. of A. They are coming over Sunday to the studio and Mr. Ridgeway at the No. Shore. When we got back we rigged up a salt water aquarium. Hope & Ruth had brought some crabs from the picnic and I suggested putting them in a clam basket we found on the beach, weighting it with stones and hanging it in the water from Cove House float. They were thrilled at the idea but when we got it all ready with stones and sea-weed and clam shells for local color and put in the crabs we found they were dead some of us ~~though we~~ had suspected it all along they smelled so. So the kids ran to the fish market and Mr. Wilkinson gave them a big husky live one and we put him in and to-morrow they will get bits of fish etc. and feed him. I went up to Sheeprocks for dinner and Hope & E. and I went to the library afterwards. I had a letter from Mamma to-day. They are all O.K. and Bonny is coming down to-morrow afternoon to spend Sunday with me.

Friday, Sept. 9.

I stayed round Cove House all the morning, paying bills, balancing my check books, writing letters etc. Hope & Ruth came down and fished off the float to get fish for their crab. Miss Moseley stopped in to get some news items for the Breeze and to say good-by as she goes to-morrow. She will be in Boston this winter taking a course at B.U. I gave her a letter to Mr. Quimby on the Transcript as she wants to do some writing for the newspapers. E. didn't come down all the morning as she was busy at Sheeprocks getting things ready for her garden club meeting in the afternoon. I went over to Mrs. Publicover's for lunch and up to Sheeprocks at 3.30 to receive the people who came early before E. got back from the business meeting which was at Mrs. Andrews. A Mrs. Bowser was the first to come and we sat on the terrace and talked for a while before the others began to arrive. She is a friend of the Stuarts and of Mrs. Baker's, was with the Bakers when they bought my Russian girl. I told her about Mrs. B. having said she was going to have me paint the children and she was enthusiastic at the idea and I hope will talk it up to Mrs. B. She said Mrs. B. has been simply rushed to death all summer entertaining. When the other ladies began to arrive I filled their flower vases etc. until E. came at 4 when I had to go to meet Bossy at the bus line across the bridge. They were all supplied with vases and were each to make an arrangement of flowers and there were three prizes awarded for the best. I met Bossy and we went back to Cove House for her to leave her coat etc. and I changed my dress and we went up to Sheeprocks. They had just about finished the vases and I was asked to be one of the judges; the others were Mrs. Thom, Mrs. Green and Miss Sammon. I have been made a member of the club and suppose it will be a good thing to be in touch with that group of ladies, as they all have money and come from progressive communities like Sewickley, Kansas City etc. After the meeting about twenty of them came down to Cove House to see my things and one lady a Mrs. Turner was much interested especially in the black and whites and said I would hear from her. I hope it means business. After they left Mrs. Cunningham brought in some people and then E. took Bossy and me up to Sheeprocks for supper. It was early because the girls were going to Gloucester for the movies. Afterwards we just sat round the fire but when we went down to Cove House it was such a beautiful moonlight night that E. came along and we went out in the canoe for half an hour. It was wonderful - a full calm sea and bright moonlight. We paddled down to Josie's but the house was all dark. Louise and Jo. came down to-day to see Lucy. I didn't see Jo but they will be down again next week. Bossy looks pretty well. Rather too thin and pale. I guess the summer was something of a strain. She thinks she only just about paid expenses but as the rent $650 a mo. she did well to make as much as that running the shop.

Saturday. Sept. 10.

A lovely day. Bonny and I went in for a dip before breakfast. At quarter of ten Wise and E. and Hope stopped in on their way back from meeting Wise. Hope stayed downstairs and sailed in Sculpin with Bonny & Reets, while I got labels on my pictures to send to the Carnegie Show - The Old Farmer's Almanac, the R. Prelude and two flower things. W. & E. came back. E. went in swimming with the kids and R. while W. fixed Woodlark's engine and I went out sailing with Mr. Meyer and his brother. Back for an early lunch at Mrs. Adams' with Bonny as E., Wise, Bonny and I went to Marblehead in Woodlark. We took two hours to get down there and 1 hr. and 50 minutes to get back. I steered all the way back. E. & Wise were going to the Greenoughs to dinner so B. & I went to Mrs. Publicover's. Came back watered the garden, covered the boats etc. Mr. J. Eliot Enneking and a friend of his Mr. Partridge came about 7.30 and stayed until 10 mostly talking shop. Mr. E. a very belligerent person has decided to leave Mystic because of a row he had with the artists there and will probably come to E. Gloucester next summer. He probably had the right on his side but has a manner that would make enemies all the time. Hope he doesn't stir up things too much here. Miss Ramsay's write-up of me and alfresco with a cut of the portrait, in the Washington Post for Sept. 4 is very complimentary. Says the portrait is not only a popular but an artistic success.

Sunday. Sept. 11.

Bonny and I went up to Sheeprocks right after breakfast to help take care of little Wise. He is darling. Talks more and understands more every day. When Mamma came home from church I came back to Cove House to finish type-writing my report for the Nat. Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors and Bonny E. & Wise went to call on Josie. I finished it by lunch time. Bonny & I went to Mrs. Publicover's for lunch. It rained most of the morning with heavy showers in the afternoon. After lunch Hope & E. & Wise came down and we made fudge and Wise pulled Woodlark up on the beach under Cove House and cleaned her. Mr. Ridgeway and Nora Owen came over to call. She is going to Spain next winter and wanted some information about hotels etc. They left about 5. in a heavy shower. After that it cleared and I helped Wise finish cleaning the boat. Bonny and I went up to Sheepwalks for supper. We did gymnastic stunts on the floor afterwards with Hope and Wise and I made her an apple-pie bed. Great success. She is a dear and such fun.

Monday. Sept. 12.

I waited around talking to Wise most of the morning for Mr. Nunes to come and pack my pictures for Pittsburgh. Bonny played tennis for a while with Hope and Ruth and then took the bus over to see Mrs. Archie Butt who has a riding school in E. Gloucester and also in Weston. She liked Mrs. Butt and something may come of the connection. Nunes came about 11.30 and packed the pictures. They went off by Ex. that afternoon. Bonny came home and she and I went to Mrs. Publicover's for lunch. After lunch we went over to the "Castle" for a little while to see Constance, then back to Cove House for B. to pack and to change our clothes. E. + Wise came for us at 2.30 to take B. over to the train. After putting her on the train we drove over to Bass Rocks and called on Mrs. Thorn, she begged to be excused, then to call on the Hammond's at Gloucester. Not at home. E. took some pictures of their grounds. We will ask them over to tea and to see E.'s picture when it is done. Then back to Squam where E. + Wise went out sailing in Oriole and I alone in Sculpin. I got along pretty well, am getting the hang of it better. Hope + Ruth very busy on the float getting starfish etc. for their aquarium as it was low tide. I made them a net and they were thrilled scooping the bottom and the eel grass with it. I went up to ~~Cove~~ Sheepwalks for dinner. The MacDuffies were there. After dinner we had a trial of Wise who was accused by Hope of the crime ~~for~~ making her an apple-pie bed the night before. Prof. MacDuffie was the judge. Wise the defendant. Hope the plaintiff, Alec. McDuffie her counsel. I Wise's and E. + Mrs. MacDuffie the jury. Hope was killing on the witness stand, so bright and entering into the spirit of the thing though she was frequently puzzled by the long words used by the judge and her counsel. Still she held her own and used plenty of long words of herself which she made up as she went along. The jury found lack of sufficient evidence to convict Wise. Whereupon Wise's counsel confessed that she and her client had done it together. Upon which the judge gave Hope the right of revenge. So she immediately dashed into her grandfather's room to fix his bed and I went after her to help her and to keep her there long enough for Wise to fix hers again upstairs. Then she went to bed but of course flew downstairs again in her pajamas when she found her bed was again be-witched. She was really puzzled about it, thought Lily must have done it but Mrs. MacNutt and Alec & I straightened her out and she got settled. She is a darling and such fun and such a good sport.

Tuesday. Sept. 13.

I played tennis with Nell Cushman from 9.30 until about 10.30. Then went with E. & Wise and Hope up to Essex in Woodlark. We got way up to the ship yards, landed and looked at the boats being built. Fishermen and lumbermen, no yachts. Then we decided to get some sandwiches, fried clams, soft drinks etc. and eat our lunch up in the marshes. So we telephoned home that we wouldn't be back, got our supplies and went off again. We anchored up beyond Conomo Pt. ate lunch, then went home getting there about 2.30. Stayed round Cove House all the afternoon. Wise took down Alfonso and brought it up into the studio for me to finish the copy. E. & Hope went to Gloucester to get the brakes on the car fixed, then came back with newspapers. The mail from Sleeprocks which included a lot of photographs which E. had taken on Sea Roamer. Quite good. I had a letter from Mr. Irwin and so did Wise thanking us for the photos. Wise had sent him of his portrait and flowers and saying that he hoped to give me a commission for the school before this year was over. I went up to Sleeprocks for dinner after which Wise drove me over to the [illegible] and I went over to a meeting of the No. Shore Arts Ass'n. Mrs. Coulter made her report of the sales etc. this summer. about $4400 worth and $3000 of that in July. A poor summer everywhere for business. So much rain and a feeling of depression for no apparent reason. Most of the meeting was taken up with a discussion about changing the methods of the election of the Society officers so as to make the ass'n more democratic and make all the members feel that they have a part in its affairs. No conclusion arrived at except to have the secretary call the attention of the members in his notice of the first meeting next year to the clause that candidates for election may be nominated by members from the floor. I said good-by to Mrs. Coates and Mr. Ridgway and various ones of the artists. Mrs. Coates has been offered the directorship of the Atlanta Museum. I came home in the bus with Mrs. Hardwick. Wise went to N.Y. to-night, will come back Friday morning.

Wednesday. Sept. 14.

I painted on the copy of Alfonso this morning, and played tennis for a little while with Hope and Ruth. Had lunch at Sheeprocks with E. and Hope and afterward took H. & R. over to the hospital to say good-by to Lucy who goes home to-morrow. We got some fruit for her at the fish market and took it over, putting an artificial pear and banana on top and planning to fool her with it. That part of it fell rather flat to the kids disappointment as she recognized the artificial fruit right away. We were waiting for a bus to go over there when Josie's car came along with Jo Dodge in it on ~~their~~ her way to see Lucy too. So Weasie stopped and they took us along. Ruth & Hope were very amusing and full of pep, both with little pink dresses, red tams, and lolly pops which were much in evidence all through the visit. Jo is looking well and will stop in at the studio to-morrow morning. We took a bus home. The kids immediately started in fishing with their net off the float and I went and made calls, on Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Broadhurst, both at home. When I got back to Cove House E. was there. She had been making calls too and we both drove up to Margaret Ward's and called on her and Miss Whitman. Had supper with E. & Hope at Mrs. Adams. She is closing her place to-morrow. It has been very successful and she will have it again next summer. She is going to have a tea-room and gift shop in Boston, beginning Oct. 1, on Melrose Street, which is off Fayette Street. Went up to Sheeprocks after supper, read the papers and came home early to bed. E.'s chair arrived from Spain at last. She does not know but the delay was because it arrived in N.Y. all broken and Wise had it mended at Sloane's. It is a beauty and she is delighted.

Thursday. Sept. 15.

Alma came to clean. E. came for me and took me over to Magnolia where I got a hat, a little black felt to start the autumn and winter with. I went up to Sheeprocks for lunch, afterwards came back to Cove House and painted on the copy of Alfonso. E. came down later with Nanna and little Wise and we took him out in Woodlark. He was darling and good as good. When we got back some people came to see Alfonso and then E. and I got into our bathing suits and paddled over to the beach and went in swimming. Lovely and still and the water not cold but a chill in the air. There is a heat wave on in Chicago and I hope we get some of it and have a little more summer. Went up to Sleeprocks for dinner. Hope entertained us with the account of her day. She lunched at the Linderman's and had a thrilling afternoon with the whole Bass crowd, the Bradleys and the Francis's. They had a treasure hunt, played ping-pong at the Bass's and then all went in swimming at the Bradleys.

Friday, Sept. 16.

E. & Hope stopped for me early to go over to Gloucester and meet Wise. He was in good spirits as business is looking up a little - there are four papers now thinking of ordering presses, the N.Y. Times & News, the Brooklyn Eagle and the Philadelphia Inquirer. When we got back to Squam they left me at the studio where I did some more work on the copy. Wise & E. came down later and Hope went in swimming off the float with Ruth. I went up to Sleeprocks for an early lunch and in the afternoon Wise, E., Hope, Ruth & I went up to Ipswich in Woodlark. We went way up the river to the town and had stopped the engine for E. to get some pictures when we couldn't start it again. The starter was stuck. So Wise paddled us over to the bank where a man took him in his car to the garage to get a mechanician. While they were fixing it Hope & Ruth & I went ashore exploring. We saw a goat tied behind a house and fed it various things, including an empty cigarette package, which it ate without a moment's hesitation. Then we came back and the kids played tennis with Mary Norris, Ruth's sister, I talked to Wise about glass for a N.Y. exhibition. Then went up to Sleeprocks to dinner. Home early as we were all tired. There has been a heat wave in the middle west and we are to have warmer weather to-morrow. It was lovely to-day but a bit too cool.

Saturday. Sept. 17.

I painted on the copy a little while

Wise and little Wise and Nanna came down. The baby began calling out "Aan'ie, Aanie", as he got near the studio. That is his name for me, short for Auntie, as he really knows me and the studio now. Wise brought him up in the studio and he was darling. I showed him E.'s portrait and he said "Nana" right away, also recognized Hope's and Mr. Pao and most extraordinary of all I showed him a post card of a portrait of the Empress Josephine by Prud'hon which we all thought looked so much like E. Waller and he said "Mama" right off. Hope & E. came down about 11 and we all went to Marblehead in Woodlark, taking our lunch with us, which we ate at a mooring in Marblehead Harbor. After lunch we watched the start of the races. Very little wind but of course a lovely sight. E. is thinking of getting a T boat as they handle much easier than Oriole. We came home by way of Halfway rock and I steered from there home. When we got back some people were there to see Alfonso and then Grace came and wanted to see E.'s portrait. I didn't want to show it to her unfinished and without a frame but I did, with the usual results. She immediately began to tell me what it needed to make it right. I tried to make her understand that I didn't want suggestions not because I objected to criticism but because I didn't want my impression of the subject interfered with, my elbow joggled mentally so to speak, but I don't believe she really understood my point. People never do understand that about an unfinished picture except in rare cases, usually people who do something artistic or creative themselves, and I was a fool to show it to her. However I don't think it did any real harm. After that I played a set of tennis with Hope and then went up to Sleepyrocks for dinner and read aloud Archibald Marshall's "A Spring Walk in Provence" ~~aloud~~ afterwards. Very interesting and nicely written, we read about Les Baux, and Avignon. Alex is down again with the Broadhursts. I saw him in their car while Hope & I were playing tennis. I got a letter from Miss Crawford of the Quota Club in Boston, an organization of artists & writers which asked me to join months ago. She wants me to speak on Painting after a luncheon of the Club on Oct. 15. I suppose I'll have to do it.

Sunday. Sept. 18.

I went up to Sleepwicks right after breakfast to help take care of Little Wise while Mamma was at church. It was a lovely misty morning with fog outside and we all played round on the lawn ~~with~~ E. practising golf strokes, Hope with her tennis racket and the baby with his cart and various things. Wise and I took him over to the Adams goldfish pool for him to feed the fish and he was thrilled. There was a frog sitting on the edge absolutely immovable until Hope held a bright flower tied at the end of a long stick in front of his nose, when he jumped at it and held on while she pulled him way up from the water. Of course the baby was delighted though a bit frightened at first as he had not realized that the frog was anything alive. Alex went by in the Broadhurst's car while we were out in front practising golf strokes and I saw him again for a minute down at Cove House. They had all been out for a run in the Vanguard and we had come down to Cove House to go to Manchester in Woodlark. We took our lunch along and ate it at anchor in Manchester harbor. Several yachts in, among them the Seneca. After lunch we started for home but when we got outside the fog had come in so thick that we decided we had better not try to make the run. We didn't have any compass or chart and there are a lot of ledges along the coast that we might easily run onto and Woodlark is of such light construction that it wouldn't take much to make a hole in her. So we put back into Manchester and left the boat at the Manchester Yacht club and came back by motor car. We got back about 4.30 lit a fire in Cove House fire-place downstairs and sat around it popping corn, listening to the radio etc. Jessie stopped in for a while and later, after Wise + E. and Hope had gone up, Mrs. Hardwick. She is going to have a show at the Boston City club in March. I went up to Sleepwicks for dinner and we read aloud, the book on Provence, after dinner.

Monday, Sept. 19.

Foggy and showers. Painted on the copy of Alfonso and wrote letters etc. all the morning. Wise and E. stopped in on their way over to Gloucester to get a compass and chart for Woodlark in case Wise decided to go down and get her in Manchester in spite of the fog. He did go and got back all right. E. drove him down and saw him from the shore at various points on the way home. In the afternoon Hoge and Ruth and Eleanor MacArdle came down with E. + Wise and we made fudge. Mr. Groves had telephoned in the morning that he and Mrs. Groves were coming over. They arrived about 4.30 with a friend Mrs. Talbot of Indianapolis. They seemed very enthusiastic about my things especially the Nursery Interlude. Mr. Groves, now president of the No. Shore Arts Ass'n was one of the directors of the John Herron Institute in Indianapolis. He lives in New York now in the winter at the Plaza. I went up to Sleepwicks for dinner.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.

I finished the copy of Alfonso this morning with Wise's suggestions as to little things that made the expression subtly different from the original. It has been a long and tedious job to get it exactly right but I think it has come out all right at last and is so much like the original that I wouldn't mind exhibiting it as a replica. After I finished painting I went out for a little sail alone in Sculpin. Not much wind but I am getting so that I can handle her better. E. went out in Oriole and got becalmed so that we were late for lunch. After lunch Wise packed Alfonso to be sent to New York to the Yacht Club, yesterday afternoon he put the label on it, which I had lettered by Thulin in Boston. The frame came for E.'s portrait so we can get to work on it again to-morrow. Mr. John Greenough came to call by boat with his sister-in-law, Mrs. David Greenough of Boston. I showed them Alfonso's replica as the original was packed and it seemed to get by all right, so I hope I have succeeded in getting the same personality that there is in the original. After the Greenoughs left we got in the canoe and paddled over to Harold Davis's float to say good-by to Josie who goes, to-morrow. Hoge was playing croquet with Ruth at the Lindermans and came over to say good-by too. I went up to Sleepwicks to dinner and Wise left for New York to-night. He will come back Friday and he and E. + I will go down to N.Y. Monday for a few days, E. for her board meeting at Roosevelt House and I to see about getting a gallery for a show in N.Y. later on.

Wednesday. Sept 21.

Elizabeth came down for a sitting early and we worked until 11.30. After we got through she took home pictures of the Barnacle for Miss Flagg for her 25th anniversary next year. Then I changed my clothes as it had got quite warm and went up to Sleeprocks for lunch. After lunch Hope and I played tennis with a new friend of Hope's Frances Jeffery. Later I played singles with Nell Cushman. E. came along in the car and watched us and then she and I and Hope went in swimming off Woodlark. The water was 62°. Ruth couldn't play with Hope to-day as she is in bed with a cold. There is an infantile paralysis case in Squam and several in Gloucester. Wise telegraphed Dr. Freeman to ask if the children had better go right back to Baltimore or could stay until Sunday when they plan to go anyway. He said there was no need of their going but to keep away from Gloucester, movies or any crowds. After we had been in swimming E. went to Mrs. Gokey's to have her hair waved for the finishing touches of the portrait to-morrow and Hope and I stayed round Cove House fooling with the boats and getting clippings in order for my scrap-book. I went up to Sleeprocks for dinner early. Helped Hope paste things in her scrap book, darned stockings and read aloud after dinner.

Thursday. Sept. 22.

We started painting early, had a long sitting until 12.30 and got the portrait all but done – ready for Wise to suggest finishing touches when he gets home to-morrow. Hope stayed round Cove House all the morning, reading and trying to amuse herself, rather forlorn as though Ruth is better and all right apparently she still has a cold and E. thought Hope had better not play with her under the circumstances. Finally I suggested her putting on Victrola records to amuse E. which kept her occupied for quite a while and also made posing easier for E. I went up to Sleeprocks for lunch. After lunch E. went to play golf and Hope & I came back to the studio where I painted on the pearls in the portrait for a while and then Hope and I played tennis. Later I went to Mrs. Gokey for a shampoo and wave. She says there is another case of infantile paralysis in Riverdale and that the schools in Cambridge are closed because of it. 28 cases in the Brighton High School and the schools in Haverhill closed. It is a terrifying thing because they understand so little about it. Dell Cushman went back to Cambridge to-day but I suppose now that the schools are closed and there is so much of it there that they will think the children safer down here and may come back. I went up to Sleepyrocks for dinner and read aloud to E., the book on Provence. When I came home and was washing my brushes before going to bed I put on the radio and listened to the broadcasting of the Dempsey-Tunney prize fight in Chicago. 450,000 people there and tremendous excitement and interest. I stayed up and heard it all sitting in front of the studio fire after my bath. Tunney retained his championship though he was at one time forced down by Dempsey but got up again just before the count was up.

Friday, Sept. 23.

I went up to Sleepyrocks to breakfast as Nancy has gone off for a week to a camp in the White Mts. After breakfast E. and Hope and I went over to Gloucester to meet Wise. We stopped at the studio on the way back for him to see the portrait. He thought one or two little things needed changing, otherwise very enthusiastic. He went up to shave etc. and E. and I started work on the portrait and finished it after he came back and had been out in Woodlark for a while with Hope. We have asked about 30 people to come to tea to-morrow afternoon to see it. I went up to Sleepyrocks for lunch and after lunch E. & Wise and I drove over to Gloucester to see about having a leak in Woodlark fixed and to get cakes etc. for the tea. Home again and took a run in Woodlark to Rockport and back. Up to Sleepyrocks for dinner. Spent most of the evening calling up people to invite them to the tea. Jack comes to-morrow to take the children home Sunday. Ruth Frick is all right again and Hope can play with her to-morrow.

Saturday, Sept. 24.

I went up to Sleepyrocks for breakfast and stayed around for a while playing with the baby and Hope and taking photographs of them all. Jack telegraphed that he would not be here till to-morrow to take the children down. Nelly was rather disagreeable about helping at the tea this afternoon at Cove House, saying that she had not agreed to do the work of both houses etc. As it was E.'s party for her portrait and might just have as well been at Sleepyrocks

I don't think we had right on her side. She has been cross and sulky for some time and E. couldn't make out what was the matter with her. Wise thinks it was just the reaction of the very quiet time now after the houseful of people during the summer and the parties the maids from the different houses all had, E. sent them on a "boat-ride" in the Vanguard and the Beals' and Bartlett's maids both had parties. However she calmed down and came down with Lilly and worked hard as she always does but E. was disgusted with her. We went down to Cove House about 10 and I did a little to the hands and the arm of the chair in the portrait without E. who went out sailing with Hope, each in their own boat. Then I picked flowers and got the house ready generally for the tea. Miss Trull telephoned that Philip was coming down and wanted me to play tennis with him this afternoon but of course I couldn't. Mrs. D'Ascenzo telephoned and asked me over there to-morrow afternoon and I accepted. Some people came to see alfonso and my things. Wise and I hung the copy over the mantel downstairs and it looks very well. The people were much impressed with E.'s portrait and Tony and Ralph who saw it after lunch thought it was wonderful. I went up to [illegible] for lunch and came right down again to get the studio fixed up and the tea things ready. Hope and Ruth Frick came over and were a great help running errands and folding napkins. They passed things later on when the people came and were killing in their eagerness. They just stopped short of forcible feeding. After we got everything ready and had a little while to wait before people began to come. Hope and Ruth were sitting on the studio floor poking into my palette and brushes and I got a great idea for a picture— two kids about 8 and 9 sitting on the floor busily painting with paint-box, glass of water, paint-books etc. I wish they were going to be here longer so that I could do it now. They were quite thrilled at the idea and wanted to be posed for me. Perhaps we'll do it next summer. A little after 4:30 the people began to come and it was a great success. 35 or 40 came and they were all much impressed by E.'s portrait and unqualifiedly enthusiastic about it. So I feel that it is really all right. The Bakers came and brought two friends and they have not given up the idea of the portraits at all, in fact are more keen about them than ever, and didn't get round to them this summer, much to Mrs. Baker's regret

because they couldn't decide who should be done first. She wanted him done but he was here very little and he wanted her or the children but they didn't come to any decision about it. Yesterday and she said that her mother, Mrs. Torrance, was going to be in Boston for a month next winter under Dr. Souter, and that she wanted me to paint her there. I am to let her know my plans as soon as I can. and he talked of my coming to Pittsburgh to paint him there. I really think they mean business and it may work out even better in the end than if I had painted them this summer. The Cooks and Mrs. Mayo came over and E. Cook says I can have his portrait for a N.Y. show. The Hendersons and Bests all came, except Quincy Best, & Mrs. H. asked me to supper there to-morrow night. The Harrisons came and Mrs. H. asked me and E. to come to-morrow afternoon to see her portrait which Carl Nordell has just finished. Some of the other people who came were the Bartletts, Maddens, Hughes, Mrs. White & Miss Kent, Mr. Clark, Mrs. Adams & Mr. & Mrs. Stacey, Mrs. Morse, Bradleys, and I can't remember the others. It was a nice party and the studio and whole house looked lovely. We had nut bread and butter, cocoanut cakes and macaroons and candy. Mr. Munes came late, to pack Bunker and La Javelana for the N.Y. jury of the Chicago Show.
I went up to Sleeprocks to dinner, home early. Clocks put back an hour to-night as daylight saving ends to-morrow.

Sunday, Sept. 25.

I went up to Sleeprocks for breakfast and stayed round helping take care of little Wise and playing golf with Hope and Ruth and E. until 10 o'clock. Then came down to Cove House met Philip and played two sets of tennis. He beat me 6-3, 6-3. Afterwards we went over to Cove House drank ginger ale. and waited for the others to come back from Gloucester where they had gone to meet Jack and where Wise had gone in Woodlark to leave her to have her leaks caulked. They came about 12.15 and Hope took Philip and his father out sailing in Swagin while Wise, E. & I took the Spanish chair that we borrowed back to the Bests, Quincy Best was there and told us his plans for the new wing for the house which will be put on this winter. Then we came back to Cove House, got Hope & Jack and went up to Sleeprocks for lunch. After lunch we came down again, played the victrola (Two Black Crows) and sat around until it was time for them to go for their train. Philip was there when we got there and he went out for a sail in Scuppinolise. Then they went up to Sleafwucks to gather in Mamma and the baby and they all stopped here a minute to say good-by to me. The children did look so darling and Hope with her little red tam on looked back out of the little windows in the car as long as I could see them. She has had a wonderful summer and has been a joy, such a dear and such good fun. After they left Philip and I went over to Folly Cove in one of Rice's cars, to the d'Ascenzo's. Very picturesque place and his Spanish sketches very interesting in their subject matter and very artistic. We left about 5.15 and drove to the Nordell's studio where we found E. & Wise and the Huntsman's sitting round the studio looking at Mrs. Huntsman portrait which Carl Nordell has just finished. It is a very good likeness and I think he has done well with that part of it. I don't altogether like the color scheme, a dark blue background and a lighter blue dress and it has the rather stiff usual look that most of his figures have, and you don't feel the body under the clothes. I like it well enough though to be able to admire it sincerely enough and of course I couldn't do anything but that. He showed us several landscapes too which I like best in his work. They have a nice artistic feeling and his lack of a strong sense of construction does not matter there so much. E. & Wise drove us back and Philip left for supper at the Trask's and I dressed to go to the Lindermans. A very nice evening, quite as informal as the maids, except the cook apparently, were out. Mrs. Linderman, Christine, Mr. & Mrs. Frick, Miss Hannah who is visiting them and Keith & I were the party. Sat around all the evening listening to the radio and talking. I ~~fe~~ left early as they were all going on a fishing trip and getting up at 5 the next morning. Got my bag packed for N.Y. almost, before I went to bed. So empty for E. & W. this first evening without Hope.

Thursday, Sept. 26.

E. & Wise & I got off very comfortably on the 10.24 for ~~New York~~ Boston. We took a lot of flowers for Mamma and took a taxi straight to the apartment and saw her for about half an hour before we went on to the South Station for the 1 o'clock. She came along down to the station with us in the taxi, is looking very well but I felt was a bit lonely with Bunny and I both away and C.W. of course off all day. She had a telephone message for me at the apartment to call up Mr. Cameron of the James T. White Co. 70 Fifth Ave. the publishers of the National ~~Encly~~ Encyclopedia of American biographies which asked me for data for a biography last spring. I called him up and he said he had finished the article about me and would like to show it to me before it was published. So we arranged for me to go to his office in N.Y. Wed. a.m. at 10.30. A comfortable but rather warm trip to N.Y. I read magazines and newspapers all the way without my glasses and it didn't hurt my eyes at all. I notice I use them less and less, practically only for painting or close-work. We arrived in N.Y. at 6. got off at 125th Street and took a taxi to the apartment. N.Y. seemed mighty noisy and dirty and gasoliney and as usual so many streets torn up. At the apartment we dressed for dinner and then went to Sherry's, Home and to bed early after telegraphing to Brookside who will come up to N.Y. to-morrow and lunch with me at Schrafft's and E. to Charlotte [illegible] who has asked us all to dinner to-morrow night. The apartment is all closed for the summer of course but Alice had made our beds and got things ready for us.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

We took a taxi down to the Plaza for breakfast stopping at Miss Moran's for a minute for E. to see some samples for a velvet dress. After breakfast we walked down 5th Ave. to Sloane's where Wise left us and I went in with E. while she ordered a new rug for her room. Then I left her and went to Knoedler's to see if they would show some of my portraits this winter. Wise had talked to Mr. Pettee at the Yacht Club about it and he said that they had made it a rule not to have shows in their gallery because they were so besieged by their clients wanting them to show the work of various artists they were interested in, but, Mr. Pettee said, they sometimes showed a small group of portraits and that he would speak to them about me and for me to see Mr. Henschel. So I asked for Mr. Henschel but he is abroad and will not be back until the end of next week. I told Mr. Geraghty who I talked what I wanted and he didn't seem to think it unlikely that Mr. Henschel would do it but said I would have to talk to him about it. Then I went upstairs and had a little chat with Miss Wittler, the librarian, who had charge of the publicity connected with Alfonso last Spring. She has just got back from Spain, was almost entirely in the northern part though and seemed much impressed with the poverty, dirt and disease. I think she would have got a different general impression of the country if she had gone into Andalusia too. When I left Knoedlers I went across the street to Macbeths as I thought I had better book the ground ones in other galleries in case I couldn't do anything at Knoedler's. Mr. Macbeth knew my name and work but they were booked up to May. Then I went to the Rheinhardt gallery, where the big Zuloaga and Mezquita shows were, 5th Ave. & 57th Street. They were very sniffy to me when I was ~~[illegible]~~ looking for a gallery before my Ainslie gallery show about a year and a half ago. Now the young man knew about me and my portrait of Alfonso and other N.Y. shows and said that though they were not letting the gallery for one-man-shows, Mrs. Rheinhardt was interested in my work and it might be a good idea to stop in and see her when she came back about Oct. 11. I'm not sure that I want a show there as the gallery is a bit too big for the things I could show at present but it may be useful later on. Knoedler's would be the best now, both for the prestige, because the gallery is small and because they don't charge anything for it. Anyway that all I can do about it at present. After that I ~~left~~ went down to Stern's and got some corsets then met Brooksie and E. for lunch at Schrafft's. After lunch E. went to Roosevelt House and B. & I went on a round of shopping, looking for hangings to go with the new wall-paper in the spare room and for an evening dress for me. I got one at B.'s, little jew place on Madison Ave. near 85th St. Schiller's — a black transparent velvet with gold lace and sapphire blue sequins on the skirt. $59.50. We got a blue velvet flower at Altman's for the shoulder and I wore it that night when E. & Wiser & I went to the Brown's to dinner and it is a great success. B. & I were going to the office to see Jim but didn't get round to it, so Jim called me up at the apartment after I got home and asked me to lunch with him to-morrow. Dinner at the Brown's was quite interesting. They have all been abroad all summer. Dr. & Mrs. in Germany at the various baths, chiefly Carlsbad, also to Bayreuth for the Wagner festival with a Mrs. Wister of Pittsburgh, a patient of

Dr. Brown's who has supported the Wagner family since the war, and made the festival possible. Dr. B. described it all, also the baths, and talked about the general situation in Germany and in Italy, says they have gone backward about 30 % medically, that we lead the world in every field except background and history. ~~He's~~ His portrait by Ellen Emmet Rand is still there at the apartment and I didn't like it at all, was surprised that I thought it good last Spring. Either my ~~eye~~ standard has changed or it has sunk in badly. It looked to me now, dead in color, weak in drawing and construction and not a really good likeness. Wise didn't like it all either. Alfonso has arrived at the Yacht Club and is on an easel in the model room, temporarily, where Wise says it does not get a very good light. He will have it fixed so it is better.

Wednesday, Sept. 28

We went down to the plaza for breakfast. E. was taking an 11 o'clock train out to Mt. Kisco, Bedford Hills to spend the day with Mrs. John Henry Hammond, but she did some shopping first at Abercrombie + Fitch's and I went with her. I left her at 10 to go to keep my 10.30 appointment with Mr. Cameron of the James T. White Co, 70 Fifth ave. to see what he had written about me for the National Encyclopedia of American Biographies. He is a most unattractive personality, a hare lip and face badly scarred from burns or something. The write up was all right, just made up of the material I gave him. The nigger in the wood pile is that they charge you $100 if you have your picture with the article. That is the smallest illustration, just a half-tone cut about 2 1/2 by 3 inches. a whole page is $250. I said I didn't want to put that amount of money into it and would not have the illustration. Of course that's the way they make their money out of it as the circulation is not large. and they write up anyone who has any claim to fame in the hope of getting them to pay for a photograph. Of course they have to have the big bugs too to make the encyclopedia any good but I bet some of those don't have to pay to have their pictures in. Jim knew about the Wagners having been written up and advised Wise and E. as E. was written up by Mr. Cameron for a similar encyclopedia of American women. After I left there I went to the Ranleys

Wood Company, 218 William St. just off City Hall Square and had a talk with Miss Banfield about sending flower pictures. She said it is not too late, that she will let me know when to send them and that it would be a good thing to paint a vegetable one too. So I may do that when I get back to Squam. Then I went up to 42nd St. in the subway, tried to get Mr. Hafner on the telephone to ask him if I should send in the big [illegible] still life. Tried several times all day with no success. He was either out or the line was busy. Then I went to Jim's office in [illegible] St. and he took me to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for lunch. He told me that the day before when he went to the yacht club there were four men he knew just going in and they were together up to the model-room to look at Alfonso's portrait. They were Cartier, the jeweller, Ramsay, the sculptor, a Spanish priest and a young Spaniard in the Embassy at Washington. They all liked the portrait very much and the two Spaniards who knew the King said it was an excellent likeness and showed the King as a good-[illegible] and a sportsman as no other of his portraits had. Jim says that the Secretary portrait will probably be a "[illegible]" from a photograph. I'd rather have it Mr. [illegible] of course but perhaps that will come later. After I left Jim, I went to Stearns and got some slippers, black velvet evening ones with a jewelled "span" to clasp across the instep, the latest thing. The spans were so pretty that I got a rhinestone and silver one for Mamma. Quite expensive though 8 + 10 dollars. Then I went home and got there before Win and E. got back. We went to Sherry's to dinner and then to the theatre – The Spider at the [illegible] Th. A most original and quite amusing murder and mystery play. The whole theatre and audience are part of the setting of the play and the action takes place sometimes off the stage, some of the chief characters in the play coming out of the audience! It is supposed to be a vaudeville theatre and when you first come in you are given programs of the vaudeville show. There are two or three typical vaudeville acts including Pathé news [illegible] and then comes the act of "Chatrand the magician" (William Courtenay) He does various sleight of hand tricks, then produces his assistant, a boy of about 18, blindfolds him and proceeds to do mind reading stunts taking objects from the audience for him to describe. Finally he takes a locket from a girl in the audience and the man with the objects they have a discussion, the man comes up the aisle to the stage where Chartrand is standing. they start to struggle a little, the lights go out, there is a shot and the man is wounded, later dying on the stage after a Dr. has come up from the audience. The rest of the play is the discovery of the murderer by the police who come into the theatre. - the audience are told no one can leave. Chartrand, the boy, who turns out to be the lost brother of the girl, are suspected but he prevails upon the Inspector to let him try various means of discovering the murderer. He stages a seance on the stage which only makes the murderer give a shot at the face of the dead man in the mirror and finally puts on the whole scene of the shooting again, having the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the point of shooting, [illegible] the murderer [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that he gives himself away, a woman [illegible] in the audience. The lights go up and the police are dragging the [illegible] of Dr. of course the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] down the aisle to the stage. The motive was a [illegible] [illegible] and the locket the signal that the girl all unwittingly was to wear to let the [illegible] in his guardian's [illegible] (the man who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] know about a shipment of dope.)

Thursday. Sept. 29.

We had breakfast at the Belmont as we left our bags at the station first. Then I did a few errands with E. and left her about 11.45 as she was going to [illegible] [illegible] at the [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Roosevelt House [illegible]. I went to Kidd [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] I was [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] art Galleries. Was not very impressed by the pictures [illegible], perhaps a bit off [illegible]. I spoke to the girl about my becoming a [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] died. [illegible]

1.[illegible] Wise [illegible] over till the midnight but will arrive to-morrow morning. Found letters for all three of us from Hope, bless her heart, also one for me from Mrs. [illegible] asking me to give a talk on my work at a meeting of the National Ass'n. of New England Women at the Waldorf Hotel, New York, on Oct. 27. It is to be a New England artists program. Suppose I'll have to do it. Called up Mamma. She & C.W. well no news. Squam lonely and quiet. Almost everyone gone. I am staying at [illegible].

Friday, Sept. 30.

E. and I went over to meet Wise on the train that gets to Gloucester at 9.30. We went straight from the station to the ship yard where Wise had left Woodlark to have her bearings fixed. She was all done and ready to go home so we said we would come for her later as Wise wanted to go home first to change [illegible] his clothes etc. They left me at [illegible] House and I remained and started packing E.'s portrait to go to [illegible] for the [illegible] which meets Oct. 1. I had a letter yesterday from Mr. [illegible] about the pictures [illegible] & [illegible]. They were not accepted. His letter which he probably sends to all artists whose work is rejected, though it was a personal letter and not a printed form gave the personnel of the jury, said that next year it would be different and hoped I would try again. I did hope the Old Farmers' Almanac would get in, but the jury this year is made up almost entirely of modernists so my work wouldn't stand much chance. About 11 Wise and E. came down again and we went over to get Woodlark, but Wise couldn't start her, first because ~~th~~ of dampness in the engine, then the battery ran out and E. got a man from a garage with another battery. Then [illegible] [illegible] and we had to leave her to have it taken out. Home to lunch. After lunch Wise [illegible] up the [illegible] into E.'s portrait and then we went over to Gloucester again. They had [illegible] the starter, taking it out and had sent to Boston for parts so [illegible] [illegible] we'll get the boat. On the way home in Gloucester we got a lot of vegetables from [illegible] [illegible] vegetable [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] onions, tomatoes, peppers etc. all piled in a white oil cloth [illegible]

It will be [illegible] n. Up to Sleepworks. wrote letters before dinner and afterwards read aloud a biography of Scipio Africanus by Capt. A. H. Liddell Hart. [illegible]

Saturday, Oct. 1.

I went down to Cove House after breakfast to set up my vegetable still-life. W. + E. came down about 11 to see old Mr. Clark, Red Clark's father, who met them there at that hour to talk to Wise about a game he had invented - the game of presidents. He had written to W. asking his advice about it. It is played a good deal like Parcheesi with a board and dice and the players go through various stations such as the convention, electoral college, candidate, polls, etc. to the White House. The card is decorated with pictures of the presidents and there is also given historical information about each and about the office. Nothing very new about it but it might take though I can't imagine that it would hold any one's interest except possibly children, very long. We advised his making a dummy applying for a copyright and then submitting the idea to some game manufacturer like Parker in Springfield. It was quite a hot day and E. went in swimming off the float at Cove House. Wise had a little irritation in his throat so couldn't go in and I couldn't either, as I was under the weather. Wise telephoned off and on all day but the parts for Woodlark had not come from Boston so we won't have her over Sunday. After lunch I came down to Cove House again, stretched my canvas and tried to start painting but felt too rotten with the heat and all so I just loafed round reading etc. The Bests and Christine Lindermann came to dinner. They had been working hard all day dismantling the Hill house on their place, as it is to be torn down and tennis courts made when the new wing is put on their house. They will stay late to oversee the whole thing. A letter from Atlantic saying they have room to show all the pictures I mentioned and quite thrilled about the exhibition apparently.

Sunday, Oct. 2.

I went down to the studio right after breakfast and painted on my vegetable still-life. Got the canvas all covered 25 X 30. Think it is going to be quite effective. About 12 E. + Wise and I took our lunch and paddled in the canoe over to

Essex Beach. ate our lunch on the rocks and afterwards paddled up the beach almost as far as the Essex River. A beautiful day. a little cooler than yesterday. When we got home I went out for a little sail in Dulcie then up to Sleeprocks, and wrote letters and read until dinner time and after dinner ~~read~~ aloud the book on Suzio. Very interesting and well written. A nice peaceful day. So restful down here now.

Monday. Oct. 3.

Painted on my still life in the morning, after taking a trip to Gloucester first with E. + Wise to do errands. Ordered a frame for it there from Thomas on Main Street round the corner from Owens and much cheaper. He is making just a plain black two inch moulding for it. After lunch I painted for about an hour more and then E. + Wise stopped for me and we drove over to Ipswich to see the Crane place. They have just built a new Georgian house, tearing down the huge Italian one they had. The gardens, Italian in style are open to the public, 50cts. apiece for the Ipswich Hospital and they are lovely. A circular rose garden surrounded ~~with~~ by a colonnade on the side of the hill with a vista opening to the Ipswich river on the further side and a circular pool in which the roses are reflected in the centre. Across the driveway is a formal oblong Italian garden with walls with ivy and marble busts down each side and at the end a pool with a statue above which steps lead up on either side ~~[illegible]~~ and the path passes between tall columns, up a green hill which rises up through the pine. woods to the house. In this garden there are two long beds of perennials and annuals, in blues, pinks, whites and lavenders, cosmos, monk's hood, sweet lavender, pink zinnias, lilies with a low border of ageratum and sweet alyssum. It was lovely. The house itself is too formal and symmetrical and the wide sweep of green grass bordered by shrubbery and ~~with~~ marble statues at intervals which leads from the front terrace down the hill towards the water is too set and stiff looking. The gardens were lovely though and the situation on a high hill at the end of Castle Neck, with views all over the country, up the Essex and Ipswich rivers and out to sea was marvellous. The long winding driveway around the hill and up to the house is a ~~bit~~ too closed in by woods to take advantage of all the views possible. We felt the trees could have been cleared out in places so as to give vistas and to make individual trees more effective against the distance. When we got back to Syracuse E. & Wise left me at Cove House to wash my brushes and they went on up to Shepards where Mr. Feeser was coming to give them innoculations against colds this winter. In the evening we read the book on Sergio aloud. It is a splendid book and we are much interested in it.

Tuesday. Oct. 4.

I painted on my still life all the morning and got it all done except for the last little things & can I get it in the frame to-morrow. Wise & E both felt rather good-for-~~[illegible]~~ nothing because of their cold innoculation so they just loafed round Cove House all the morning. After lunch I [illegible] Greene and came back in Woodlark with Wise. They have been ever since Friday getting the new chairs [illegible] "shot" of the cold serum and I went to call on Mrs. Hardwick, then up to Shepards and read, until dinner time "Love is Enough" by Brett Young. Very well written and interesting novel. In the evening we read Sergio aloud. Wise felt [illegible] with a slight temperature. I mailed a lot of photo- [illegible] that if anyone wanted a portrait before the show I would try to arrange my dates so that I could come down and do it and then we could have it in the Atlanta exhibition which would of course add greatly to the local interest.

Wednesday. Oct. 5.

After breakfast I went out and picked grapes for jelly with E. & Lilly from the adams' vines, then went down to Cove House and painted on my still-life until about 12 when E. & I went in swimming off the float. The water was 60° and the sun lovely and warm. It has been beautiful weather since about Labor Day. Wise didn't go in as he was still feeling rotten with his cold and innoculations. His temp. is gone but he feels used up and stayed in bed for breakfast. E. has hardly felt the inoculations at all, except for a sore arm and feeling rather good-for-nothing yesterday. After lunch we went down to Cove House again and E. & I. were out sailing, she in Oriole and I in Sculpin. We were to race around the black spar beyond the lighthouse but the wind died down, and I couldn't even get out of the river against the tide. E. got around the spar all right but Wise had to go out in Woodlark and tow her home as they had to be up at Sleepyrocks for Mr. Fraser at 5. So we called the race off and will try again when there is more wind. After they left Cove House and I was just starting in to wash my brushes Mr. & Mrs. Billy Andrews stopped in for a call. They have the Simpson house up at Rockholm but are leaving in a few days. After dinner we read the Scipio book aloud and almost finished it. Wise went to New York to-night to be gone until Monday morning. There is a meeting at the yacht club to-morrow afternoon when Alfonso's portrait will be presented and he wants to be in N.Y. Sunday afternoon for a memorial program for Leonard Wood at Roosevelt House. I had a letter this morning from Mr. Erwin S. Barrie, manager of the Grand Central Art Galleries, saying he was sorry he missed me when I was in N.Y. and asking where he could see some of my work. I wrote him about Alfonso at the yacht club and Wise will call him up while he is there. It looks as if I might be taken in and it will be a very good thing as they send exhibitions all over the country, besides the summer shows at Stockbridge & Newport, and of course I would always have something on exhibition at the N.Y. galleries. I also had a letter from Mr. Hafner saying to send on the Ship model on the chance of his selling it to some client and from Mr. Cowling saying that my talk Oct. 27 could be 20 minutes or longer so I think I will go on for it. E. will be there at that time for Roosevelt's birthday celebration and she says I can stay with them at 194. Then we will come back to Squam for the week-end and they will move on to N.Y. for the winter about Nov. 1. I will go up to Boston Monday. Oct. 16 for good, coming down for week ends as I think I really ought to get the studio in order and get started in there by that time. I am having a fine rest here now and will be anxious to start the winter's work by that time. Wise had a letter from Coolidge's secretary, Mr. Sanders, in answer to one he wrote a few days ago, saying that the President was much too busy to sit for a portrait now. So that is all that can be done in that quarter at present. Coolidge of course did not see the letter. Wise will approach it through another angle later on, – through Vermont and some influential citizens there, making the pressure come from the demand for the portrait there, rather than from Wise himself. He is wonderful the way he will not give a thing up but of course that is why he has succeeded so in his work.

Thursday. Oct. 6.

I wrote letters for a while after breakfast and then E. + I went down to Cove House and I painted a little, signing my still life etc. and then helped E. clean Woodlark. After lunch we drove over to Cedar Acres in Wenham to see about some gladioli bulbs E. wanted. When we got back she went in for a dip off the float at Cove House while I washed my brushes and played the piano. I didn't feel like going in, the water was not awfully cold, 59°; but there was a cold wind. E. said it was great though and I wished afterwards I had gone in. Then we came up to Sheeprocks and I read "Love is Enough" until dinner time and after dinner read aloud to E. a book called "Cockades" by Meade Minnigerode, a story of the years following the French Revolution, in America, the plots surrounding the Dauphin etc. who is said to have been secretly brought to this country. Wrote to Mrs. Baker to tell her my plans as she asked me to do.

Friday. Oct. 7.

Wrote letters and read after breakfast until about 10.30 when E. and I went over to the Bass Rocks Golf club to play golf. I had never tried it before except once years ago at Newcastle so of course couldn't do much. But I got in some really quite good shots with E.'s coaching and we are going over again to-morrow for me to have a lesson from the ~~pro~~ teacher there. I liked it and would like to get so I could really play a little. After lunch we went down to Cove House and I went in swimming off the float – just for a dip as the water was quite cold. Then we got in the canoe and paddled over to call on the Mayers. Mrs. M. is in N.Y. so we only saw Mrs. Hyatt, who looked older and more frail to me. I tell a wonderful old lady, such an alert, clear mind, and 87 yrs. old. Hyatt who got back from Greece a few weeks ago is sick with malaria and Barbara has had an infection, something boils. They have had an awful summer with illness. When we got back to Cove House we walked up to Sleepyrocks and on our way met Mrs. Bradley and had a chat with her, also with Miss Munns who came along. The Bradleys are staying down because of the infantile paralysis in Boston but will probably go up in a few days now. The Munns had a wonderful summer abroad. Stayed with an Italian family in the Waldensians and later with cousins in England. Wise called up from N.Y. at dinner time. He is all right and said the presentation of the portrait at the Yacht club was a great success yesterday. Will tell me the details Monday when he gets back. I read aloud to E. all the evening "Cockades", quite a thriller and we think it would make a fine movie.

Saturday. Oct. 8.

Wrote letters after breakfast and at 10.30 E. & I went over to Bass Rocks for my golf lesson. The teacher is a young Scotchman, "vera Scotch", and a very good teacher I should say. He gave me a lot of points and I got some good shots in occasionally. E. got some clubs for me, a putter, jigger and mashie and gave me one of her drivers and I am going over to-morrow for another lesson. I like it very much and think I will get lots of fun out of it playing with E. and whenever I get a chance wherever I am. After lunch we read for a while, then went down to Cove House and out in Woodlark, over to Gloucester harbor to see a rum-runners boat we had read in the Gloucester paper was there, but we couldn't find it. Back to Sleepyrocks to read in front of the fire. After dinner I read over a good deal of my diary about Spain to E. A letter from Mr. Barrie saying he would go with me to see Agassiz's portrait when I was in N.Y. again, but of course I can't take him to the Yacht club as no women are allowed and anyway Wise was going to call him up to-day and take him. Also a nice note from Gertrude Fiske with a check for Misia. Have written Dr. Bowditch to find out if possible just when she can leave the sanitorium. Hope it will be soon not only for her sake but because I have barely enough to pay her expenses up to Oct. 1 and it is getting increasingly hard to get more contributions for her as the time goes

Sunday, October 9.

It rained all day, so we couldn't go over for my golf lesson. Sat in front of the fire and read most of the morning. In the afternoon went down to Cove House to get my scrap book of newspaper clippings, took a walk in the rain with E. round to Chester Square and back and then stuck in clippings in my scrap book until dinner time. Read aloud to E. in the evening my diary about our trip abroad and finished "Cockades", quite a thriller but a bit too complicated in its plot – might make a good movie though. Wise telephoned at dinner time, no special news. He will be back to-morrow morning.

Monday. October, 10.

Colder and clear. 44° this morning. E. & I went over to meet Wise. He is all right but rather used up after four strenuous days. He said the presentation of Alfonso's portrait at the Yacht Club was a great success. That the picture is to be very well hung and lighted and that every one was delighted with it. When we got back to Sheeprocks I finished the novel I've been reading "Love is Enough" by Brett Young, while Wise had his bath and shaved. Afterwards he & E. and I practised golf strokes and then went down to Cove House and pumped out the boats. E. & I tried to get a ~~tennis~~ golf lesson for the morning but couldn't so we went over in the afternoon but found the instructor was busy so I played 7 holes with E. I played perfectly rottenly, worse than before my lesson on Saturday. I suppose because I was trying to remember all the things he had told me. When we came back E. left me at Cove House to put the covers on Woodlark and I stayed there a while and played the piano. Read aloud in the evening, finished the book on [illegible] Africans. A perfectly splendid book.

Tuesday, October 11

I got a notice this morning from the Chicago Art Institute saying that Bunker and La Sevillana had been rejected by the jury in N.Y. for the Annual Exhibition which opens Oct. 27. I think this must mean that E.'s portrait has been accepted as I know they all three reached Budworth in time to be submitted as I heard from Budworth that they had been received. It will be fine if it has been through it

will mean that it will be out in Chicago until Dec. 18 when the exhibition closes. Of course it will be a wonderful thing for me to be represented out there and with a new one and such a big canvas. There may be some mistake so I'm not counting on it altogether but will write Budworth and find out.
This morning E. & I went over to Bass Rocks for my golf lesson. I did rather better, think I really got the hang of it now and once in a while. Have another lesson booked for Friday as to-morrow Anna comes to clean and close up Cove House and Thursday I go up to Boston for my address at the Quota Club. When we got back from golf we all three took our lunch and went up in the woods in Woodbury, breezy, crisp day but warm in the sun out of the wind. After eating our lunch we read aloud for a while "The Black Bull". I've forgotten the author, a reg'lar thriller of Italy in the time of the Medicis, intrigue and murder - I'm not crazy about it. When we got back I went in to call on Mrs. Hardwick and she showed me her latest paintings. She is going to have a show at the Boston City Club in March. Then I went to Cove House and played the piano for a while. E. & W. had gone up to Sleepyrocks. In the evening we read more of "The Black Bull".

Wednesday. Oct. 12.

A lovely day, sunny and warmer but with a strong S.W. wind. I stayed in the house all the morning writing my address for the Quota Club luncheon to-morrow, or rather planning it out and writing the opening and close, which I will memorize. The main part of it I'll give from notes only. About the middle of the morning a newspaper reporter, Mrs. Clapp, from the Christian Science Monitor, telephoned to make an appointment to see me in town to-morrow. I shall go straight to the Engineers' Club from the train and see her there a while before the luncheon. After lunch E. & Will & I walked down to the Bests to see how they were getting on with their building and stopped and made a call on Mrs. Best. She and Christine Lindeman are camping out there alone and they say they will ask us to a picnic meal soon. Hope it is before I go up to town. Mrs. Ladd (Anna Coleman) the sculptor was there too but she was resting out in the sun on the piazza so we didn't see her. We walked round by way of Cove House to see if the boats were all right and then came up to Sleepyrocks and E & I practised golf strokes while Wise went in to write a pamphlet he is working on, giving an account of his inventions for publishers and bankers. After dinner I read the Black Bull aloud.

Thursday, October 13.

It was pouring rain this morning and a high wind during the night. Cleared about 2 o'clock. I wrote letters for a while after breakfast and went over my address, and took the 10.24 up to town, Wise & E. driving me over to the train. I studied my address going up in the train memorizing the opening and closing. Took a taxi from the station to the Engineers Club, 2 Commonwealth Ave. where the luncheon was to be. Mrs. Clapp the reporter from the Christian Science Monitor was waiting for me and I gave her the high spots of what I was going to say. Miss Crawford arrived about 12.15 and all the other people for the luncheon. About 25 women - a new club, similar to the Rotary club for men, and they want me to be the member to represent painting in the club - an outstanding woman in each profession or line of business is chosen by the committee on membership. Have not decided yet whether I will join. I took the club's "information book" home with me and will think it over and let them know. Sat at the speaker's table of course next to a Dr. Johnson who was presiding, the president being unable to come. On my right the sculptor, Theo Ruggles Kitson - a quiet, intelligent woman. She has just finished a statue of Kosciusko for the Public Garden. I saw a picture of it in the newspapers a while ago and liked it very much. Miss Crawford introduced me. I was not nervous once I had got started, perhaps because it was such a small audience and perhaps because the secretary & treasurer had gotten up and given their reports during the lunch which made it easier for me to get up and speak too when my turn came. They apparently were much interested in my address and seemed to enjoy it. I tied it to the present-day interest in Spain because of the changes in her political situation and said that Alfonso was of even greater interest to-day than usual and that perhaps my experiences in painting him would help them to get a better idea of his personality and character. Then I gave some of the things that happened during the sittings, nothing of course that [illegible] I hesitated to tell about but that nevertheless would give an idea of him and summed up his character in general closing with the statement that

Mrs. Best telegraphed this morning before I went up to town to ask if she could bring Mrs. Ladd to the studio and wanted me to come back to lunch with them. Said Mrs. Ladd was very anxious to come. Of course I couldn't as I was going up to town and Mrs. L. leaves to-morrow.

I felt sure that behind the growth & government of Spain to-day was the mind of Alfonso XIII ------ that he was not the dictator's King but that Primo de Rivera was the King's dictator." Which I feel very sure is the case. I talked for half an hour. When it was over I went to the apartment and stayed until train time talking to mamma and reading letters from K. & B. etc. I got the 4.58 down, bought all the evening papers and looked at them on the train. About a third of a column in the Transcript from what Miss Crawford had sent it, a little paragraph in the Globe and a very good interview, very well written, with my picture, in the Christian Science Monitor. E. & W. met me, anxious to hear all about it. We read aloud in the evening - Finished the blood and thunder book - The Black Bull. Thankful my speech is over but think I won't mind my next too much.

Friday, October 14.

A beautiful, warm day. Alma came to clean Cove House, take down curtains, put away things for the winter etc. E. & W. & I went over to play golf, stopping at Cove House a moment then over to Woodlark to see the engine would dry out after the rain and to see if Alma was all right and knew what to do. Had a fine golf lesson. Almost 2 hours and didn't get very tired, as I've got the knack of it much better and it goes much easier. Am getting quite crazy about it. E. & W. went around, played 9 holes while I had my lesson. Ruth Elder a 23 yr. old girl who started on a Trans-Atlantic flight with her pilot George Haldeman Tuesday afternoon at 5 from Roosevelt Field Long Island, had to make a forced landing at sea off the Azores, luckily near a Dutch steamer. Oil pipe broke. There had been no word of her for 25 hrs. and she was long overdue at Paris. Another woman, Mrs. Grayson, is waiting for favorable weather to take off from Old Orchard beach for Denmark. After lunch we went down to Cove House. Mrs. Reeses brother was coming to pack some pictures for me, the flower and vegetable things I am sending to Keeling Wood and the Ship [illegible] for Mr. Hayes. I spent the afternoon overseeing him and Alma, tidying up the garden, getting plate to take up to town etc. while W. & E. fooled with the boats. Read the Bible in Spain aloud in the evening. I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Jerome, the sec. of the Atlanta Art Ass'n. They like the photos. of my pictures very much also the idea of my doing some Atlanta portraits to have in the show and have some sitters in view if I will be willing to cut down my price. Think I will so as to get the start there. Mrs. Johnson stopped to gossip while I was fixing the garden. Says Dorothy Laighton is married to a young man from Pigeon Cove, Woodbury Williams, much against her mother's wishes. Mrs. Chidell asked me to the "fireside party" to-morrow night.

Saturday, Oct. 15.

I went down to the studio soon after breakfast and packed my trunks all the morning. E. + W. came down later and we went up into the marshes in Woodlark for lunch. Found a warm, sunny place out of the wind on an island with a house now unoccupied and boat landing. Read aloud the Bible in Spain after we finished lunch. The marshes have turned a good deal but there is very little autumn color in the foliage this year. Leaves still green on many trees and others dropping without turning color. Suppose because we have not had any frosts and possibly because there was so much rain during the summer. When we got back to Cove House Win + I packed the radio and E. went on up to Sleepyrocks. Reed's truck will call for my trunks, radio and plants Monday afternoon and I will get Thomas to come over and pack the remaining pictures when I come down next weekend. I got a letter from Budworth this afternoon saying there was a clerical error on the part of Chicago and that none of my three pictures were accepted by the jury. So E.'s portrait did not get in after all. A great disappointment of course, but anyway I shall have it earlier to show in N.Y. now, possibly at Knoedlers, as it would have been in Chicago till Christmas almost. It was a blow though when I thought it had been accepted and I can't get it off my mind. I have to think of the good things that have happened lately and keep on plugging anyway. It does seem funny though when Bunker + La Sevillana were so well spoken of this summer and I know E.'s portrait is good, strong painting. The Carnegie awards have been announced, Kasbury and one other the only Americans. Know Kasbury's work, frightfully modern. Probably that is the whole slant of the exhibition and the jury. I went to Mrs. Chidell's party in the evening. Mrs. Meyers came for me with Barbara Meyers. The party began at Mrs. Chidell's where we played a foolish card game called "Grab". Florella Craw and a Mr. Chisholm came in costume, he as a Highlander, talking Scotch all the evening. Young Robert Lewis, the minister's son and Mrs. Riddle made up the party. About 10 we went to the Crane's studio and toasted marshmallows & doughnuts in front of the fire. Mrs. Crane and her sister there. I left about 11 as I knew E. & W. would be sitting up for me. A rather forced affair as the people were so ill assorted. Mr. Meyer is going to Spain in March and is coming to see me in Boston to get points about places to see, hotels etc.

Sunday October 16.

A lovely day. We took a walk up to Squam Rock and beyond the lighthouse. Then got our lunch and motored up to Dogtown. We found a nice sunny place, out of the wind to eat it and to read aloud the Bible in Spain afterwards. Then we left our basket, rug etc. and wandered over Dogtown, exploring the old cellar holes and talking to one or two men we met about the history and traditions of the place. It is fascinating and we will go ~~ahead~~ again. Three hundred years ago the settlement of Gloucester first began here, on these bare uplands in the centre of Cape Ann because of a mill in a large pond there, Cape Pond and later because of the tide mills at Riverdale and Annisquam. With the close of the Revolution and the suppression of piracy the people moved down to the Harbor, now Gloucester proper, and the houses on Dogtown were let to poorer people and gradually got out of repair and finally were pulled down. When it was falling to pieces it was lived in mostly by gypsies and very poor people and they all had dogs which gave it its name and there are all kinds of stories about the queer characters who lived there. Now there is nothing but overgrown cellar holes and grass grown roads and foot paths. It is a fascinating place with its boulders and cedar trees and would make a wonderful golf course if it could be fixed up. Geologically it is very interesting as it is a terminal moraine and contains two of the best examples of a rocky deposit left by the glaciers in this part of the country. Rayne Adams has started some re-forestation pine trees, in a lot which he owns up there. When we got back I finished my packing at the House, all but a few last things I will bring down in the morning, and got my plants ready to go. We finished the Bible in Spain after dinner; a fascinating book but a long one. Wise was going to N.Y. to-night but forgot it was Sunday and so missed his train. The Sunday train is 9.47 and the week day 10.37 and we were calmly sitting in front of the fire at 10 with Mr. Harvey waiting outside for him and he was just on the point of going when the telephone rang and it was the station master at Gloucester who had engaged a sleeper berth on the N.Y. train for Wise, wanting to know if he had decided not to go as the train had left! So he had to wait over and will go to-morrow night.

Monday, Oct. 17

I took the 10.24 up to Boston with my two bags, a box of flowers, a hat box etc. We stopped at Love House on the way to the train for me to put some things in my trunk but found that the men had already been and had closed and taken the two trunks and the radio but had not taken the plants. Very annoying, particularly as the man when I called them up. behaved as if he had a grievance and said he would try and make the other trip for the plants but would have to charge me etc. etc. As if it was my fault that he runs his business ~~&~~ so that they have to make two trips for one job, to say nothing of their coming hours before they said they would and taking my trunks before they were ready. Got up to town without event and got unpacked, my bags, at 259 before lunch. Mamma & Bonny & C.W. all well. After lunch I went up to the studio to look at it and see if everything was O.K. to start in cleaning and getting in order to-morrow. It certainly is dirty. André is coming to-morrow at 10 and I will meet him up there and do some grand clearing out. I talked to Mrs. Wilson for a little while and then went down town. Got some guava jelly for E. at Gilberts, saw Mrs. Duane there and tried to get her steered toward the portrait of Marian which she spoke of years ago when I painted Robert. Then got B. [illegible] some slipper ornaments, squares. for her birthday. Then home stopping at the Guild for the P.V. of an exhibition of the work of some new members. I got there just after 5 but it was closed. evidently not a tea, though I thought the invitation said so. Wrote letters etc. in the evening. E. + Wise called me up. Wise saw some pictures in the paper of the prize winners at Pittsburgh - says they are terribly bolshevic. I knew they would be from the jury.

Tuesday. October 18. 259 Beacon Street.

I worked hard at the studio all day with André getting it cleaned and closets and shelves cleaned out. I called up Mr. Driscoll last night to ask him if he wanted me to make the replica of his father's portrait and he brought it in to the studio this morning and I will start right away as soon as I can get it photographed on the canvas etc! It was quite dirty and the varnish I had put on it some years ago was too thick so I took it next door to Mr. Oliver's to be cleaned and he will let me have it by the end of the week. Mr. Bittinger stopped in at the studio and took me out to lunch. He may be in N.Y. over the 27th and wants me to call him up there at his mother's and dine with them. My trunks and the radio and plants were arriving just as I left 259 in the morning, so when I got back about five I started in unpacking them, worked again in the evening and got both trunks unpacked before I went to bed. It rained most of the day.

Wednesday. Oct. 19.

I went down town to order ~~of~~ the enlarged photo. of Mr. Driscoll's portrait, Wm. Pierce, Washington Street at the corner of Essex. He does not photograph on to the canvas now so I shall have to trace it from a color print enlargement on paper. There is no place in Boston apparently that does it on the canvas but in some ways it's better this way because I can now use any canvas I want and can get one like the original instead of having to use the smooth canvas they have to use for the photographing. The print will be ready Friday, so, as I am going down to Squam then, I can start in work on the replica on Tuesday. I did a lot of other errands down town — got a golf bag, a new photograph album and a large scrap-book for newspaper clippings. I had to hunt quite a bit for it and finally found it at Ward's on Franklin Street. Home for lunch and after lunch took a taxi load of things up to the studio, plants, painting things etc. Saw Mr. Driscoll's portrait at Oliver's and it is all done and looks finely, will call for it to-morrow morning and fix some places that have turned dark in the background before I make the copy. E. telegraphed about 6. She is getting on all right, though all alone at Squam. had the MacDuffs for dinner last night and to-night was going to the Beals'. Wise will be back to-morrow morning. I had a letter from Nina this morning enclosing one from her landlady Miss MacDonald in Brookline saying she had let Nina's room. but that there is one next door that she can have. Sally was to see Dr. Bowditch to-day so I called her up and told her about the room and she will undoubtedly discuss all that with Dr. B.. She is to call me up and tell me what he says. Nina's letter said that he had made another x-ray. and had said they were going to discharge her soon. So all seems to be going well though we will have to help her for a few months anyway until she is able to support herself again. I pasted in photos. in my album in the evening.

Thursday, October 20.

I wrote letters for a while after breakfast getting up to the studio late, about 11, where I got Mr. Driscoll's portrait from Oliver's and painted on the background fixing it where the paint had turned dark. I met Mamma & Bunny at the College Club for lunch with Frances [illegible] and her mother. The Club ~~has been~~ is in the house, no. 40 Commonwealth Ave. which was the hospital where Mamma went for her operation in 1909. They have thrown it and the house next door together and made quite an imposing place. But the room where we waited for Mamma to come out of the ether and the stairs that Dr. Wadsworth came down and told us she was all right are just the same. After lunch, I went to do some errands but a heavy shower came up while I was at Paine's choosing material for a slip cover for the sofa in the studio so I took a taxi home and spent the rest of the afternoon writing my address for New York next week. I got Sally on the telephone in the evening and found that the result of her talk with Dr. Bowditch was that Nina was perfectly all right and can come to Brookline Nov. 1. will have to take good care of herself of course but can start in going right away. So I telegraphed to Miss MacDonald to engage the room for her. it will have to be in the house next door but she will have her meals at Miss MacDonald's and then wrote to Nina about it. E. telegraphed that my train goes at 9.45 to-morrow instead 10.45 as I thought. Wise had got back from New York. He called me up on his way back, but had felt so used up with a return of his laryngitis that he had been in bed all day. I met Julie Hale downtown this afternoon and she said that she had suggested me as a member of the Marblehead Arts Association as I had painted there one summer and had also told them they ought to have me come down and talk about Alfonso.

Friday, October 21.

I took the 9.45 to Gloucester. E. met me. Wise is better but still feels below par and is staying in the house taking it easy for a few days. We just sat in front of the fire and talked until lunch time. I read them my address for the N. E. Women in N. Y. next Thursday. "Some Experiences of a Portrait Painter" and they liked it very much. Wise said it should be syndicated and he wants me to make a copy of it so that he can send it to the Sat. Eve. Post. I think they've had similar things too much lately but it has good material in the anecdotes about my different sitters, Mrs. Robinson, Borah and Alfonso etc. and it might be what they want. I also mention E. as it will be Roosevelt's birthday when I deliver it and she will be conducting a meeting at Town Hall in N. Y. that same afternoon and is one of the founders of Roosevelt House. After lunch E. & I went down to Cove House as Mr. Nunes was coming to pack pictures. I worked there all the afternoon, Packed the piano to keep it from the cold. cleaned up my nasturtium bed and planted a ~~row~~ border of narcissus bulbs there and Darwin tulips in the hollyhock and first right hand beds. Mr. Nunes will come again to-morrow to finish up. Nancy went by and stopped to chat. Says she may rent her house entirely next summer and go to the mountains. If she does I will get my own breakfasts at Cove House. Think it will be rather fun in that nice little kitchen. Mrs. Liddell also stopped to receive some of my paintings. She has taken an apt. in Cambridge for the winter and may rent her house next summer too. Wanting to know if Jimmie & C. W. would want it. I think they'd like one. Publishers think "Little" studio "better" and am going to look at that to-morrow. We read aloud in the evening Ludwig's Napoleon. Very interesting though a rather jerky style. Too many questions and explanations.

Saturday, October 22.

E. & I went off right after breakfast to drive over to Hamilton to see some steeple-chases given by the Myopia Hunt club at Col. Palmer's place. It was a nice day, beautifully sunny with big clouds but a cold wind. The races were held through the fields and over the hills of lovely country – about 2000 acres in the place and where we were there was not a house in sight. Lovely country. About 2 or 3 hundred people there to watch. Of course all of that riding and hunting set, and we stood mostly on a little hill near the finish or sometimes went to the water jump or the paddock. All gentleman and jockey riders and of course beautiful horses and with colors of the jockeys and all a lovely sight. Mrs. Rice had asked E. to come, so we looked her up in the crowd and at various times during the morning saw her, Mr. Rice, Hilda (Rice) Ayer, her daughter, whose husband won one of the races, She and her two children a boy and a girl were riding around as were a few other people beside those racing. I also saw to speak to for a minute, Rosamond (Peabody) Hamlin, (got ever so much older looking, face thin and weather beaten, Mary Weld, now Mrs. Pingree (whose husband rode,) Mr. & Mrs. Billy Andrews, Mr. & Mrs. Andrews from Annisquam and as we were leaving Delia Wheelwright. Mrs. Rice is a corker and I like her ever so much, so absolutely herself, so kindly and full of enthusiasm for the life of dogs and horses and out doors that she leads. We got back to find Wise feeling somewhat better but still thinking he'd better stay in the house. He insisted that he didn't mind being left alone so E. & I went over to Bass Rocks to play golf after lunch. I played very badly, only made a few good shots. Think part of my trouble is that I plan beforehand how much distance I want to make with each shot and that makes me try too hard. ~~Will~~ Will have to just try for good form with each shot and let the ball go where it will. Came back and sat in front of the fire with Wise who was feeling rather nervous from being kept cooped up. He should have gotten out in the sun for a while as his temp. has been normal since 12 o'clock. We read aloud the book on Napoleon after dinner. A vivid presentation of an extraordinary but unbalanced personality.

Sunday. October 23.

A beautiful day. E. and I went over to Bass Rocks to play golf. I did very badly but improved a little bit at the end. Did the last hole in 7 which is pretty good for me. I think par is 3. E. played much better than yesterday. We had caddies and there were quite a lot of men playing. When we got back we found Wise out in the sun strolling round the place. He is feeling better and thinks he will be all right by to-morrow night. After lunch we all three walked down to Cove House stopping at Mrs. Publicover's for me to ~~lunch~~ look at her little studio cottage that she rents for Mamma and C. W. next summer. It is an awfully nice little place and she only asks $300 for it but unfortunately has given the refusal of it to some people who had it this summer Mr. & Mrs. Redway. Will let me know in March if they don't want it however. Then we walked round to Cove House where E. pumped out Woodlark and I addressed the boxes of pictures Mr. Nunes had packed. We went out for a little run in Woodlark, just out to the lighthouse — the last of the season as Wise will take her up to Gloucester to-morrow if he feels well enough. Then E. & W. went home and I stayed on until dark, clearing up the garden beds etc. We read Napoleon aloud in the evening. Very interesting.

Monday Oct. 24

I went up to town on the 10.24. Left my bag and some flowers from E.'s garden at 259 and then went up to the studio where a man from Paine's was coming at 12 to measure the sofa for a new slip-cover. He came and I will find out how much it will be and give them the order to-morrow. I have a sample of a blue denim with a figure in the weave but am not perfectly sure whether I like the blue with the walls. Mamma left for four days in Torresdale with Katharine this morning on the Federal, so she had gone when I got to 259. After that she will go to Brookside for a few days and get home next Monday. Bonny & I had lunch alone and after that I went out to Brookline to see the room for Nina. It is small but will do I think, particularly as it is only temporary, Miss MacDonald being quite sure that she will have a place for her before very long. After that I went down town and got the enlargement of Mr. Driscoll's' photo and the canvas and stretcher for it at Wadsworth & Howland. Then walked home across the garden and common. C.D. and I had dinner alone as Bunny went out early to her class. After dinner C.D. went up to Symphony Hall to hear a concert in which Koussevitsky played the bass violin. He is a genius at it and this was his first appearance in that capacity in this country, since he has been here conducting the Symphony orchestra. I went over to the library as I had seen a course in Conversational Spanish advertised and thought I might like to take it. It was a beginners course though and the advanced is from 6 to 9, impossible hours for me. I came back and type-wrote my "speech" for N.Y. Bunny came home and Philip Aspinwall dropped in for a while.

Tuesday. Oct. 25.

Went up to the studio early stopping at Wadsworth & Howlands to get the stretcher and canvas I had bought there yesterday (with their usual lack of business efficiency they couldn't deliver it and I wanted to be sure of having it) I worked all the morning stretching the canvas and making the tracing and transferring it. Not very satisfactory. will have to get more transparent tracing paper and make a more detailed tracing when I get back from N.Y. I found by placing the tracing of the painting over the enlarged photo. that the enlargement distorts it or else the photo. is not accurate in the first place. So hereafter when I am making a copy I shall trace direct from the painting. After lunch I went to Paine's and got another sample for the couch cover in the studio as the blue won't do. The gray of the walls of the studio is too green to go with it. I found a mulberry rep that I think will be all right. Then had a shampoo and wave at Louis in the Stone Building across from the Lenox. A good place. The best finger wave I've had for some time. Home to finish type-writing my address in the evening. E. called me up said she had had word from N.Y. that Mrs. Robinson did not understand that she was to speak at the Roosevelt meeting in N.Y. on Thursday and had made an engagement for Pittsburgh. Mrs. Hoover was coming to be a guest of honor and E. arranged to have her invited to say a few words and she accepted so that's all right. E. comes up from Squam to-morrow and calls for me and we go in to N.Y. on the 1 o'clock. Wise went on Monday night. We will all come back Friday for a last week-end in Squam and then E. will move in to N.Y. for good Wednesday the 2nd stopping off at Josie's in Concord for a day or two.

Wednesday. Oct. 26.

I made a flying trip up to the studio to try the sample of rep for the sofa so that if the color was right I could give the order right away before I went to New York and get the thing sooner. Then I came back, finished packing my bag etc. till E. came. We went on the 1 o'clock, uneventful trip. Mr. Bailey of the Copley Gallery sat across the aisle from us. I studied my speech and read the Chevalier de Boufflers - very interesting indeed and makes those times and people - before and during the French Revolution more real to me than they have ever been before. Got off at 125th Street and reached the apt. about 6.30. Miss Moran came soon after to try on some dresses for E., - a new velvet dress and coat to wear to-morrow. Wise came in soon. Much better and things going well. We dressed and went to Sherry's for dinner. I got a letter yesterday from Leighton Rollins of the Repertory Theatre Workshop asking me to speak there on any subject I chose next February the 16th. Have not quite decided whether I'll do it. Will call him up and have a talk with him about subject as it does not seem as if what I could talk about would be particularly valuable to the work of his class. The letter was addressed to me care of the Guild of Boston Artists which is rather amusing in that it must have made whoever saw it and forwarded it realize that some people take it for granted that I am a member of the Guild.

Thursday. Oct. 27.

We went down to the Plaza for breakfast. Then I went to Knoedler's, Mr. Henschel was "busy" and asked Mr. Geraghty one of the two men, brothers, who are evidently in charge of the galleries etc. to talk to me. Had quite a long talk with him showed him my album etc. He seemed interested and said to bring the album back after I was through with it at the meeting this afternoon, that he would talk to Mr. Henschel about my showing some portraits there and that I could stop in and see Mr. Henschel about it at 10.30 to-morrow morning. So with that I went on down to the Grand Central Galleries to see Mr. Barrie about my becoming a member. He asked me to send some paintings over for him and the jury of artists to see as I arranged for

Budworth to take over. "The Old Farmer's Almanac," "Bunker" and E.'s portrait. Then I went to Juley's to see about the photos. of E's portrait as the ones he had sent were not satisfactory. It needed varnishing out and he hadn't done it, arranged for Budworth to send the portrait there again this afternoon and I will stop in to-morrow morning and see if he hasn't got a better photo. Then I met E. and Wise for lunch at the Belmont and from there took a taxi to the meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria, while E. went home to dress for his meeting at Town Hall in honor of Roosevelt's birthday. About 50 women at my meeting - the N.Y. Colony of the National Ass'n of New England women. Mrs. Otis the pres. presided during the business meeting, then introduced Mrs. Conkling, the sculptor and pres. of the Nat. Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors, who talked for a little while on Sculpture in N. E. and then introduced me. She was chairman of the program for the afternoon and presided after that. The program was rather a fizzle I thought. There was one other speaker beside me, a Miss Lucile Howard, a painter who gave a very rambling, poorly prepared talk on N. E. artists. She kept apologizing for it all the time, said she hadn't had a minute even to look up in the ~~encyclopedia~~ encyclopedia whether three of the chief painters she mentioned were born in N. E. or not. Another speaker was to have come a Mr. Walker Grant from the Anderson Galleries who was to have talked on N. E. art colonies but he didn't show up at all, so after I got through and Miss Howard, the poor chairman and the pres. had to fill in the time until 4 o'clock when they were supposed to go downstairs for tea, as best they could. Mrs. Conkling then urged talked about her own work and Mrs. Otis called on all the chairmen of committees she could think of and talked about the room they had given sheets and pillow cases etc. for it at the Soldiers' and Sailors Club for N.E. boys at length, also a bridge party they were planning - typical woman's club stuff. It might have been in a little country town and not in N.Y.C. and the women seemed awfully stupid, only moved by sentimental ideas. I suppose it is only that type who would be interested in joining an organization which after all is $\frac{3}{4}$ sentimental and vaguely patriotic and $\frac{1}{4}$ practical and educative. I think they were interested in my talk but they were pretty heavy and did not get any of the finer points. I talked for about half an hour. They wanted me to stay for tea but I didn't. They all came up and shook hands afterwards as I had talked to most of them and didn't think there was anything to be gained by staying longer, also I wanted to get a photo. of ~~gallery~~ E.'s portrait from gallery and leave my album at Knoedler's, so I left. At Knoedler's I was leaving the album with Mr. Geraghty and he said I think Mr. Henschel is here now and you can see him and not have to come in in the morning as I did. At first he said that he didn't see how they could show any of my things, they didn't show any but their own things, needed their gallery for that etc. I ~~kept~~ right on ~~talking~~ telling him the subjects of the portraits I had thought they might like to show — E.'s, Ben's, Mrs. Robinson's, Bones's, — and saying that I felt sure they would bring a lot of people to the gallery, as they were well known, that I would send out notice etc. Then I showed him my photos. and he finally said that they would like to show them if they had gallery space but it would have to be after Jan. 1. I said that would be all right and we left it that I was to come in again the last of November when he would know about the gallery plans and could tell me definitely. Of course it may have been just a way of putting me off but I think there is a chance that they may do it. I certainly hope so as it would be the only way I would exhibit in N.Y. this winter. I haven't enough new things to hire a gallery and don't want to undertake it anyway with the expense of the Atlanta Show. After leaving Knoedler's I went home. E. & W. were going to a dinner at Roosevelt House where medals were to be presented to Hoover, Pershing and John Bassett Moore for distinguished service in their various lines. They dropped me at the National Arts Club where I had dinner alone and spent the evening reading the papers and the Chevalier de Boufflers which I had brought along. Am tremendously interested in it. I called up Tinesdale during the evening, talked to Catharine and mamma. All well. Mamma comes home Monday. About 10.30 I walked over to Roosevelt House, about a block away, and waited for E. & W. ice to come downstairs from the dinner, which was followed by movies of Roosevelt. We drove home together. I called up Mrs. Marin Charles Bittinger's mother in the morning, as he had asked me to saying she would ask me to dinner with them and that perhaps we would go to the movies afterwards. She didn't though as he probably had forgotten to tell her that I was to be in N.Y. and that he had told me to call her up. and so we just had a chat on general things and I never thought until afterwards that what I ought to have done was to ask them to dine with me at the National Arts Club. That would have saved the situation and Charles could have come to the rescue when she told him of my invitation, if he wanted to.

Friday, October 28.

We went down to the ~~Plaza~~ Belmont for breakfast, leaving our bags at the station. Then as E. had to go to Roosevelt House and I had nothing special to do I went to the Public Library and killed time looking at some books with photos. of Spain until it was time for me to go to Juley's for E.'s photographs before going to the train. Juley got a much better plate the second time. Met E. & Wise at the station where Wise saw us off on the 1 o'clock. I finished the Chevalier de Boufflers on the train. A fascinating book, so well written, and the descriptions of the awful time during the French Revolution so vivid. Madame de Boufflers's daughter was imprisoned, her son-in-law and his father guillotined. ~~She~~ The writer, Mrs. Webster, lays the blame of the terrible excesses not to the people or to the aristocrats and King for having oppressed them, but to the agitators. The people were not as oppressed as in Louis XIV time and Louis XVI was doing the best he could and the nobles with him to remedy abuses. and all could have been adjusted without bloodshed if the people had not been driven on by these agitators. ~~The~~ All the people mentioned in the book are so ~~so~~ sympathetically and vividly presented that I feel as if I knew them. We connected with our train for Squam all right and got to Sheeprocks in time for late dinner. Turned in early as we were both tired. Wise comes to-morrow morning.

Saturday, October 29.

E. & I drove over to meet Wise. Then after he had had his bath and shave we started out again to go to Wheeler's to see if Woodlark was all right for the winter, and then to Montgomery's to order a boat made for Hope for next summer. A fish boat, the regulation size, larger than Sculpin that she had this year, hired from Walter Olson. To be named Sculpin too. Afterwards we drove up towards Dogtown over the old Rockport Road to Railcut Hill, the highest land in Cape Ann. We left the car there to climb the Lookout Tower and when we got back into the car and E was trying to turn it around in the rocky narrow road, we lost control. didn't grab the emergency quickly enough and it went off the road down the hill a few feet and stuck with the front spring caught on a boulder. We couldn't get it off so had to leave it there and walk to the garage near the Gloucester station, about 2½ miles, where Wise told the man to go and get it with the "wrecker" and we took a taxi home for lunch. The car wasn't hurt at all, except that the side above the running board was bent in a little and the man got it back about 4.30 in the afternoon. We had a lovely walk anyway. The oaks have turned and the coloring, while not as brilliant as other years is beautifully rich. After lunch we went down to Cove House and I did a lot of gardening. Cleaning out flower boxes, potting geraniums and two daisies, which I gave to Mrs. Johnson to keep in the house and making a new nasturtium bed along the wall at the foot of the bank over the water. Will try nasturtiums there next year and plant honeysuckle over the old nasturtium wall as well as in the front of the house at each corner. We read Ludwig's Napoleon in the evening. Intensely interesting, though I don't like the author's point of view about women. And think he is more interested in Napoleon's "affairs" and in petty intrigue and loses sight of the big aspects of his life and what he did.

Sunday, October 30.

Wise & E. & I went over to Bass Rocks and played golf this morning. A beautiful clear day, a little colder than yesterday which was really warm. I played better and enjoyed it though of course I have a long way to go to play even passably. I did one hole in 6 though – par was 3. Home to lunch and after lunch went down to Cove House again. Tidied up last things and said good-by to it for the winter as I don't suppose I shall be down again though I may for the day sometime. Read Napoleon aloud before dinner for a while and afterwards. Hate to think it's my last day in Squam but it has been a lovely summer and Cove House is so nice and I love it all so. I wish it wasn't so long to next May when I shall be down again but suppose I shall get interested in all the things that come up this winter and the time will go quite fast. It's a good chance to give Boston a good trial as concerns commissions. If nothing much happens after all the people that came to the studio this summer and all the publicity have had this past year I shall think Wise is right and that N.Y. is the place to try. I'm glad I've got the Atlanta Show in the Spring anyway.

Monday, October 31.

I went up to town on the 10.24. Went straight to the apartment, unpacked and arranged some flowers I had brought up until lunch which was early as I had a dentist appointment at 2. I found quite a bunch of mail. a letter from Nina saying all is well and she leaves the Sanitarium Tuesday. Miss MacDonald has got another room for her, a better one than the one I saw last Monday, so that's all right. Also a letter from Atlanta saying that $600 is all the club can pay for the portrait of their President but that if I make a success of that it will probably lead to the other commission she mentioned. She is a "lovely lady" very prominent socially, the wife of the President of the Art association, Mrs. J. Carroll Payne. So it looks as if I would go down early, probably the middle of February and do the man anyway. Had lunch with Bonny and went out to Dr. Billings Had my teeth cleaned and examined, only three places to fill, two of them small so I may have to go only one session. Made an appointment for Nov. 14, at 3. Came in town and went to the studio to see if my plants and everything was all right. Saw Mr. McBrien on the car going out to Cambridge and he asked me if I would like to have a show at the Boston City Club, said Mr. Jackson was always asking him to suggest artists and he would give him my name if I like. I said "Yes". It would be a good thing from a business point of view and I might get some men's portraits to do. When I left the studio I took a bus down to the Guild, Mrs. Sloane on board. Sat with her. They have bought land and are building a studio in Rockport. She is on the jury for a show in Springfield and I may send. Nice time at the Guild tea - Charles Curtis Allen's exhibition, oils and water color landscapes, November, quite nice. Talked to the Sloanes, Mrs. Page and Rose and Mr. Townsend. Home to dinner and after dinner went over to the station to meet Mamma with C.W. She looks very well and had very nice visit with K. & B. I called up E. & Wise to tell them about my letter from Atlanta and the possibility of a show at the City Club. On the way over to the station I met Charlie Rogers and arranged for a music lesson next Friday at 3.

Tuesday, November 1.

Went up to the studio and worked on the copy of Mr. Driscoll's portrait all the morning. Found some thin tracing paper that I got at Makepeace's was very good - Asco - is the name of the paper. Home for lunch and after lunch went out to see Nina to welcome her home to Brookline. Practised first on the piano for a while and stopped at the library on the way out to get some Vigée-Lebrun's memoirs translated by Lionel Strachey. It was out but I got a book of memoirs by a woman of the same period, Ida St. Elme translated by Strachey. She knew most of Napoleon's generals and I think it will be interesting though she doesn't seem very intelligent. Nina is finely fixed. An awfully nice room, big closet and everything fine. She seems very well indeed, full of energy helped me move the furniture round so as to get her bed right in the window and seems pretty cheerful. awfully fat of course but she will lose it. Home for dinner and after dinner went to the Folk Dancing Class. Good fun but awfully hot dancing. The warmest Nov. 1 on record I guess. I wore a silk dress without my coat all day and was hot. Alex was there. Has been in N.Y. with Mrs. Brayard for a meeting in connection with merging the three branches of the Folk Dance Society in one. Also went to Princeton. He left early as he had twisted his ankle and didn't want to dance on it much. He wants me to write up the summer school for the Transcript. I told him I thought it was too old now, could have done it last summer. Said that if he would do it I would take it to Mr. Quinby. The Bob Sturtevants took me home. Wise called me up. He left for N.Y. to-night, no special news.

Wednesday, November 2.

I went up to the studio early and got about an hour and a half's work done on Mr. Driscoll before it was time to go back and meet E. She arrived with Pan, bags, golf sticks and flowers - the last things from the garden. We put the flowers in water and then walked down to Mrs. Adams coffee house on 7 Melrose Street for lunch where we were to meet Mamma & Bessy, stopping at Carbone's on the way to look at Christmas cards, no good, and to get some flower vases. I got a flower pot for the studio for $1 and E. got Mamma a big Sicilian glass vase and a flower pot for

Josie. Lunch at Mrs. A.'s very good. Dennis came for us there and we stopped at C.W.'s office for a few minutes on the way back to the apt. C.C.B.'s quarters most impressive now that they have enlarged taking in Sargent's old studios. They have a little auditorium where they give concerts of their publications and there were a few paintings hanging round so it occurred to me that I might send over the R. Prelude for them for a while. C.W. delighted at the idea and later in the afternoon I stopped in at Mrs Briese' and gave them the order to take it over to-morrow. We were back to the apt. for E. to get her bags and I am to go out to Concord to-morrow for the day. Dennis will come for me at 9.15 and E. + I will play golf. After E. left I went down town and got some golf shoes at Tuttle's. and did some other errands. Wrote letters and paid bills in the evening. Very warm to-day. well over 70°, warmer than yesterday.

Thursday. Nov. 3.

It was 76° yesterday and still warm to-day but with a high wind and cloudy and raining by night. Dennis came for me at 9.30 and took me out to Concord where Josie took E. and me to the Country club and left us to play golf coming back for lunch which we had at the Club house. E. + I played 9 holes. a very sporty course, beautifully kept greens and lovely country. I played rather better and enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Harry Keyes joined us for lunch and afterwards she + E. + Josie went to a meeting of the Garden club leaving Dennis to take me to the train as I wanted to come in town for the Endicotts' tea. Unfortunately Josie had looked up the train wrong mixing the Sunday with the week-day trains so when Dennis left me at the station I discovered there was no train until 4.32 instead of the 3.18 I had arrived in plenty of time for. I got a Saturday Evening Post and killed time sitting on a stone wall near the station and reading but the train was late at that and didn't come until almost 5. I took a taxi from the No. Station to the apt. to dress and got to the tea which luckily was just round the corner on Marlborough Street about 6 - Not a very thrilling event, partly I suppose because I was so late that many people had gone. Talked to mostly Dennis-young people. Mamma + C.W. had left. Bonny was there dancing with Phillip. I read all the evening "Memoirs of a Contemporary": Ida St. Elme. Rather amusing + affairs with Napoleon's generals -

Friday, November 4

I went up to the studio early and got quite a lot of work done on Mr. Driscoll's copy before Nina came at 12. E. came soon after on her way to the 1 o'clock, with Pao and his dinner which he ate in the studio. I had a letter from Wise saying that Alfonso's portrait is now lighted from below, and looks fine. He has written Mr. Barrie to say he would be glad to take him in anytime to see it. He also said that Robin Lockwood had called him up to say that he had set three of his little verses to music and would like to sing them to him. E. left about 12.30. So sorry to see her go. She is so dear. Nina and I went out to lunch at the restaurant at the corner - not a very good lunch, afterwards came back to the studio where we talked over her plans for the future a little. She seems very well physically, though so much too fat that she tires easily, also because she has not been taking much exercise. I wish she had a little more grit and determination about making money. She throws up her hands too easily and talks in an impractical way about wanting to get a fur coat on easy payments when she hasn't anything yet to pay for her room and board. I arranged for her to come in and pose for me on Thursday and will start another picture of her though I am really not happy about doing her again. Still I guess we can arrange something that will interest me and it will get her started making a little money and not be so hard to get work in other studios once the ice is broken again. I left the studio about 2.30 to go to Charlie Repper's for my music lesson. I feel that he will begin at the bottom with me and make me play more accurately, and better technically which is what I need. Philip [illegible] and Erik - Elizabeth Dwight came to dinner with Bonny & me, Mamma & C.D. ~~being~~ dining with the Warren Storey Smiths. We played bridge afterwards. E. Dwight about the plainest girl I've ever seen, positively ugly, but you almost forget it she is so nice, a really attractive personality and very intelligent.

Saturday, November 5.

I went up to the studio and as I was going to the concert at C. C. Birchard's at 11 it wasn't worth while to start painting. So I spent the time getting all my old canvases out of the storeroom so as to look them over and decide about sending them to auction. I stopped in at Leonard's the other day and talked to the president, Mr. Carpenter, about selling them and he seemed very much interested, wanted to advertise it specially. Of course I don't want that as it would look as if I was hard up. But I don't think it would do me any harm if they were sold in the regular routine of his place. He said he would come up and look them over and we would decide. I would rather sell them for almost nothing than have them filling up the studio or pay storage on them. Mr. Brine delivered all my other pictures from Squam yesterday so the studio is quite full. I went down to the concert at 11. It was very nice indeed. An audience of music teachers and supervisors to hear C.B.B.'s Christmas selections, performed by the composers of most of them, + by a quartet of trained singers, the audience taking part in the choruses. The R. picture was hung and looked well but needs varnishing. I'll go down and fix it soon. Several people spoke of it to me. One young man, a stranger to mamma, spoke to her and said that he had been studying it all during the concert, that he liked it very much and thought that the artist knew what he was about when "he" painted it. After the concert I went home to lunch stopping at Hatfield's to get the canvas to paint Nina on on Monday. Have been trying to think of a way to do her that will make something worth while out of it. Think I've got an idea and will try it out Monday. After lunch I went down town and did errands. In the evening read and listened to the radio. Quite a good concert from WNAC. The latest news about the flood. Most of N.E. especially Vermont and western Mass. and along the Merrimac is in a terrible state from the overflowing of the rivers and the breaking of reservoirs. Thursday, the end and climax of the hot weather came, when a tropical storm from Havana moving N.W. met the cold wave from the Western part of U.S. over Western New England and terrific cloudbursts resulted. Here we had high winds all day Thursday. When E. + I were playing golf the sky to the North & West looked terribly dark and threatening and I felt as if something must be happening. We only got the edge of it in a heavy rain Thursday night. Since then it has been much colder and reports are gradually coming in of the awful conditions. Montpelier is entirely isolated. About 50 people drowned in all, Wires down roads under

30 ft. of water in one place. Some villages swept away entirely. Railroads entirely out of commission. The B. & M. will take at least two weeks to get running again. They said on the radio last night that we must go easy on our milk as the supply will be much limited and we didn't have any ~~left~~ delivery this morning which may be a result of the shortage and may be only an oversight. There had been so much rain during the summer that all the rivers were full anyway in spite of the long spell of fair weather this fall, and conditions are pretty bad. I hope the water gets a chance to run off before it freezes. A letter from E. from W. & E. and one from Hope thanking me for the pictures I sent her for her scrap book. E. reached N. Y. safely but said the low country all through Connecticut was flooded.

Sunday. November 6.

Did odd jobs of mending, balancing accounts, paying bills etc. all the ~~time~~ morning and in the afternoon went up to the studio to stretch the canvas for my picture of Nina. 25 X 30. In the evening listened to the radio, Atwater-Kent concert, Powell & Rafael Diaz, ~~and~~ while I pasted newspaper clippings in my scrap-book. Some information about the flood region was broadcast. WEEI had sent up a portable radio station into Vermont, mounted on an automobile truck and the men who went to operate it drove round the country in automobiles wherever they could, talked to the people, and broadcast back their report of the conditions. They are bad but the water is receding now and the situation is not as bad as at first it was thought. E. & W. telegraphed from N. Y. No special news. They want me to come on before Thanksgiving. I may go about the 18th as Mr. Henschel of Knoedler's said he could tell me by the 20th whether they could show my things or not. I called up Mrs. Coffin to ask her for a contribution towards Nina's expenses for her last months at the Sanitarium and for a few weeks now until she is able to support herself. She said she would send me a check for the Sanitarium expenses but did not want to contribute towards her living expenses from now on unless she planned to give up posing and took some course to fit herself for a regular job. Said she was willing to help her while she was fitting herself for a job but not if she was going to keep on posing because it couldn't last and there was no future in it. I think she's perfectly right and her attitude gives me an opportunity to talk to Nina about it and make her realize that she's got to make up her mind to get a permanent job of some sort as soon as she is able to even if she has to do something at first that is not exactly what she would prefer. Mrs. Coffin said that she had talked to the Princess Tomanoff about her, — that she, Mme. Tomanoff said that they had given up trying to help Nina because she would not do anything in the way of a job that did not appeal to her and expected them to do all the looking up a job for her, whereas the other Russians (Prince Tomanoff for example had washed bottles in a restaurant at first) did anything they could get. I said I thought Nina had learned by experience now and I would talk to her.

Monday, November 7.

I went up to the studio early. Found Nina there ahead of me. We tried a long time to get an arrangement and pose that I liked because she is so fat now that it makes it difficult. Of course she will lose that soon but it certainly spoils her for a model at present and I'm afraid Martha Crocker who is thinking of using her right away and who only saw her in her fur coat, will get a shock when she sees her without it. However I finally made an arrangement that will be quite effective I think. We stopped painting about 12.30 and I took her out to lunch and after lunch told her what Mrs. Coffin had said. She had been talking about a new fur coat and some shoes etc. that she wanted — so obviously not facing the facts — which are that she hasn't enough now to pay the #18 due for her first week in Brookline and has only the prospect of #2.25 a morning for posing which is very uncertain at that — so of ~~of~~ course her first re-action to coming right down to business and making plans was not very pleasant. I think I made her realize before I got through that the way to show her pride was to achieve her economic independence by any work, that didn't endanger her health of course, rather than to hold herself above certain forms of work and be willing to drift along helped by friends, ~~to~~ deceiving herself that something permanent would "turn up." Mrs. Coffin suggested manicuring or shampooing and while I think we can think of something that she can do that she will like better, still she ought to realize that it's the way she does anything, the way she takes the situation and is a good sport about anything that she can get to do, that is what counts and is what will make people respect her. She said she would never be a manicure that she knew how men felt about a girl who was a manicure and I told her that she was mistaken, that now-a-days and in this country there was no putting of people in classes. that men she knew would respect her and think her a good sport no matter what honest job she undertook and that if she was fitted by intelligence as she undoubtedly is for something better she would very quickly work into something else. She came back to the studio with me and after being a bit teary she left in a much better frame of mind. I painted on Mr. Driscoll's copy until about 4.30 then went home and practised until dinner-time. After dinner finished the "Memoirs of a Contemporary", wrote letters and listened to the radio. I heard from Atlanta this morning that it is all right about the man's portrait for $600. He is Mr. Scott Hudson, President of the Athletic club and I will go down about the middle of Feb. to do it.

Tuesday. Nov. 8.

Painted on the picture of Nina this morning. She was in a much better frame of mind. had seen a Russian friend of hers yesterday and told him about our talk and he is going to try and get her some regular job. Meanwhile she has enough posing to do for the present to keep her going, though of course I had to pay her first week's expenses. I got out a lot of old canvases that I had in the studio and storeroom, things I exhibited years ago and am going to sell them for anything they will bring at Leonard's. The head of the concern Mr. Carpenter was coming to look them over so that we could decide how to handle the sale but he didn't turn up. will probably come to-morrow. Meanwhile Nina says her Russian friend, Dogetof, I think his name is, is buying pictures to sell again and she will tell him about mine as she thinks he might want them. I will let him have first choice before they go to Leonard's. Nina and I went out to lunch, then we came back and she was going to pose for Mr. Bender for an hour but he didn't turn up so she went home to sit out on the piazza. I cleaned up some of the old pictures and worked a while on Mr. Driscoll, tracing on the lower part. Home to practise about 5. Went to Folk Dancing Class in the evening. Quite a small class. Alex not there. Mrs Stevens said he was too tired, had had a trip to Providence to-day and is going to Princeton to-morrow.

Wednesday Nov. 9.

Painted on Nina in the morning; Mamma

came up to the studio about 12.30 to look over the old paintings I had gotten out to sell and to see if she wanted to keep any. She wants the portrait I did of Bonny and the little interior with Brookside in it. Went out to lunch with Nina, then back to the studio for a while to work on Mrs. Driscoll, then down to the library and home to practice. Read all the evening a novel – The Old Countess by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Well and poetically written and very interesting if a trifle unreal. Rather lacking in humor I think in her point of view.

Thursday, Nov. 10.

I went over to C. C. Burchard's to varnish the R. Prelude, then up to the studio. Worked on Mrs. Driscoll as Nina was posing for Marietta Crocker. Went out to lunch with her. She was feeling fine and in good spirits as she had had an encouraging talk with the Dr. yesterday and had got in touch with Billy James, who wants her to pose next week if possible and was delighted she is back. Left there early after lunch and went down town to look at some outside blouses and velvet hats I had seen advertised. Got one at Mandel's. A letter from C. saying she's staying some months in studio in N.Y. and one from Wise. They are going to hear Foch speak at Carnegie Hall Saturday night. Read The Old Countess all the evening.

Friday, Nov. 11. Armistice Day.

Painted on Nina in the morning, going over to the Aspinwalls first to borrow Phil's snow shoes to use in the picture. I am doing her in winter sport things, bright red scarf around her neck, red Tam on her head, heavy grey sweater with bands of pattern in red and grey-green and I wanted the snow shoes to lean against the wall in the background. It is coming along quite nicely. Marietta Crocker came in to arrange about Nina's time for posing and she liked it very much. I took Nina out to lunch and then she went out to Billy James studio to pose for him for an hour. I went to my music lesson at 3, feel I did a little better, then to the library to try again for Mme Vigée Lebrun's memoirs. No luck. I have ordered it at the W. E. & J. bookshop. Then to Bachrach's where I arranged to sit for some photographs next Tuesday at 9.30 m so to have some new ones for Atlanta. Also hope the Transcript will use one as it would serve to notify people that I am here in town and have opened my studio again and perhaps might stir up some portrait orders. As things are now there is absolutely nothing of that sort in view here. I am planning to use the time for subject pictures from models until I go to Atlanta unless some commission turns up. I did a few errands then went home and read and listened to the Radio in the evening - mostly war songs for the Armistice Day programs. Finished The Old Countess. It is beautifully written and held my interest but seemed a bit forced and unreal. No mail. I wrote to E. & Wise.

Saturday. Nov. 12.

I took a taxi up to the studio early so that I could carry up an old rug that Mamma gave me for the studio. Swept and dusted the studio and painted on the portrait of Marian Hutchins that I did years ago in Duxbury, making the neck a little less brown etc. She telephoned that she would be in about 3 to see it and the other old things I am going to sell at auction. Also washed off the old magazine cover paintings I am going to send to auction with the lot and painted out my signatures on them. Had lunch with Nina who was posing for Martha Brooks. Came back and got a lot of photos. of portraits ready to send to Mr. Weaver, of the Artists' Co-operative in N.Y. He is having an exhibition of portraits by artist members at Altman's and I thought he might do something about commissions for me from photographs. Not much chance though. Marian came at 3 with her mother who stayed in the car as she has had a ~~strok~~ stroke and is paralyzed on her left side. I showed her the pictures and she wants to buy a sketch I did of an old tree near Vie's house in Duxbury. I let her have it for $10 which I suppose was too little. I might have said $25 and am sorry I didn't. They took me down to Louis' for a shampoo and water wave, very poor wave this time and I particularly wanted it good as I have made an appointment to sit for some photographs at Bachrach's on Tuesday. Home to dinner and read and listened to the Symphony concert on the radio in the evening. Did not come through very well. E. & Wise telegraphed from N.Y. of special news. E. wants me to stay over another week for a special performance of something for the benefit of Roosevelt House, for which she has a box. Nothing doing! I want to get back here and get some work done.

Sunday Nov. 13.

Read the papers, did odd jobs to my clothes etc. all the morning. In the afternoon Mamma & I went to the Colonial Theatre to see the movie of "Les Miserables". Rather disappointed in it. Over done and too much movy-ized. Read in the evening and listened to the Atwater-Kent program on the radio. Gigli, the tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Co. sang. Very good. Bunny went out to the Chandlers in Wrentham for all day and got some riding.

Monday. Nov. 14

Painted on Nina in the morning. Took her out to lunch. Miss Richardson came to the studio to see me about an exhibition they are going to have in January of the work of the artists members of the Prof. Woman's Club, which I have joined, though I wasn't crazy about it, and to ask me particularly to send something. I'm afraid I won't be in very good company professionally speaking as most of the painters who were any good have resigned. Suggested to her that we get some more good painter members so as to make a better showing if possible. After lunch wrote to Wise while Nina had a nap on the sofa in the studio. Then went out to Dr. Billings. He finished with me, not very bad. only three places to fill. In town again and to the Guild, John Lavalle's show, his first since being taken in to the Guild. He is a good and clever painter in a great many ways but his portraits are too superficial and "society" not very strong in drawing or construction. Saw Mr. & Mrs. Philip Hale there and had quite a talk with them. Like her ever so much, also the daughter Nancy who they say is very talented but who is very sniffy and conceited. In the evening went to the first meeting of the Folk Dance Society. Quite a nice party. The business meeting was held during the evening and Alex read his report about the forming of a federation of the American branches of the society. He & Mrs. Maynard and Mrs. Storrow were delegates a while ago in N.Y. to plan the thing out and draw up the proposed rules. He spoke very well and put things so well and clearly.

Tuesday ~~Thursday~~: Nov. 15.

I went to Bachrach's at 9.30 to have some more photographs taken. Wore my brown woolen dress with fur collar, then my new gold blouse with black velvet skirt then my new black velvet evening dress with pearls. Think they may be better than the others but you never can tell. The proofs will be ready in about a week. Afterwards I went up to the studio where I got the pictures to go to Leonards into frames and worked a little on Mr. Driscoll. The man came at 12 for the pictures. Home to lunch and afterwards practised for almost an hour then went down town to do a few errands and look for a blouse to go with my black velvet skirt that would not be quite as dressy as the gold one. Didn't find anything. Home to dress for dinner at the Moffats. Mr. & Mrs. Fairbanks stopped for me. A Dr. & Mrs. Simmons and a Mr. Jack Andrews were the other guests. Nice informal affair as Sally's parties always are. Did not leave until about 11.30. Got a letter from Keeling Wood this morning saying that the Ferry Seed people had taken none of my flower or vegetable pictures. but in the same mail one from Dr. Franklin Carter, rector of St. John's Church, Williamstown, saying that he expected to be in Boston in a few weeks and would like to see me about having a portrait painted. Mamma & C.D. met him in London and crossed with his ~~son~~ nephew and ~~daughter-in-law~~ his wife and he has been here two or three times since. I only saw him once for a few minutes but Mamma had showed him my photographs etc. and he was enthusiastic about my work. Looks like a commission. Hope it's not a "deader" from a photograph.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.

I painted on Lisa and almost finished it. She told me more in detail about her experiences in getting out of Russia during the Revolution. Think if she would write it up in her broken English it might be very readable. Don't believe she would do it though as it was very personal. She was only 16 and of course very beautiful and entirely alone and her chief fight was against the men who would offer help and do things for her and expect her to pay for it by being their mistress. She certainly had some hard times. Took her out to lunch and then went back to the studio for a while to wash brushes etc. Then down to Leonard's to see about my pictures there. They may not go on sale till after the first of the year. Then to the second-hand furniture store next door and got a wash-stand to use beside the sink in the studio. Will cover it with white oilcloth on the top and keep the silver etc. in the drawers. Then to the B.B. station to get my ticket for N.Y. Then home to practise and read all the evening - The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci, translated from the Russian of Dmitri Merejkowski. Very interesting. Nina lent it to me. Very warm to-day. 72° the warmest Nov. 16 on record.

Thursday. Nov. 17.

Painted on my copy of Mr. Driscoll. It is almost ready to have him come in and see it. Will call him up when I get back from New York. Marian H. came in during the morning to get her Duxbury picture. Went home for lunch. After lunch practised and about 4 went out for my music lesson, stopping to see a lamp Mamma wanted me to look at for a Christmas present for Brooksie, at John Whorf's exhibition at Grace Horne's, (very nice water colors, but a bit too superficially painted - very clever though, remind me of Sargent's in subject matter as well as technique but lacking his mastery). Then to see Miss Murdoch to see the photo. she took of Alfonso's portrait last Spring. Not nearly as good as Juley's. She has sold one to Mrs. Longyear for her collection and one to the Frick collection in N.Y. I would much rather have had it represented by Juley's. Had a nice lesson with Charlie. I think I played a little better. We played duets afterwards so that I got home barely in time for dinner. Charlie came over in the evening and played us his new waltz and his "Chinese Road." Wise called me up ~~Friday~~ from N.Y. to tell me that he has got the Times order for a press. Am perfectly delighted. Still hot. 73° to-day.

Friday. Nov. 18

I took my bag over to the station then went up to the studio and painted on Nina until it was time for me to go for the train, the 1 o'clock. Had a comfortable and uneventful journey. Read the Romance of Leonardo da Vinci, very interesting. Wise met me, looking radiant. He is so delighted and relieved about the

Times order. Took a taxi up to 194 and found E. listening to the radio which is simply wonderful now with its huge new loud speaker and other improvements. I never heard anything like it. The quality of the tones of the different instruments and voices is marvellous. They might be in the next room. The big loud speaker gives all the deep tones and the little one which they have still attached takes care of the high ones. We listened to some very good music on it and read aloud the Engrossing Golf Clubs. by — Marshal — Very amusing golf story — in the evening. Wise has given me a definite order to paint him again next summer in business clothes. We are going to a meeting and entertainment at Roosevelt House to-morrow afternoon. E. is to preside. Wise is to give a short talk and E. said I might have to - in also. It's for High School Kids. I forgot to say that Thursday I had a telephone call from a girl on the committee for the Soroptimists club dinner. Dec. 6 at the Women's Republican club, asking me to speak. Had heard about my talk at the Quota Club. At first I wasn't crazy to do it but when I gathered that they expect to pay me I thought I might as well. She said they could only give #25 but I wrote her before I left Boston that I couldn't do it for that. Much colder; the hot water is broken.

Saturday. Nov. 19.

I went with E. after breakfast to Miss Moran's to see some samples of material for an evening wrap. Beautiful brocades in gold and colors. Wise is going to give me the material which is about #12 a yard. E. has lent me a lovely piece of sable fur for the collars and cuffs and I will pay for the making. It will be lined and the front faced with yellow gold velvet and it will be a perfectly beautiful wrap. E. thought I ought to get a new one for Atlanta and I suppose I ought though I had thought my coral velvet one would do. Afterwards I went down to Stern's and got a doll for a birthday present for Judy. Her birthday is Nov. 24. - This year's Thanksgiving. Then I went to the Grand Central Galleries to see Mr. Barrie. He said the jury of artists had not yet sat as some were still out of town. I had already taken away Buster and The Old Farmer's Almanac as I wanted to try them on the Academy jury which met Nov. 14 and I thought I'd have to take E.'s portrait as she wants it naturally but Wise says to leave it the week longer, that will be necessary probably. Mr. Barive is still meaning to call up Wise and go to see Alfonso at the Yacht Club, said he had it on his calendar for this week. Then I met Wise and E. at Sherry's for lunch and after lunch we all went down to Roosevelt House where there was a meeting of the ~~affiliated~~ affiliated Roosevelt clubs of the Junior High schools of N.Y. about 85 or 90 boys and girls. E. presented the Roosevelt medals to two of the clubs, Wise gave a most forceful and clear talk, taking various axioms of Roosevelt's as his subject, then I spoke for about 15 minutes. Tried to make the character and personality of Alfonso known to the kids, emphasizing of course the moral and courageous qualities of it. In the evening we went to Roxy's theatre, an enormous and very impressive place - "the Cathedral of the Moving Picture". Only a fair program though and a very good sob-stuff movie. Ballets very effective, costuming & lighting beautiful.

Sunday. November 20.

We went out soon after breakfast for walk in the park with Pa and as we were very late getting up didn't get back till almost lunch time. Read the papers and listened to the radio which is wonderful. After lunch and I went up to see Cousin Nelly at St. Luke's Home Broadway and 114th Street. To return her the daguerreotypes she had lent mamma to be photographed. Found her comfortably fixed and very cheerful. I am going to make a painting for her of the daguerreotype of her mother and she is much pleased. Walked back to 194 Riverside Drive and Wise read aloud parts of a book, "Boss Tweed" by a man named Lynch which has a good [illegible] ~~mentions~~ his grandfather, Fernando Wood, mayor of N.Y. and makes some very slanderous statements about him. Wise has written the publishers Boni & Liveright and he wants them to discontinue this volume or retract [illegible]. It is [illegible] of the [illegible] of the Times [illegible] the author's middle name is Tilden and Tilden was Fernando Wood's great political opponent. We [illegible] after supper (very [illegible]) and listened to the radio. They have a much better program in N.Y. than in Boston. [illegible]

Monday, November 21.

I called up Mr. Bird (Maynard T. Bird, who I made a drawing of 5 yrs. ago and who is now the head of Bond + Goodwin in N.Y. and Wise has been lately in connection with their financing W.O company) ~~He had~~ Wise had spoken to him about me and he had asked him to have me call him up when I was in town. He was very cordial and nice. Wants me to dine with them but not this time as they had engagements both of the nights left that I am to be here. Will let him know when I am in again. After breakfast Wise and I ~~got~~ went down town in a taxi he leaving me at Knoedler's. I saw Mr. Henschel. Nothing doing about showing a group of my portraits. They had decided that it didn't pay them to show portraits, wanted the gallery space for their own things. So I went to the Rheinhart Galleries. Saw Mrs. R. Young and very attractive. Nothing doing there, either. Same reason, wanted to show only their own old masters or "moderns", some fright-ful horrors of the latter filled the galleries. Then I met E. at Scribners as we had arranged. Spent the rest of the morning in further hunt for a Christmas card that I liked, some neckties for Wise for Christmas etc. We went to Altman's where I wanted to talk to Mr. Weaver about the exhibition of portraits he was having there. He was not there and the show had been given up. Lunched with E. at the Vanderbilt. Then we went home and I did a few more errands (stockings for Lisa) and then went to see Jim at his office. He seemed very well, said that the portrait that he is trying for get for me to do for Mr. Carsley is a copy of an old portrait of John Jacob Astor, he thinks by Sully. Also one of Dr. Irvine from life. I called up Birdwood and found that neither Buster nor the Old Farmer's Almanac were accepted for the academy as I had them sent back to Mr. Barrie at the Grand Central Galleries. I took a taxi home from Jim's office. Awfully tired and a very disappointing day. I wrote letters and lay down and recovered sufficiently to enjoy the theatre very much with E. + Wise in the evening. We went to see "Just Fancy" — Raymond Hitchcock, Ivy Sawyer, Joseph Santley and old Mrs. Whiffen in the cast. Very nice show, amusing and well acted music doesn't amount to much – a story of N.Y. of the 60's when the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) came and was dined and entertained. Wise's father Fernando Wood was mayor then and was in the cast with big gray side whiskers – in the program says "Philander" Wood. We all enjoyed it very much. Wise and I got out Mrs. Robinson's portrait after breakfast to see if I could fix the eyes and I thought it looked rotten. I may be able to fix it though. Will try to do it to-morrow. I brought my paint box in in case I wanted to do something to it or to E.'s.

Tuesday. Nov. 22.

Mr. Cortissoz had a very calm, sane, appreciation of the place of drawing and good workmanship in art in the Herald Tribune this morning, saying "the modernist is headed for disaster through nothing more decisive than his failure to cultivate drawing the corner stone of sound workmanship". I was much cheered by it. All the monstrosities in the galleries every where here had got on my nerves. I started out right after breakfast with my album to see if I could make arrangements for a show while here this winter as I decided that I ought not to let a winter go by without making an appearance in New York. Went first to the Wildenstein Galleries. The Jew I talked to made me mad. Said their gallery was booked years in advance, became more interested however when I told him some of the people I had painted. I thought a Blashfield Exhibition that Mr. Cortissoz mentioned in the paper was there, but when I asked for it the man had "never heard" of Blashfield. Shows the concentration of the Jew art dealers on extra modernism or old masters and their utter disregard of genuine contemporary achievement. I saw they were no use and went to the Howard Young Galleries. Nothing doing. No one-man shows except Gordon Grant. The young man I talked to gave me the address of a Mr. Gerrity. 570 Fifth Ave. who has lately started the Portrait Painters' Gallery and gets commissions for portrait painters. So I went down there. Found that he only has desk room at Packs the photographer, but there were about a dozen first class portraits by artists of good standing on the walls so I thought he would be a good connection though of course no chance for a show. He was not in so I left my card. Then I went to the Babcock Galleries 5 E. 57th. Very small galleries but I liked the place and the man I talked to. He seemed interested right away, knew my name etc., does not show extreme modernist stuff and had a date left free for a show. Dec. 12 to Jan. 1. $250 guarantee for the gallery. I practically decided to take it but said I would come back in the afternoon as I wanted to talk it over with E. & Wise at lunch. I went down to the Belmont to meet them getting some neckties for Wise for Christmas on the way at Dobbs. They were delighted with the idea of the show as I went back after lunch and settled it. I will show about 8 pictures and a few Spanish sketches. Talked to Mr. — about the publicity, catalogues etc. and met Mr. Babcock. Think they are honest and good people to be connected with as they have a following of the kind of people who like my work. Afterwards I went up to the National Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors. Found it was a tea day and had a very nice time. Some of the artists looked at my album and were very enthusiastic particularly about the Old Farmer's almanac and Alfonso. Mrs. Berry the sec. wants very much to have me paint her father, a retired judge who will be in Boston later on in the winter and I made her a special price. Hope it comes off. Then I went to the Art Centre where I was to meet E. at a tea that Mrs. Hammond had asked us to. Mrs. Hammond very cordial and several of the people there got looking at my album which E. showed Mrs. H. all very enthusiastic. E. and I got home by six as Miss Moran was coming to try on my evening wrap. It is lovely. We were going to a lecture on Baffin land in the evening but decided to stay at home as we were all tired. So we just listened to the radio and read Napoleon aloud.

Wednesday. Nov. 23. I caught the 10 o'clock for Boston without much time to spare as I got held up in the traffic. Wise had a meeting with Mr. Bird at 10 so could not see me off. He & E. go to Baltimore at 12 for Thanksgiving getting back Friday afternoon. Had an uneventful trip home, read Bobby Jones book of his golf experiences which E. had lent me. I forgot the Leonardo da Vinci also my glasses, left them behind. I have another pair of glasses at the studio but wanted to finish the book and return it to Nina. Reached home about 4. Mamma and Bunny there. Told them what had happened in N.Y. read my mail etc. A check for $20 from the N.Y. colony of N.E. women for my speech there Oct. 27. Very nice of them when they had said they couldn't pay me anything. A letter from Dr. Carter saying he will see me Tuesday about the portrait and a letter confirming the arrangements made by telephone for me to speak before the Kiwanis Club. Dec. 6. Read in the evening a Life of Andrew Jackson. Feel that I accomplished something in N.Y. by arranging for my shows. To bed early as I was tired.
Heard Coolidge's Thanksgiving proclamation on the radio in the evening. Read by himself.

Thursday, Nov. 24. Thanksgiving Day.

I went up to the studio in the morning to see my mail and take stock of things generally. Nina had watered the plants etc. while I was away. The new slip cover had arrived and I put it on and also covered the wash-stand in the laboratory with oil-cloth. Home for lunch and wrote letters, paid bills etc. all the afternoon. In the evening I read a biography of Andrew Jackson by a man named Johnson. Very well written and interesting. Just Mamma + C.D. and B. and I for Thanksgiving dinner. Nothing different from usual except the first turkey of the season.

Friday, Nov. 25.

Went up to the studio, painted a little on Mr. Driscoll and Nina. Have arranged for Nina to pose for me again in coat and mantilla as I need one more picture for N.Y. Home to lunch and after lunch did errands and some Christmas shopping. Read the Andrew Jackson biography in the evening and finished it. A tragic rather lovable figure because of his tremendous will and courage in the face of enormous physical difficulties. Got a notice of an exhibition Mr. Ondis-Beada is having at the Ralston Galleries, N.Y. Nov. 26 – Dec. 10, with his address in the corner of the envelope. Will write him a Spanish letter for fun.

Saturday, Nov. 26.

I went to Roach + Graves to get some samples of cretonne to cover the ~~chair~~ cushions in the studio and some for a tray Nina is having made for me for Christmas. Got some very nice ones and took them up to the studio stopping at Hatfield's to get canvas and stretchers for a head of Nina in coat and mantilla which I am going to start right away as I need one more canvas to fill the gallery for my show. When I got up to the studio I stretched the canvas, tried the different cretonnes etc. and painted a little on Mr. Driscoll. Took Nina ~~off~~ out to lunch at Marston's and we painted for an hour and a half afterward. Think it will be effective and fun to do. Afterwards I went down to Hayley & Steele and ordered some new frames for the half dozen Spanish sketches I will show in N.Y. I wanted some wider frames to make them look more important and hang better with the big pictures. Then I went to Hatch's and did some Christmas shopping. Darned stockings and wrote a Spanish letter to Señor Dreidis-Biada in the evening. Wise + E. telegraphed. All well and they had a nice Thanksgiving in Baltimore.

Sunday, November 27.

Rainy and cloudy all day. I stayed at home all the morning. Did odd jobs to my clothes and type-wrote cards for my card catalogue for my N.Y. exhibition. Am getting the Boston and N.Y. list revised and in shape. In the afternoon I went over to the Art Club for a concert by the Vannini concert orchestra. I heard the first part of the program, only as Dr. Clark came for me there and we went on to another concert by the Laurent sextette at the St. Botolph Club. The Art Club one was only fair. The orchestra seemed too heavy to me and didn't play very interestingly. The Laurent sextette is made up of strings, flute and clarinette and they play beautifully. I liked the Bach and Mozart best. Alex sat right in front of us. Also saw a lot of other people I knew, the Bradleys, Cheney's, Hollis French's etc. Home for supper with Mamma and C.D. as Bunny was out at the Chandler's on a house-party. Worked over the catalogue some more in the evening.

Monday, November 28.

Started out early as I wanted to go to the Atlantic Monthly to talk to the editor and see if he was interested in Nina's writing up her experience, also to Ross & Craven to order the cretonne for the studio pillows, before I went up to the studio. Did both and had quite a satisfactory talk with the editor, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick the regular editor is abroad. He is sufficiently interested to want me to bring Nina in so that he can talk to her. When I got up to the studio I painted on Mr. Driscoll and went out and got the things Nina and I needed for lunch. We are going to get our luncheons there now and will have one hot dish, soup, baked-beans or something, warmed on the electric stove, each day as I think she will get enough. It will be much cheaper and better food I think. Nina came in & I [illegible] her out for the week. She seems to take fairly well to the Atlantic Monthly idea. We'll go Thursday probably. Mr. Driscoll came in to see the copy and thinks it is going to be all right. He made one or two suggestions of things it needs which I can easily do. A colored girl who came in to ask for work as a model a while ago suggested an idea to me for a picture. I thought I would do her as a nurse with a fair haired, little white child, dressing it or something. I might call it "Black and White" or something. I told E. & Wise about it when I was in N.Y. and they are not crazy about it but I think I will try it. So I wrote to the colored girl and she came in Sat. to talk to me about it and to-day brought a little girl for me to see. I think she will do all right though she has one of the ugly, short bobs. Perhaps her mother will let her hair grow and it will be long enough by the time I get round to painting the picture. I will make the sketch for it to-morrow morning. There is to be a show by the Nat. Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors at the Brooklyn Museum in April and they especially want big canvases and I might do it for that. At four I left and went down town to get a dress and apron for the girl to wear. Then to the Guild for the Private View of Mrs. Nese's exhibition of portraits. A very nice show. I like it best of any she has had. A lot of people there and all very enthusiastic. It is always encouraging and stimulating to me when people are enthusiastic about good work whether it is mine or ~~[illegible]~~ anyone's else. She paints pretty young women beautifully and her things look much more finished than mine do. I must carry them further without losing breadth and simplicity. Mine are apt to look a bit rough and unfinished sometimes. Have been invited to a ball Wed night for Lucy & Jo Dodge. Will stay with E. S. Have [illegible] on my new evening wrap.

Tuesday. November 29.

Went up to the studio early and made the sketch of the colored girl and little white child. I think it will make quite a nice picture, the little girl's pale yellow hair and the purple blacks and browns of the darkey and her dress is lilac and the background light cream and there is a white chair near with some pink clothes on it. I shall do it big 46 x 50 getting the figures in full length. The woman is sitting in a rocking chair and the little girl standing at her knee. She was very good until I've got her in a pose looking at a toy she is holding in both hands. So I can keep giving her different things to amuse her. Nina came in for lunch and left to go to Billy James. Dr. Carter came at 3 and he wants me to paint him, probably in his robes, black with black velvet on the sleeves and a red hood. He is fine looking and it ought to make a striking portrait. He will be back in Boston for a few days before Christmas and we will start it then. He came to dinner this evening so I had a chance to study him and watch him while he was talking. I went out to a folk dancing class. Had quite a good time. Alex was there but did not come home with me. He had been to a demonstration at Trinity for a class they are going to have there.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.

I went to Markepiece's and ordered the canvas for my new picture "Black and White". Could not get it at Hatfield's or Wadsworth the picture is going to be so big they didn't have canvas wide enough. It is the size of "Studio Tea" so I can use that frame for it and not have to get a new one. I practised for a while before I went out and so did not get up to the studio until 11. Then I had quite a lot of letters to write in connection with my N.Y. show, proof of catalogue to correct etc. and directions to write to Budworth. So I didn't do any painting. Nina came in for lunch and I was going to paint her after lunch but she had to go to the Dr. and was delayed so that we couldn't paint. as I sewed on the new sofa cushion covers. I went to my music lessons at 4. Have two new pieces to work on Romance by Rachmaninoff and Étude mignonne by Schütt. I had a letter from Mrs. Thom saying that she will gladly lend me Mrs. Aspinwall's portrait for the exhibition and giving me the names of some N.Y. people to send invitations to. She may be there herself. To-night was the dance for Lucy and Jo Dodge. I went about 10.30 wearing my green dress with the rhinestone embroidery and my new wrap which arrived from N.Y. to-day and is lovely. I had a very nice time. I didn't expect to dance much as it was mostly youngsters of course but Fred Weed was there and danced with me as soon as I arrived. We talked for a while and then I joined Josie to ask her about Maud Vila's accident. She was almost run into by a truck and had to run into a tree herself to escape it. Smashed up the engine of her car and knocked out her front teeth and bruised herself pretty badly. Charlie had told me about it at my lesson but I wanted to get some of the particulars. Josie introduced me to Mrs. Charles Francis Adams whose husband is the great yachtsman and we talked about the Trans-Atlantic race next summer for Alfonso's cup. Her husband is going on the Atlantic and she will join him over there ~~at~~ Spain. Charlie joined us and took me up to supper and after that danced with me. Then I sat with Josie and Mr. + Mrs. Graves for a while and Mr. Graves asked me if I would give my talk on Alfonso at the Art Club sometime as I did in Annisquam. I said I would, but of course am not crazy to. Mrs. Soule was there and said she was still meaning to have me paint Betty's portrait. I went home about 1.30.

Thursday, ~~Dec. 1st.~~ December 1.

I went down town before going up to the studio to get some underclothes for the little girl to wear in my new picture, also got a dress for Judy for Christmas. When I got up to the studio I found the big canvas had arrived from [illegible]. I got the enlargement of the sketch drawn in before lunch so am already to start to-morrow. Nina came in for lunch. Then we painted for an hour and a half on "La Señorita", the study of her in comb and mantilla. Then we went down to the Atlantic Monthly for her to talk to the editor, Mr. Weeks. Am tremendously pleased with our interview. He was much taken with her and I can see means to use her story if she will write it. I don't think she fully realizes what an opportunity she has. He suggested that she select any experience and write it up for a sample and then they could discuss it. She will do it I think and it will be all right once she gets started, I know. After I left her I went to the Women's Republican club to a private view and tea - portraits by a Belgian artist Mr. Jonniaux, who has just come over and is to paint various Boston people. I liked the portraits better than I expected to. Good drawing and sound workmanship though the color is sometimes muddy and they might be considered a bit too photographic. The hands are beautifully studied and drawn. Saw several people there I knew, Mamma + Bossy came about 5. Talked to Mrs. Mumford who is sponsoring the artist in Boston, Miss Sacker, Mrs. Kilham, Miss Linzee, Margaret Ware + Mrs. Bayliss. Home to an early dinner as C.W. had to go out to Watertown to see a rehearsal of The Dragon of Wu Foo, an operetta of his + Charlie Repper's. The performance is to-morrow night and we are going. Amateurs of course. I played the piano and read in the evening a novel by Brand Whitlock "Transplanted". An American girl who marries a Frenchman of an old titled family and has difficulties of adjustment and acceptance of their different code of sex morality. Very good.

Friday. Dec. 2. Wise + E. telephoned. We're awfully busy but the things going well

Went up to the studio and had my first "sitting" with Black and White. Got a good start. Mr. Hopkinson came in and asked me to send Boris's portrait to an exhibition at the Art club that opens Wed. the 7th. Am much pleased to be invited. Had heard of the show but was afraid I wasn't going to be in on it. Nina came in for lunch and we painted afterwards. Going finely. I stayed quite late writing letters and took a taxi home as it was pouring and I had no umbrella. Got home in time to practise a little. We didn't go out to the Dragon of Wu Foo because it was raining and C. D. thought it was going to be a very poor performance and that there would be a better one by some other people in town later on. Read "Transplanted" all the evening and finished it. Very well written and true to life.

Saturday. Dec. 3.

Went down town before I went up to the studio to do some errands, things for the studio in the 5 + 10 cent store, to get a smaller size pr. of drawers for the little girl to wear in Black + White etc. Got up there about 11 and cleaned out the store-room putting the things to be saved and photos. etc. in the two old Duxbury trunks to go to Marlboro' St. Got Boris's portrait ready to go to the Art museum. Nina came in for lunch. Afterwards I painted on her picture. Will finish it Monday. Have heard about all the pictures I asked to borrow for the exhibition except the little Vail boy's portrait. Everyone so nice and interested and willing to lend their portraits, giving me names to send notices to etc. Stayed quite late at the studio. Walked home; much colder. Charlie R. came in in the evening. Said the show went really very well last night. Sorry we didn't go out. We listened to the radio. Symphony concert etc. Charlie played and I sewed on some shoe bags I am making for E. for Christmas. Wise + E. telephoned. They had been in to the Babcock Gallery this afternoon and had a nice talk with Mr. Babcock. Everything going well. Catalogues all printed.

Sunday. Dec. 4.

I stayed at home all day except for going out about 5 to call on Mrs. Gray. She wasn't at home. I wrote on my article "Some Experiences of a Portrait Painter" that Wise wants me to get into shape, paid bills, balanced accounts, sewed on sofa cushions for the studio etc. Had the beginning of a cold and felt rather rotten but by sitting by the fire and using some stuff that Mamma heard of abroad called Vapex that you snuff up your nose, I managed to make it so much better that it was almost gone next morning. It has eucalyptus in it and apparently does the trick.

Monday. Dec. 5.

Went up to the studio early expecting my models for Black & White but they didn't come. The colored girl telephoned that the little girl's mother wouldn't let her go out because she had no rubbers or overshoes. It is much colder and snowed last night. The first snow of the winter. Nina had been in to the studio yesterday and washed the china in the kitchenette and fixed the place up generally. I got my sketches all ready for N.Y. and painted a little on the Spanish Girl, the picture that I did of Reyes in Seville, giving a little more modelling to the face. Nina came in for lunch and I finished the picture of her in comb and mantilla afterwards. Came home and practised a little while before dinner and got my talk planned out for the Simmons club dinner to-morrow night in the evening ~~after dinner~~. A letter from Wise with some of my catalogues for the N.Y. show. They look very well, though the picture on the cover "The Old Farmer's Almanac" has been cut down a little, crowding the composition. E. sent me some photographs she took in Baltimore of E. Wister's apartment. It looks very nice. She is ever so much better, quite a different person. A letter from Mr. Urudis-Biada in Spanish. I could read it all without a dictionary except one sentence I'm not quite sure of yet. Radio very good to-night.

Tuesday. Dec. 6.

Went up to the studio early. Painted on Black and White. Mamma and Bonny came up about 1 o'clock to see the two new pictures I have painted of Nina. They liked them very much; also the start of Black and White. Nina came in for lunch. After lunch I wrote to Wise, got out the frame for Black and White and studied it and Mr. Driscoll's copy deciding what I need to do to it. I called up Mr. MacBracken, the lithographer, U.S. Printing and Lithograph Co. in the Little Building and told him about the vegetable still life. He will come up to the studio to see it to-morrow or Thursday morning. I went home early and practised until it was time to dress to go to the Simmons Club dinner at the Women's Republican Club, where I was to speak. I wore my black velvet evening dress with the gold lace and blue sequins on the skirt and my new wrap, black velvet slippers with gold straps across the instep. about 23 girls at the dinner in the private dining room. After dinner we went upstairs to the "French" room where the tea was served the other day at M. Jouniaux private view. I talked for about an hour and a half. Several more girls came in so there were 40 or 50 in all. They all seemed very much interested or I wouldn't have kept on so long. I told about Mrs. Robinson, Borah and Alfonso and Spain - a good deal the same as in N.Y. only longer, more in detail. I wasn't nervous at all. My tongue and lips weren't even dry at first. The first time I haven't had any nervousness even at the start. They asked questions afterwards and all said they liked it very much. As I was waiting for my taxi in the drawing room afterwards, the radio was going and just as I came in the room the announcer said that Mr. Charles Repper would accompany the violinist who would play some of his, Charles, compositions. I heard two of them before my taxi came. Things of his I hadn't heard before. We heard from Brookie that we may come on for a few days before Christmas as Jim is going away on a shooting trip.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.

Went up to the studio early and painted on "Black and White"; stopped at McBride's on the way to arrange for sending on two charcoal drawings - Full Blown Rose and Lady with a Veil (Mamma) to N.Y. for the Nat. Ass'n Women P. & S. Black and White exhibition which opens Dec. 19. McBride called for all my pictures for the N.Y. show to-day. I went to a Sewing Circle luncheon at Mrs. Dick Sears, 229 Beacon St. Everyone very cordial and much interested in Alfonso. The first time I have been to a S.C. since I got back and they wanted to hear all about it. After lunch I went back to the studio and painted on Mr. Driscoll's copy until about 4. Got it ready for him to see again. Then went down town and did some Christmas shopping. Home and practised and in the evening wrote letters and finished the shoe bags I am making for E. for Christmas. Mrs. Bailey, who was in my class, the wife of the Prof. of Astronomy at Harvard, Solon I. Bailey came in to the studio in the morning. She has had a stroke poor thing and it makes it hard for her to make herself understood. She can think all right but the ~~word~~ wrong word comes out. She wanted to join my class again and was much disappointed when I told her I didn't have any. I suggested that she might like to ~~use~~ the studio while I am away and I will call up Prof. B. and talk to him about. A letter from Wise enclosing a copy of his to Edison asking him to sit for his portrait. Can hardly believe that he will accept as he must be besieged by such requests. Still he knows and admires W. and may do it for him. W. told him the portrait was to be the first of a collection for the National Gallery.

Thursday, Dec. 8.

Rather dark and rainy but I painted on "Black and White". The colored girl came in alone without the little girl. Nina came for lunch. She had been posing with Miss Lamb, I think Aimee Lamb, who Billy James had sent her to. She liked her very much and as she has started a big canvas there will be enough work between Miss Lamb and Mr. James to keep her provided for for a while. I hope she will get started on the writing for the Atlantic Monthly soon but I don't like to prod her too much. Mr. Driscoll came in to see the copy. Is much pleased with it. The frame will be ready when I come back from N.Y. and he will call for it then. I went to my music lesson at 4 stopping in at the Art Club to see the exhibition of Portraits and figure painting and drawings by American artists where Boran is hung. He looks very well and is well hung opposite the door. Am much pleased. Very good names in the show. Johansen, Ellen Emmet Rand, Hopkinson, Gertrude Fiske, Abram Poole, Eugene Speicher etc. Rather a modernist tendency but evidently a selected group so I feel pleased to be included. Had a good music lesson but will have to put off the next one till Friday, Dec. 23 as I shall be away all next week. Afraid I can not keep on very long as Charlie charges $5 a lesson which is a good deal to pay for what is in my case purely a luxury and recreation, particularly as I get so little time to practise. In the evening we all went to a meeting of the Folk Dance Society with a lecture on English Folk songs by Mrs. Mary Elliot Hobbs and dancing afterwards. Alex was at the door taking tickets and running things generally. Bunny stayed and danced afterwards but Mamma and C.D. went home as the hall got cold when they opened the windows for the dancing.

Friday, Dec. 9.

I packed my bag and took it over to the station in a taxi then went up to the studio for a while to get my paint box and get the place in order to leave for Mrs. Bailey who will come in, to work while I am away. Took the 10 o'clock to N.Y. Mamma came to see me off. Several people I knew on the train Jimmy & Sally Huntington who I talked to in the station, Mrs. Amory Lawrence and the Frank Wigglesworth's. Wise met me. Has had a strenuous time lately as things are happening fast in connection with a possible consolidation of newspaper manufacturers. Now that he has a press that beats all the others their only salvation is to come in with him and use all the biggest plants for manufacturing his press and autoplates with of course royalties to him and they are beginning to see it, or rather some financiers who would back the consolidation are becoming interested. Found my catalogues and envelopes O.K. at 194 Riverside Drive. Addressed some in the evening while we listened to the radio.

Saturday, Dec. 10.

Addressed some more catalogues before breakfast and got all the out of town ones mailed before I went out with Wise about 9.30. Went straight to the gallery. All the pictures there except Ben's which was delivered later in the day and Harry Vale's which they evidently are not going to send as I have had no answer to my letter to Mrs. Vale. They may be abroad. I don't mind as I really haven't room for it and it is only a loan. I varnished the ones that needed it and then went out to Mr. [illegible] exhibition. He was there. The show looks very well. He sold one picture the first day and is a bit discouraged. It's a hard game and N.Y. a cruel city to make your way in and especially hard in some ways for a foreigner. I met E. & Wise for lunch at Sherry's and afterwards took them around to Mr. [illegible] exhibition. They liked his things very much and I think he felt quite cheered up as there were quite a lot of people in. Afterwards we went up to the Hispanic Museum. Broadway & 155th. Anna Vaughan Hyatt Huntington's heroic size equestrian statue of El Cid Campeador which was finished last summer is perfectly stunning. A really great work, spirited and strong and really a masterpiece. A bigger thing even than her Joan of Arc. The museum is tremendously interesting and impressive and of course more interesting to me than ever now that I have been in Spain. The big Sorolla murals are wonderful. There are portraits of his there of the King & Queen of Spain. I like hers but Alfonso's is weak in construction and not his head. I asked to see the collection of photographs of Alfonso XIII in the Reading Room, where they have deaf mute attendants to ensure silence and you have to write your request on a slip of paper. The woman brought us about a dozen mounted photographs. Four of five of them of portraits of him and mine was among them! It looked very well. I had to sign a slip of paper and when I did I couldn't help for the fun of it, showing her that my name and the signature on the portrait were the same. She made an inarticulate sound of surprise and pleasure and stared at me and the portrait with a pleased smile. I addressed catalogues all the evening while we listened to the N.Y. Symphony orchestra on the radio with Damrosch's explanations of the music. They played Ravel's Mother Goose ballet and it was lovely.

Sunday, Dec. 11.

Got all my catalogues mailed by noon. I sent out about 300 and have the names for my N.Y. card catalogue. Wise was awfully tired so stayed in bed. E. took Pao out for a walk alone as I had to get the catalogues done. Rainy and a little snow. My ad. in the Sat. Post, Herald-Tribune and Times book fine, also a big one with a cut of the old Farmer's Almanac in the Art News. After lunch E. had to go down to Roosevelt House for a meeting. Wise stayed at home to rest and I went to the Academy. Had a little talk with Mrs. Pancoast who is in charge. A good show but some rotten things there - mostly by old members. No Bolshevik stuff, thank goodness. Mrs. Hale's full-length portrait of a man in riding-clothes won the 1st. Altman prize. I am not altogether crazy about it. Looks as if she had enjoyed painting almost everything else in the picture ~~better~~ more than she did the head, which lacks strength. The composition too is not well-knit, the figure stands at the edge of the canvas [illegible] almost too much away from the centre. Nevertheless one of the most striking things there. Gertrude Fiske's Grandmother in purple stand is a fine piece of work and there are two beautiful landscapes by Hibbard, Vermont in Winter. Don't like the other prize winners at all. Afterwards I went to make a call at Elliot Daingerfield's studio in the Gainsborough Studios, W. 59th St. They are always at home on Sunday afternoon and Robins Lockwood took me last year. when Mr. D. asked me so cordially to come again that I meant to do it before I went abroad but didn't get around to it. I talked to Mr. D. chiefly about his work. Then two men came to call on his daughters who then came down to the studio, (they live in another apt. in the house) and Mr. D. left. The conversation after that was rather giggly, though one of the men was quite interesting about an [illegible] work, something that his company is making. He had lived in Atlanta and gave me some points about hotels etc, Says the Biltmore is the best. The other man was tall and dark and good-looking, being a young Russian and we had tea, after which I left. In the evening I read aloud, [illegible], to W. & E. and we listened to the radio, Atwater Kent contest of amateur singers.

Monday, Dec. 12.

Wise and I started out right after breakfast and he stopped in at the gallery with me before he went on down to the office. They were just finishing hanging the show and after a few changes it looks very well. I stayed until about 10.30 then went down to Sterns and did some Christmas shopping, stopping on the way at 570 Fifth Ave. to see Mr. Geraghty. The young man who has started a business of getting portrait commissions for artists. He was very nice, seems interested in my work and will meet me and Wise at the gallery tomorrow afternoon. I went home to lunch and about 3 o'clock E. and I went down to the gallery for the opening afternoon. Not having any Private View I didn't expect many people to come and there were very few. The Hooks had been there and had to leave before we came, also Mr. Barry and another man, who I think may have been Mr. Dudensing as he was coming and didn't appear later and may have thought I said before 3 o'clock when what I said was after. Cousin Sally was there when we got there, a few more people came in, Mrs. [illegible] and Mrs. Hammond and two friends which pleased E. very much. Some of the artists have been in and two of them [illegible], which is fine, and [illegible] will have the two pictures I requested ~~ta~~ to be photographed tomorrow morning early. Also Mr. Babcock said that Hartley Perkins came in Sat. and he showed him all the pictures ~~of the~~ and he took a photograph of the Old Farmer's Almanac and will use either that or the Spinner's Girl in the Transcript. A pretty good beginning except for attendance and I suppose that will increase as the time goes on as there really was no reason why people should make an effort to get there the opening day when no Private View was announced. The pictures look better in the gallery than I thought in some ways. I was afraid some of the canvases, Ei's and Ben's, would look too big. They do look too brown in the flesh tones though and I shall have to get away from that. We listened to the radio and read Napoleon aloud in the evening. I had a letter from Diana and she seems to be getting on all right and I'm glad to say quite a lot of writing in it as she is writing for the Atlantic Monthly. Mrs. Jones had given us a ticket to the Symphony Fri. afternoon and she went and loved it. Hope it was all right for her to be in the crowd and close air. Still Symphony Hall is better than most places.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.

Wise took me down to the gallery early as I wanted to see that the pictures got back from being photographed all right. They were not back at 10 o'clock but the girl in charge at the gallery, Miss Weiss, is very capable and intelligent so I left it to her to take charge of. I went out and did some errands, got a hat at Sheridan's on 5th Ave. and went to the Ogilvie sisters for a shampoo and wave at 11.30. Had to have a marcel as my permanent has grown out so far. Went to Schrafft's for lunch, did some more shopping and went up to the gallery at 4 to meet Wise and Mr. [illegible]. All arranged satisfactorily and I will send him some photos. As soon as I get back and [illegible] portrait when the art club show closes the end of the month. Back to dinner and listened to the radio and read Napoleon all the evening. Had a letter from Dr. Cutler saying that he will come to Boston next week and can sit for his portrait Tues. & Wed. mornings. I shall go home Sunday on the 3 o'clock and come back after Christmas for the last week of the show.

Wednesday, Dec. 14.

I painted on Mrs. Robinson's portrait, trying to make her eyes look more natural and yet not take away from the pictures until 11.30 when I went to the gallery to meet Brookie who was coming up to town for the day. She liked the show very much, especially E's portrait, though the shadow on B's was too dark and I do too and want to fix it, using artificial light if necessary to reflect some light into the shadow side. Went round with B. shopping all the rest of the day until about 4.30 when she took the train for Princeton. We lunched at Schraffts where I discovered that I had lost the lower piece of my silver and rhinestone cross that Alex brought me from France. I feel very badly about it but don't suppose I shall ever find it. In the evening Wise went to dinner with Mrs. Graves, a grass widow who has taken the house next to B's and whom he is going to marry as soon as he can get a divorce from his present wife. They talk quite frankly about it [and] have practically announced it to their friends etc. A queer outfit, they seem to have so little reserve and things are so much on the surface. She was having some people there, especially a man who may become financially interested in Wise's business and E. and I were invited too but we were going to a big dinner of the Women's Dept. of the Civic Federation at the Hotel Biltmore. So we went there and drove round to Mrs. Graves afterwards to get Wise. The Civic Federation dinner was very interesting. About 30 tables with 8 or 10 women at each table. All N.Y.'s "best" and most interesting and influential women. Miss Maud Wetmore presided and introduced the speakers. Anne Morgan spoke, an impressive personality and strong speaker, also Anne Parrish, the novelist who wrote "The Perennial Bachelor", very young almost flappery. an amusing talk on being interviewed. The other speakers were a Mrs. Martin, who told of what the women in Phila. had done to improve conditions in the City Hospital there; a Mrs. Lee, who is dean of Colorado College, Colorado Springs; Mrs. Skinner, wife of the actor, Otis Skinner; Miss Duer, who sat at our table and who writes editorials for Vogue and conducts their etiquette column, very amusing about the letters she receives on questions of etiquette. Anne Morgan's speech was in general a plea for a clearer understanding among themselves of the policy and plans of the Federation and a clearer outline for the future and after she spoke Miss Wetmore asked for suggestions as to questions of policy. Whereupon E. said that she would like to know if the Federation stood for law enforcement meaning of course the 18th amendment – Prohibition. This question created quite a stir as E. knew it would and some amusement as it was generally realized that here was an issue that would divide the Federation if pressed. Miss Whitmore however refused to answer the question saying that ~~[illegible]~~ it was a controversial question and that this was not the place to discuss the Federation's stand upon it. Of course they will side-step it, will simply ignore it in their policy as E. says they have done everything that she wanted them to take a stand on – the Lusk anti-sedition laws, emigration etc. The trouble is that any such issue would split their ranks and their support from many wealthy members would go. So things where there would be a difference of opinion in the Federation are never faced which of course, keep harmony and [illegible] decency etc. lessens the effective and militant character of the organization. Afterwards E. and I went to Mrs. Graves. About 6 or 8 people ~~there~~. They all struck me as very common vulgar town women except possibly one woman. I talked to Mrs. Graves chiefly and she showed me over the house telling me her plans for the decorating etc. Typical New York modern style, "marbling" and gilding everywhere, mirrors in the bath-rooms etc. I rather liked her though she is a tough one. She is honest and sincere any way. She would have an awful tongue and I think would not see another person's side of the case. Uncontrolled emotions and impatient and I guess pretty selfish. A good deal of common sense but chiefly lack of control emotionally. She likes Ben's portrait just as it is, says for me not to touch it. Of course I shall though as I can't leave that shadow so dark and she will like it even better when I get through with it. She and Ben are coming to the gallery to-morrow afternoon.

Thursday. Dec. 15.

I wrote letters etc. and then went out about 11. Stopped at the gallery for a few minutes then went to the Grand Central Gallery to talk to Mr. Barrie. Through Budworth's misunderstanding my directions there was nothing of mine there when the committee on membership met a few weeks ago and now they are to meet again in a few days but everything I want to show them is tied up at my show of course. So I shall have to wait until that is over and then send in more pictures again when Mr. Barrie says he is quite sure that he can get them to see them inside of a week. Met E. for lunch at Maillard's. Then she went home to rest and I went down to Stern's to do some more Christmas shopping. Went up to the gallery at 3.30 and waited until after 5.30 but Ben and Mrs. Graves didn't come in, in fact nobody did. Mr. Babcock said it was the slimmest afternoon yet. I suppose there will be very few people until after Christmas as this is such a busy time. Perhaps the Private View plan is better after all as it brings a lot of people in at the start who tell others about it, and [illegible] that there are lots of people who I suppose wouldn't get in at all when they have weeks to choose from whereas as the P.V. might be enough of an attraction to bring them in for that. I can't tell till I see how the attendance is after Christmas but it certainly has been poor so far. Nothing else is good as any other news. Perhaps the newspaper notices will help when they come out Saturday and Sunday, if they [illegible] [illegible] of N.Y. We listened to the radio in the evening, Philharmonic Symphony concert. A letter from Mamma saying she has been in bed with a cold.

Friday, December 16th

Rainy and dark. I took some Christmas bundles over the P.O. at 83rd St. to be mailed then took a bus to the gallery, stopping at Milch Gallery to see Gari Melchers exhibition. Not very much impressed by it, a good many slight things and sketches, only one or two finished canvases. Gives the impression of his having looked over old stuff in his studio and made a show that he would never have been able to get away with if it had not been for his name and standing as the things are many of them not intrinsically interesting. Stayed at the gallery for a while and then went down town. Lunched at Schrafft's alone then went to Sterns and finished the Christmas shopping I am going to do here. Then back to the gallery about 3. Attendance a little better. (It couldn't be worse) Mrs. Dawson, who B. may recall [illegible] and who has talked a little of having her daughter painted came in with two friends. They seemed to like the show. Said they would come again and would send people. She had been in Spain and asked the price of the Spanish sketches. I left a little before five to go to tea with Mr. & Mrs. Bird, The Drake, 56th St. and Park ave. Liked Mrs. B. very much. They are coming to the exhibition to-morrow afternoon, also Ben and Mrs. Graves. Home for dinner and afterwards E. & Wise and I went to the theatre, the 19th Hole with Frank Craven. A very amusing, well-acted golf play. We enjoyed it thoroughly. There were moving pictures of famous golf stars in action between the acts which were very interesting, among them Bobby Jones of course. Wise has given me a commission to paint his (Bobby Jones') portrait while I am in Atlanta, the portrait to be presented to the city of Atlanta, because of the service which B. J. has done for this country in promoting good-feeling internationally in the field of sport. I am to write to Atlanta as soon as I get back to Boston, making the arrangements for the portrait through the Atlanta Art Association. It will be a great thing for me down there if the commission goes through.

Saturday, Dec. 17.

I did up Christmas presents and wrote letters. About 11 went out to the P.O. and down to the gallery. Met E. and Wise at the Barclay for lunch, then we went to Wanamakers to choose some lamp shades and then to the gallery for the afternoon. Quite a lot of people came in. Mr. & Mrs. Bird were there when I got there. (E. & W. came a little later before they had gone) They seemed very enthusiastic and Mr. B. asked what I charged for a portrait. Then Mr. & Mrs. Hacksmith came and Ben and Mrs. Graves and Alice Judson, the painter, who was very nice and wants me to come to her studio when I am on again, and Mrs. Donahue who married Gertrude Mason and Hibby and a friend and Mr. Dudis-Biada and Miss Merrick the critic for the Sun who was very enthusiastic and various other people such as Albert Groll, the artist, a Mr. Jenkins who has a great deal of money and gives pictures to the Brooklyn Museum and a Spanish gentleman. I don't know his name and two or three others who I didn't talk to. A very good afternoon. Wise got the Sun and the Post at lunch time and I am delighted with the write-ups. Then

Sun prints a cut of "Nina" with the snowshoes and it came out very well indeed. The other reviews will be in to-morrows papers and I can hardly wait to see them. Mr. Babcock seems quite pleased with the way things are going. Suppose nothing much will happen next week and that is the best time for me to be away. I go back to Boston to-morrow on the 3 o'clock. Mr. & Mrs. Clark, (he is Wise's lawyer) came for dinner. He is a friend of Ben and had not liked Ben's portrait very much and had said so so frankly the other evening when Wise was there that W. determined to get him up here to see my other things and to get him interested. He liked Wise's portrait very much and Mrs. Robinson's which Wise thinks is all right now and a photo. I had of Borah's. Got so enthusiastic in fact that he asked W. what I charged. I wish he would have his wife done. She would be lovely to paint, very pretty with a light, fluffy [illegible].

Sunday, December 18.

E. & Wise and I went out for a walk with Pao for a while and they came back as I had to pack my bag. Wise & E. took me down to the train the 3 o'clock. Read The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci on the train. Like it very much. Home at 8.40. Family all well. Harley Perkins had a little write-up about my show in the Sat. Transcript with a cut of the Old Farmer's Almanac. The N.Y. papers' reviews were very fair. The Sun yesterday was the only one with a picture. I didn't exactly get slammed in fact most of them were complimentary, though short. The worst was McCormick in the American who said I used "heavy-handed color". Still Miss Breuning in the Post spoke of the beauty of the color especially, in Mrs. Aspinwall's portrait. On the whole I got by easier than I expected with the present bent towards modernism, though I was a little disappointed that the Sunday papers weren't any better as the Sat. ones had been so good that they got my hopes up.

Monday, December 19.

Went up to the studio early. Mrs. Bailey has been painting there while I was away and her things were still around. She & the Prof. came in early in the afternoon and we had such a good time working there that she will take it again the next time I go away which will be the week after Christmas. I spent the morning getting the place in order, and putting the names, dates etc. on the back of Mr. Driscoll's portrait and the copy. Nina came in for lunch. After lunch I went down town to do some Christmas shopping and stopped to see about Mr. Driscoll's frame which has not arrived. Also looked for a photographer's head screen to use in Dr. Carter's portrait to reflect light into the shadows. Decided to try a mirror as the screens are #12 and I am not sure that they would give the effect I want. Came home and practised. In the evening I wrote letters and went to bed early.

Tuesday, December 20.

I went up to the studio early to start the portrait of Dr. Carter. Made a sketch, i.e. a single fig. comp. in his robes of a D.D. Got through at 12 and went right down to [illegible] to order the canvas 3½ x 4½. Mr. Tarbell was in the bus going down and I sat with him. I asked him if he would say a good word for me at the Guild as I would like to be a member. ~~He~~ He said yes immediately, said he already had spoken about me. Perhaps something will come of it. He asked me to his studio to see a painting he has just finished of some people riding to hounds. I ordered the canvas and went on down to the Transcript office to get some more copies of H.P.'s write-up to send one to Wise. They all seemed pretty black but Nina and she had seen a lighter one. Back to the studio to lunch with Nina. Then went down town for more shopping. Home to practise. Brookie arrived at dinner-time. Nina came about 7.30 bringing her Christmas presents for Mamma & Bonny & me. She stayed until about 8. I went to the Folk Dancing class. Not very thrilling. I was really too tired to go. Alex not there. A letter from Wise saying that Ben was very enthusiastic about my portrait of E. Also Miss Jan Marzano about Ben. Ben knows some newspaper owners in Atlanta and will write them about me. I sent off the Bobby Jones letter last night.

Wednesday, December 21.

Went up to the studio for my sitting with Dr. Carter. Got on very well and am crazy to keep on with it, but he can't come to Boston again until the middle of Jan. It is going to make a nice portrait I think. Went down town shopping in the afternoon. We had a "party" for Brookie in the evening.

Alex came and Philip Aspinwall and Miriam Cabot (Shepard) and her husband and late in the evening when we were having crackers and cheese etc. Ralph + Eleanor Bradley. Brookie sang of course and Miriam Cabot too, a very sweet voice. I enjoyed it all a lot. Alex is going to be in N.Y. on Wed. next week and will stop in at my show if he doesn't have to meet a man from Detroit.

Thursday. Dec. 22.

I painted on Black and White. Getting on pretty well. an awful job though, such a big canvas and of course the little girl doesn't keep still at all. In the afternoon did some more errands and addressed Christmas cards all the evening. Mr. Driscoll came in for the portrait and the copy. He is much pleased with it. Will send me a check Jan. 1

Friday. Dec. 23.

Painted on Black and White. going rather better. Nina came in for lunch. After lunch Gertrude (Mason) Donahue came. She looks very well and seems cheerful. She gave me some good suggestions about composition in my picture. I seemed to like it on the whole. Had seen the show in N.Y. and said she liked it. Down to my music lesson at 3 and back to the studio to wash brushes etc. Brookie took the 10 o'clock home to-day. It was nice having her though I only saw her in the evening as I was so busy. She did Christmas shopping with Mamma most of the time and worked on a Christmas present for her friend Mrs. Adams. She slept in B.'s room, B. on the couch, and dressed in mine as it was bigger and has two mirrors. Awfully tired, so shall go to bed early. E. + Wise telephoned last night - Everything O.K. a boom in autoplate orders $64,000 worth for the Montreal Star. They go to Baltimore to-morrow for Christmas and come back Tuesday. I go over again Tues. on the 1 o'clock, got my ticket yesterday | Charlie Repper came to listen to the radio so I didn't get to bed till 11 [illegible]

Saturday, Dec. 24.

Practiced for an hour after breakfast and then went down town to do some last Christmas errands and thought I might look at fur coats as I have been thinking for a quite a while that I would have to get one as my little caracul jacket that I have had four years isn't warm enough when it gets very cold. It is cold to-day the coldest we've had. I went first to Reynolds on Franklin street but didn't like their coats, no style, so I went to Chandlers and got one there, a muskrat, with a big brown fox collar $245. I had expected to pay about 200 but the only ones that are any good at that price are cheaper furs, caracul opossum etc. that I don't like. This is a very good-looking one and I shall feel very swell in it. It had to be shortened but they would send it home the same day, which they did, so I can have it to wear to New York next week. I went back to the apartment and got my presents for Nina, red sweater and brass book-ends, that she wanted, and went up to the studio to meet her there for lunch. She told me yesterday that Mrs. Bryant had told her to go ahead and get a fur coat on the installment plan, one payment a month for 10 months, and that she would help her out on the payments if she couldn't meet them. She didn't waste any time but got one at Jordan Marsh's yesterday afternoon - a black seal with gray squirrel collar and cuffs $285. She told me the first thing I came in the studio where she had arrived first and was sewing up my sofa cushions for me that she had got it and I said I'd just got one too which was rather amusing. I don't see how she can possibly pay for it and all the things for Christmas that she has had charged at Jordan Marsh's lately, unless she does the writing for the Atlantic Monthly, but that is her affair. She has made a start on the writing and finds that it goes quite easily so it may go through all right. We had lunch and then she went home. She is to have Christmas dinner with the Jameses and come in to see us afterwards and stay for supper. I stayed for a while tidying things up in the studio and then went home, stopping at the Art Club to see the show of the [illegible] of Boston [illegible] again and at the Guild. Did up presents and fixed our stockings in the evening. My fur coat came home and I am crazy about it. It goes very well with three of my hats and of course practically any dress. Gave a box of cigars to Mr. W. at the studio (7-20-4, and $1 each to the elevator boys.

Sunday. Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

We had breakfast rather late and spent most of the morning opening our presents etc. Stayed at home all the afternoon and evening too. Nina came for supper with her new fur coat which is a beauty, and a new black satin dress that she got at Jordan Marsh's. She had been out to the Jameses for Christmas dinner and spent the afternoon there and had a very nice time apparently. Mrs. James gave her two dresses she had got in Paris and had never worn. I had awfully nice presents. Wise gave me a gold bracelet watch and my new hat-box. E. a lovely travelling clock and a rhinestone bracelet. Mamma writing-paper, a book on Spain; C.H. a crystal

bracelet and a jar of ginger; Brookie and Jim, gold necklace, toilet water
and silk stockings; K. golf balls; Ellie, silk stockings; Bonny
lacquer box and ash tray; Nina, embroidered me a tea cloth
and napkins and gave me a wicker, glass-bottomed tray that she had
made at the Sanitarium and I got the [illegible] for. Penny A. sent
me a book and Win gave me a cloisonné match box too, so
as to have something to open on Christmas, as I had had his
other presents beforehand. I got 44 Christmas cards and sent
out about 90. Had a telegram from Win & E. the first
thing in the morning and Caister telephoned in the evening
from Seattle. We hadn't heard from him ~~since~~ last Christmas.
though mamma has written several times. I sent him
a present but none of the others did as they were tired of
sending him things and not getting even an acknowledgement.

Thursday. Dec. 26.

I wrote some letters and paid some bills etc.
and then went up to the studio and got it all swept and in
order for Mrs. Bailey. Found a letter there from Win enclosing
a note from Mrs. Sidney Newbury which she had left at the
gallery for me. She wants to [illegible] me there. Hope it means a
portrait. K. said quite a while ago that she was talking of one.
Home to lunch and after lunch was going out to see poor Cousin
Sally but I called her up first and she was feeling too
miserable and exhausted after seeing people yesterday to see me. I
will go next week when I get back from N.Y. I spent the
afternoon typewriting the rest of the cards for my N.Y. list
and went out for a while to do some errands. Wore my new
fur coat and didn't like it at all. It drops back from the
shoulders and hasn't any style. Will take it down to-morrow
and change it. Philip and Mrs. [illegible] came for
dinner and we played the piano and listened to the
radio in the evening. Mrs. [illegible] [illegible] to a Mrs. [illegible]
who was very [illegible] in Atlanta about me. She had
heard from some relations of her husband's in N.Y. that
they had gone in to the [illegible] to see [illegible] [illegible]
and liked it very much. [illegible] got to bed late as I wrote cards
for [illegible] [illegible] at the studio next Sunday. [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible] in the building came to the

open on that day to members of the [illegible] Society and I thought I would ask some people [illegible] so I have been arranging to have an "at home."

Tuesday, Dec. 27.

Am writing this on the train for N.Y. which is accountable for the jiggly writing for yesterday and Christmas. Packed my bag right after breakfast and took it over to the station. Then went down town with mamma to change my fur coat. We decided on a gray caracul, not curly, with a darker gray fitch collar and trimming of fitch on the front of the lower part. I like it very much and feel very well in it. We did some more errands, gray gloves etc. to go with the coat and underclothes I needed and mamma came up to the station with me to see me off. Uneventful trip to N.Y. Charlotte Forbes and her two little girls on the train. Wise did not meet me as Uggle was coming to give him a message. So I took a taxi up to the apt. alone. Hope was there, quite overcome and shy at first, but she loosened up when she stayed in my room while I dressed for dinner. She is a little taller and thinner than in Squam.

Wednesday, Dec. 28.

Had a letter from K. in the morning mail saying that she was coming up to N.Y. and would meet me at the gallery about 11. Anna Porter coming with her. They were lunching and going to the theatre with Agnes Newbold and I will meet them for dinner before they take the train back to Torresdale. I went down to the gallery early with Wise. Forgot to say that there was a very good write-up of the Old Farmer's Almanac in the N.Y. World last Sunday with a picture of it. Quite unexpected. Anna Porter came in to the gallery about 11 and Katharine a little later and while they were there Dr. Carter came. He is on in N.Y. for a few days. Then about 12 Brooksie + Jim came. J. liked the show, especially E. Cook's portrait + E.'s and the old F. A. The attendance has been pretty good, even before Christmas. K. + Anna went to lunch with Agnes Newbold and to the theatre and I met E. + Wise and Hope for lunch at Maillards and we went to the theatre, a college musical comedy. "Good News". Rather cheap, but a lot of fun, and jazz in the [illegible], the hero a football capt. etc. and Hope enjoyed it and I hope did not get the vulgarities. Anyway she did not like the college vamp at all but liked the nice girl who was the heroine much better. I stayed down town after the theatre, going to the gallery to kill the time until I was due to meet K. & Anna at Alice Foote MacDougal's for dinner. Elliot came along too ~~and~~ (he was up in town for a stock holder's meeting) and Agnes Hawley. She wants me to paint little portraits of the children, like the ones I did of Peter and Judy and we talked prices. I told her $300 and she is to call me up before I go back if they decide to have it done this year. Got home about 8.45 and listened to the radio with E. & W. Hope had gone to bed of course.

Thursday, Dec. 29.

E. had a digestive upset and was staying in bed for the morning so I took Hope along with me. We took Pao out in the Park, then took a bus to Black Starr and Frost for me to change a silver fork and spoon that B. had given Mamma for Christmas. Then we went to Mr. Geraghty's, the man who gets portrait commissions for artists for me to leave with him some photographs of portraits I had done. Mr. Pach, the photographer, who is backing him and in whose place he has his desk and gallery, was there and he introduced him to me. We had quite a talk on the question of doing portraits from photographs. Mr. Pach said "in substance that there were so many people who would not give the time for sittings but who were perfectly satisfied with a portrait done from a photo, that there was lots of work of that kind for artists if they would only do it. I said that I much preferred not to and that I did not see the need in my case from a business point of view as long as I could get people who would sit and who appreciated the difference between a first class portrait done from life and one done from a photo. Then he said "Is there so much difference?" Whereupon I told him that what I was working for was a direct representation of the sitter in the light and surroundings in which I posed him, a representation that brought out his personality and characteristic expression as I saw it, that all through the sittings as I talked to him I was noting changes of expression and deciding what look I wanted to get on his face to best express his character then I would talk about the subject that would bring that expression on his face and put it in at the last. He said why couldn't the preliminary work be done from a photo? I said because the photo. is taken in one light and I would be studying my sitter in another, and the directness of the impression would be lost entirely. It would only be a compromise and that also would leave out of the painting entirely the matter of painting the effect of light on the thing. In working from a photograph an artist paints the color entirely from his memory and experience of what things would look like - shadows on flesh etc. and the result can never give, never have the play of light and the variety and luminosity of color that the same subject studied from life would have. He and Mr. Gerretty agreed with me but said would I be willing to undertake portraits from photos. nevertheless? I said I knew it would do my technique harm would hurt ~~my~~ the directness and feeling for color relations and values that I am working for. Then as I was going he ~~said~~ asked me which of the portraits ~~hanging~~ there would I say were done from a photograph if any. I spotted one right away, and said that one looked as if it was done from a photo. and that all the others were done from life, which was exactly the case. So I felt quite pleased that I proved my point and when he asked me how I knew, I would point out to him more specifically what I meant about color of shadows etc. and said, "and that of course leaves out the question of character interpretation entirely". When we left (Hugo of course quite bored by all this discussion and anxious to go like a puppy dog pulling at the leash) we went to the hair dresser for me to get a wave and manicure. Then met Win for lunch at the Belmont and he took Hugo and me to Roxy's theatre. A fine performance. The show rather cheap but nice ballets of Cinderella, Christmas toys etc. Hugo loved it and we practised legs kicking and dancing when we got home. Stopped at the gallery for a while. Good atten-dance but no apparent buyers. Listened to the radio, the Philhar-monic concert in the evening. E. had lunch with Ethel Holmes.

Friday, Dec 30.

Went to the gallery and to the Nat. Ass'n of Painters & Sculptors to get entry cards for Phila. as I hadn't received any by mail as I usually do and those I had written for hadn't arrived at the gallery. Am reading Burgess and the Old Farmer's almanac from

New York and Boraz. from Boston if I can get a card. Saw the exhibition of Black and Whites at the N. A. of W. P. & S. My drawing of Joanna is well hung in the centre of the wall of the back gallery. Saw Mrs. Peyton there and Miss Berry. Stopped in at Pach Bros. again to leave the photo. of [illegible] that I forgot yesterday. Saw Mr. Pach. He said they are planning quite a publicity campaign for the "Portrait Painters' Gallery". Met E. and Hope and Mrs. Keyo and Mrs. Julian [illegible] (Birdie) E.'s sister's friend for lunch at [illegible]. Liked Mrs. W. She wanted to know what I would charge for a portrait of her two little girls ages 5 and 7. Told her I would do it for $1100. She will talk to her husband and let me know. After lunch Hope went to Mrs. W.'s to play with her children and I went up to the gallery as the Hoppers were going to call me up to let me know about having tea with me. They did and couldn't come. Went down to the National Arts Club to get entry card etc. of Members exhib. Saw Mattie with a Commander Tobias. Went back to the gallery and hadn't been there long, was talking to Mr. Rosenbeck, the artist that that crazy Haught girl I met in Washington last year told me about, when Mattie & his friend came in. When they left Wise came and we went home. Read aloud in the evening "The Simian World" by Clarence Day. Very amusing and full of ideas and food for thought too.

Saturday, December 31.

Brookie called me up early to say that the Princeton Club would be delighted to have an exhibition of my things the first week in Feb. She had suggested it [illegible] at the gallery and said she would look into it. I will probably do it though I am a bit doubtful about the expense. Would send practically the same pictures to [illegible] and to Atlanta and they would go on [illegible] from P. B. thinks I am quite likely to get commissions in P. Went to the station with Wise to leave my bag right after breakfast. Then to the pups. Saw Trudy and Miss McCullagh and Mattie and Com. Tobias. who were just finishing breakfast when I arrived, having it up-stairs in the living-room as Trudy's big sheep dog had possession of the dining-room with a litter of 15 puppies which arrived a few days ago. Trudy was telling about them. I had one in a waste basket in cotton wool and a hot water bag under it bringing it up by hand as it was a particularly delicate one. She said Constance's husband ought to have me paint her portrait and I may ask her to sit as I want to try out the artificial light effect of lighting and she would make a fine portrait to exhibit. Went to the gallery afterward. Just missed Mr. Graves. Called him up to say how sorry I was. He liked the U.F.C. particularly. Will Taylor the artist came in. Had a long talk with him. He seems very enthusiastic about my work, looked all through my album etc. He is working on some big murals of prehistoric man and animals for the Natural History Museum in N.Y. When he left I met W. & E. & Hope for lunch at Sherry's and we went to the theatre afterwards. The Mikado, Winthrop Ames production, very well put on and I enjoyed it very much. I had to leave before it was over to get my train for Boston, the 5 o'clock. Uneventful journey home and found everything O.K. here. Mary Forbes has brought in a lithograph of Lincoln that she wants me to make a portrait from. Think I'll do it as I shall need all the money I can make for the expenses of Princeton and Atlanta.

Sunday. Jan. 1 New Year's Day. 1928.

I always hate to write a new year because I hate to have the time going by. Still I feel I have accomplished a lot in the past year and am much further ahead in my work from every point of view. I went up to the studio right after breakfast, taking up the things for the tea and spent the morning getting the place ready, making sandwiches etc. Most of the studios in the building were to be open to members of the Copley Society and I had also asked a lot of people to come to mine, combining the Copley Society affair with an at home of my own. I put candles all around and got out some pictures on easels, Spring Sewing, Red Roses, The Chess Problem and the copy of Alfonso. I went home to lunch and dressed and went up again right after. Had a steady string of people from 3 to 6 and the studio was quite crowded at times. Alfonso still going strong. I have been invited to speak before the Copley Society on Jan. 13 or rather heard that the notices were printed that I was going to speak. They had tried to get hold of me to ask me but I was in N.Y. Luckily I shall be here and will do it though of course I'm not crazy to. Miss Sacker is to speak the came right on her experiences in Hollywood and there will be music too and I suppose a supper afterwards. I called up Mary Forbes in the morning to invite her and Mrs. White to the tea. They couldn't come but I talked to her about doing the portrait of Lincoln. She has definitely given me the commission and will pay me $500 for it and would like it by Feb 12. Lincoln's birthday, when she always has a celebration out at her Lincoln's cabin in Shelton. Had a check from Mr. Driscoll for the copy. He and all his family are much pleased with it. Tried to get Constance C. to ask her to sit for me but she was out of town over the week-end. Some of the people at the tea were Mamma, C.W. & Bony. Phil, Charlie R. Mr. & Mrs. Dalinf, Mrs. Stevens, Marian Selden & Billy Nash who have just announced their engagement, Mrs. White and her daughter who she is talking of having me paint, the Misses Murdock. Miss Mosely, feeling rotten because she has just been sick, Mr. Ridgway and a friend, Mr. Robbins; Mrs. Meyer and two friends (and poor Mrs. Liddell is very sick with heart trouble, quite serious) Mrs. Hardwick, Mr. Jonnias, the Belgian painter; Mr. Ironbury; Mr. Wey, and a Dutch portrait painter, a Mr. & Mrs. Wmot who came with the Remsburgs (he seemed interested in a portrait) and lots of other people I didn't know as well as many others I did. The New Year's reception was a great success and apparently the whole building was swarming and Mrs. Watson's studio where the Gypsy Society's tea was was crowded. I pasted clippings in my scrap book in the evening. Charlie R. came and played us a new waltz of his and we listened to the radio. Mary Lewis on the Atwater Kent program. E. & Wise called me up at supper time. Alex didn't come to the studio. He said he might be in to sittings soon. Mrs. Stevens said he had been sick: I'm glad he's so much better.

Monday, Jan. 2.

I expected my model for Black and White so got up to the studio early to get it straightened out and get ready for her. She didn't come however, must have misunderstood, so I wrote her to come to-morrow and painted on the background putting in a painting on the wall which helps the composition a lot. I expected Gina for lunch (and also expected her yesterday for the tea) but she didn't come so I finally ate lunch without her. She telephoned just as I was getting through, and she was dining at Mrs. Bryant's yesterday and couldn't get away — they kept her till seven and she didn't realize I was expecting her to ~~morrow~~ day. She will come to-morrow.

She had a wonderful time at Mrs. Bryant's party while I was in N.Y. She went in Spanish costume, my aunt and Isabella and Charlie R. said she looked perfectly lovely. – She was the most striking person there. She wrote me while I was in N.Y. what a good time she had, so many compliments etc. and also said that she was feeling terribly since because she had lost her bracelet, one of the few pieces of jewelry she has been able to keep. She told me to-day that she advertised for it and it was found and she was so delighted that she gave the woman a reward of $15 her whole week's pay from posing for Billy James!. I told her it was much too much and that she was crazy – that she couldn't afford to do things like that. I call it plain fool and worse because if she can't pay her board it will come out of someone else. I wish she had more character and more common sense. I called up poor Cousin Sally to ask her if it would be all right if I came out to see her this afternoon and she said to-morrow would be better as she was expecting the Dr. to-day. Then I wrote a few notes and came home. It was very cold to-day. 16° at breakfast time and I guess went down to zero during the night. I would have frozen without my fur coat.

Tuesday. Jan. 3.

I had a letter from Atlanta and it is all right about the Bobby Jones portrait. The art commission of the city is delighted to accept it and Mr. Jones will sit at the same time that I am doing Mr. Hudson who can begin sittings after the 20th or 25th of February. They wanted to know just when I would arrive and could begin work so I sent a night letter saying I would be there about the 18th and would start work as soon as I could get a studio. I went up to the studio and painted on Black and White. Nina came in for lunch. Then I went down town taking the photograph of Lincoln to be photographed. Then went out to see Cousin Sally. Bunny met me out there. She is miserable, poor thing. – a [illegible] [illegible] all over, great sores and bruises and swellings in her arms and legs. She suffers of course and is just waiting, poor, trying to die. There is nothing the Dr. can do but give her morphine. It is terrible and I should think she would just take an overdose some night. In the evening I went to the Folk Dancing Class. A very small class but good fun. Alex not there. He has been quite sick with grippe. To-morrow is my Sewing Circle luncheon. Mamma ordered the things for me to-day.

Wednesday. Jan. 4.

Busy all the morning getting things ready for the Sewing Circle luncheon. I made sandwiches (2 loaves of graham bread and 2 cakes of cream cheese + 1 lb. of butter), arranged flowers, set the table, arranged cakes and candy etc. Mamma and Bunny helping too and we had two girls to help Margaret, Lizzie and a friend of Margaret's. The meeting went off very well. 25 girls came. Plenty of food, quite a lot left. We had ordered - 3 doz. chicken croquettes, 6 cans of peas, 4 bunches of celery, 4 lbs. apples, 5 doz. cakes, 4 doz. rolls. 5 qts. of ice cream, and we had left over about 18 croquettes 1 dish of peas, salad 1 qt. ice-cream about 1 doz. cakes. They made 4 cakes of chocolate ~~cups~~ of chocolate and we had 1 qt. left. I also had olives, white peppermints and green mints - 1 lb. each of the candy and 1 qt. of olives and used about half of them all. They whipped 1 qt. cream and there was ~~about~~ almost half of that left too. So I really provided too much and will know better another time though you never can tell how many people to count on and I would much rather have plenty. After lunch I practised for a while and then went to call on Constance (Bissey) Cotting to ask her to pose for me. She was taken with the idea I think and will let me know to-morrow definitely. I read in the evening, finished Leonardo da Vinci. Wrote to B. about the Princeton Show.

Thursday. Jan. 5.

Went up to the studio early expecting to paint on Black and White but the model telephoned that she could not bring the little girl as her mother thought it was too cold, so I told her to come to-morrow and used the morning taking my vegetable still life down to Mr. MacMechan of the U.S. Printing and Lithograph Company, getting the canvas and stretchers, and tracing paper for the Lincoln portrait etc. Miss Moseley came in to see me soon after I got back to the studio and stayed for lunch with Lisa and me. I sewed on sofa cushions for a while after lunch and finished them then went home to practise, stopping at the Guild to see Mr. Tarbell's new painting. I wasn't crazy about it. It is nice in design but I don't like the scale of the figures. It is a young man and young woman hunting, jumping their horses over a low stone wall at the edge of a wood. The trouble is that neither the figures nor the landscape are secondary. It is neither a landscape with figures (they are too large for that) nor a figure study with a landscape background. (the landscape part of the picture is too important and interesting for that). It makes two interests and a rather illustrative effect somehow. In the evening went with Bonny up to Symphony Hall to hear a lecture on Lawrence in Arabia and Allenby in Palestine by Lowell Thomas. Ralph Bradley gave us the tickets, some they had got and couldn't use. The pictures were very interesting but the lecturer [illegible] hard to understand he spoke so indistinctly. Constance Cotting will not pose for me. Says she is too busy. Am sorry I asked her and won't again. She spoke of next summer, but she will have to ask me and I may be too busy then to want to do it.

Friday. Jan. 6.

Went up to the studio early and painted on Black and White. It is coming quite well. Nina came in for lunch. I have engaged a model, a girl who poses for Mr. Hall, Jeanette Cutler, to pose for the portrait I wanted Constance for. She is very pretty, good style though too much made-up but I can have her take that off, and has very pretty clothes. She will come next Tuesday to start in. After lunch I went to my music lesson. Did fairly well. Then down town to get a head screen as the photographers call it, to throw reflected light into the shadow side of an object. It is on a rod with a swivel joint so that it can be turned at any angle and will be ever so much easier than using a mirror on an easel. I want it for Mr. Carter and possibly for Miss Cutler. Also got [illegible] underskirt and socks for the little girl in my picture - the socks to be on the floor with her shoes. Brooks telephoned during the day to know if I would have the Princeton show Feb. 4 to 11 - ie 4th [illegible] attending. I told her yes, am writing to her [illegible] of the hall to figure out just what pictures and [illegible] to send. Had a letter from [illegible]. He is delighted about Atlanta. I have been elected a member of the Professional Women's Club. Not crazy about the idea but had to accept. [illegible] Paid bills and wrote letters all the evening. A letter [illegible] saying he will [illegible]

Saturday. January 7.

Just a year ago to-day that we sailed for Spain and I started this diary. I went up to the studio and painted on Black and White until 12. Then went down town and got the enlarged photo. for the Lincoln portrait. Back to the studio for lunch. Nina came. Stayed quite late, planning out what pictures to send to Princeton, fixing frame of "Annisquam Lobstermen." ordered frame for copy of Alfonso etc. Read "Pleasant Days in Spain" in the evening and played the piano as C.D. went out to see a man on business. Wise & E. telephoned. They are delighted about Allesia. His plan of the hall came. It is fine and big. I will need about 20 canvases.

Sunday, January 8.

Stayed at home all the morning, writing letters paying bills, doing things to my clothes etc. In the afternoon went up to the studio to stretch the canvas for the Lincoln portrait. It will be 25 X 30. Stopped to see Mrs. Townsend on the way. She says Mr. Riggs has had a relapse of T.B. and has gone out to Pasadena. In the evening wrote letters.

Monday, January 9.

Went up to the studio expecting to paint on Black and White but it was very dark and Marcelline couldn't get the little girls' dress that I wanted to put in the picture beside her chair, so I told her to come Wed. instead and spent the morning getting the Lincoln portrait started. I got on very well and think it will come out all right. Nina came in to luncheon and after lunch we went down to the Copley Gallery to see Alec James' exhibition. Very good work and artistic point of view and sensitive color sense. Mr. Bayley told me of a photo. of Lincoln that he has, given him by the New Hampshire Historical Society. Said he would bring it in to-morrow and lend it to me if I would like it to work from. It is a photo. of an old daguerreotype found in a house in N.H. and Robt. Lincoln saw it and said it was the best likeness of his father that he knew of. Mr. Bayley thinks it was taken about the time of the [illegible] that Mary Forbes wants the portrait made from. Afterwards Nina and I went up to the Guild to see Woodbury's exhibition and Private View. Not a very interesting show I think. Some fine things but most of them rather weak. Saw several people there I knew. The Townsends, Mrs. Hardwick, the [illegible] and Mr. Philpott the art critic for the Globe

who said that he had thought a good deal about my picture of Boaters after being at Gloucester last summer and that he thought it was a fine piece of work and had decided that it was the best thing they had ever shown there. Some praise! He said he'd like to come up to the studio sometime before I go away.
~~Tuesday, January 10~~ In the evening I went to a Folk Dancing Party. It was quite good fun. Alex was there but was looking rather knocked out by his cold. He is all right again practically, though

Tuesday, January 10.

I went up to the studio and started the portrait of the model, Miss [illegible]. Have posed her in the big arm chair, in a pale pink evening dress with orchid ribbons from the shoulders tying in a bow in the front of the pale skirt which has a deep cream lace flounce. She is pretty but a bit uninteresting. I think she will look better when her hair is waved flatter and closer to her head. To-day it was too frizzy. I am using artificial light reflected into the shadows, and a dark blue background. Was not sure whether I like the effect of light or not yet. Nina came to lunch. She has her article all written in Russian and half translated into English. She left after lunch and I cleaned up the studio and waited for a while and then went down town to get the photo. of Lincoln from a plate Mr. Peirce had. Also stopped at Mr. Bayley's to see him but he had forgotten to bring it in. Mary Forbes telephoned and has found [illegible] for me. Got a description of it from an old man who was one of his messengers in the White House. A letter from C. enclosing photos. of Hope in her Japanese costume and saying that B. has asked them down to Princeton for the [illegible] of [illegible] Feb. 4. It will be great fun to see them there.

Wednesday, January 11

Painted on Black and White. Have engaged the model to come once more, Friday and plan to finish it then. Went out to Cambridge to S. C. lunch. Margaret Forbes & Sue Hallowell, hostesses. About 21 there. Talked to Helen Thompson & Charlotte Forbes mostly. Harriet Bissey brought me in town. Went back to the studio to wash brushes etc. Afterwards went down to the Copley Gallery to see the photo. of Lincoln Mr. Bayley wanted to show me. Very fine but don't think it would be be good to work from as it looks rather idealized and softened. In the evening planned out my talk for the [illegible] Society Friday night.

Thursday. Jan. 12.

Painted on Miss [illegible]. It is quite interesting. Miss Richardson came in and asked me to send the "Morning [illegible] fishermen" to the exhibition of the work of artist members of the [illegible] Women's Club in the club rooms at the Hotel Statler. [illegible] came in for lunch. Afterwards I went down town to get a quick [illegible] to have on the [illegible] in Black and White. Also got [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]. Went home to paint. [illegible] and [illegible] (Huff) [illegible] his [illegible] wife came in for dinner [illegible] [illegible] for a ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] at the [illegible] [illegible]. I heard today that "Time" was not accepted for the [illegible] show and that Business and the Old Farmer's Almanac were turned down for Philadelphia. I'll send them to [illegible] and Atlanta anyway. Think Boston may get in though I'm not at all sure. Nowadays the whole game is queered by the "modernists" though I did think there were enough sane members on the jury for Phila. for me to have a chance. It certainly seems queer when [illegible] those three which have had the most complimentary notices from the critics [illegible] [illegible] can't get [illegible]. Of course the long waited list has a lot to do with it and I wish to goodness I would get to the point where I was on that list. I'm sick of this jury business. It's so uncertain. I just don't say anything about it to anyone when I submit a picture now and have got over the awful feeling of disappointment if I don't get somewhere ~~in~~. I just don't mention it not even to Will unless I am accepted. I suppose part of the trouble is that I don't see enough of the other artists who run the shows. I'm too busy working to chase after them. In the summer when I do it's quite a different matter. I'm "taken care of", but in the big shows in other places there aren't enough men on the jury who know me to feel that I ought to get in. Of course I have often but I'm not enough on the inside to have it always [illegible] as a matter of course – That and the modernism which in [illegible] [illegible] painting out of fashion unless it is painted by someone who is well-established, seem to me the cause of it.

Friday, Jan. 13.

Painted on Black and White and practically finished it.

am not very crazy about it. It was too big a job to tackle I guess. Lisa came for lunch. I went to my music lesson then down town to get a birthday present for Lisa. Her birthday is to-morrow. I got a red pocket-book. A very fine one. Went home and rested and studied my speech. Mamma & C.D. and [illegible] went too. The thing was at 8.30 in the Rogers Building on Boylston St. About 300 people there. Miss Sachs spoke first, her experiences in Hollywood. Then Mrs. Barnes spoke. Then a Mr. Wright spoke. Then I spoke. It went all right. I did about as I wanted to but would have done better I think if I had not been feeling rather nervous, not being well. However I took some coffee and aspirin beforehand and got through all right and people seemed to like it, lots of them came up and spoke to me afterward. Miss [illegible] had brought her color photos. of the pictures and people came up afterwards to and saw them. C.D. said "it looked like filing passed the coffins as they all walked by the table each one stopping a minute to look into the trans-parency." Wise and E. called me up beforehand. Wise to say good-by before going on a trip to Minneapolis and Chicago on business and to congratulate me on a remembrance I had from Alfonso yesterday. It was a folder with a little photograph of him in the uniform of an army officer on one page and on the other he had written a message. "Happy Xmas and happy New year. from Alfonso XIII" Dec. 1927. I was thrilled to get it and think it was dear of him to send it. It was postmarked Dec. 27 so probably was an acknowledgment of my Christmas card to him. The Mr. Wright also [illegible] asked me to a party at his studio next Friday with Mamma & C.D. and Miss Barnes asked me to have tea with her sometime.

Saturday, Jan. 14.

I heard this morning from Atlanta that I am to have a room in the athletic club as a studio and that Bobby Jones and Mr. Hudson are ready to begin sittings as soon as I come. I am delighted. Also heard that Byrd did not get by the Boston jury for Phila. and this after being especially invited to the art club [illegible] by Mr. Higginson. I shall send it to N.Y. to Mr. [illegible] for a while before it goes to Princeton. I painted on Miss Butler and though I didn't feel very energetic I got on very well. Lisa came for lunch. She is delighted with the red purse. I hope she may be able to bring in the first draft of her article for the

artistic committee on Thursday. After lunch I went down to the studio to keep [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] Club show. It's not so bad as I expected. Mrs. [illegible] has two things, Mrs. [illegible] three.
+ Bertha [illegible] was [illegible], Win and I called me up before breakfast to ask how the talk went. Win has a terrible cold and is badly overtired but is better this morning. Dr. B. is giving him hypodermics of strychnia, arsenic etc. to keep him going and I don't approve of it at all. He says he has to do it until he gets the financial merger he is getting through all fixed up and after that he will rest. His [illegible] for the T[illegible] is going ahead splendidly

Sunday. Jan. 15.

Did odd jobs at home all the morning, mending, pressing a dress and paying bills etc. Went to the Townsends for lunch. Mr. + Mrs. T. and young Jimmy Ferguson there – the singer. He had been singing at a church at Coolidge's corner and was going to Stockbridge soon to join Mr. Nesbitt who is up there at Dr. Riggs'. After lunch I went up to the studio and got the place tidied up and ready for Dr. Carter. Got home about five and went with Bonny to Mrs. Grey's for tea. Talked to Mrs. Horace Binney, Stephen Luce and a boy named Quincy who paints who turned out to be Edmund Quincy, Mamma's friend Nelly Tyler Quincy's boy. She died when he was born and he has been brought up by the present Mrs. Quincy as his father Josiah Q. married again in a few years. He has exhibited in Paris. Asked me the costs of a show in N.Y. etc. A nice boy. I asked him to the studio. In the evening I listened to the radio and wrote letters..

Monday. Jan. 16.

Dr. Carter came for his sitting and I got on pretty well. Nina came for lunch and afterwards I painted on the [illegible] portrait. Stopped at the Art Club on the way home. A [illegible] exhibition, some good things but lots of them [illegible] not very well hung. A hard room to hang as they were all sizes and mediums. Practiced before dinner and afterwards read "Growth" a novel by Booth Tarkington that Percy gave me for Xmas. Had a letter from Win written before he left for [illegible] and [illegible] on Saturday. Also one from [illegible] who said he was feeling better [illegible] he wrote. A nice note from Mr. Clark, the chairman of the entertainment committee of the [illegible] Society thanking me for my talk. Said that [illegible] pleasant things said about it. I gave Mrs. Twine directions to send Susan and Mrs. Hayes' portraits to N.Y. for Mr. Yerraty.

Tuesday. Jan. 17.

Painted on Dr. Carter. Got the canvas all covered and the hands blocked in. It is coming nicely. Nina came for lunch and brought her story. I had told her yesterday that if she would finish it up and bring it in to-day that we would go down town and get a red hat she is crazy for. So she brought it. She had showed it to Billy James in the morning as she was posing for him and he had tried to write her English, telling her she would have to polish it up and re-write it. She was quite discouraged by this but I told her I thought he was all wrong, that the more mistakes there were in it the better, that it would absolutely lose charm and appeal if she tried to write it like an American and that I would take it home and type it just as she had written it. So I erased his pencil marks and took it along thinking we would get a hat at the first place, Rowland's where there was a sale and I had seen one a day or two ago, and that I would go home and start getting it typed right away. But we hunted all over town for a hat. The ones that she liked and were the right color were too small, as Nina has such a bunch of thick hair behind so we finally gave up for that day and got some tea at Schrafft's. Then I came home and practised for a little while, and Dr. Carter came for dinner and I went to a folk dancing class afterwards. I read Nina's story aloud to them after dinner and we all decided that it must go. The mistakes in Eng. are very amusing. The story itself is very amusing, simple and dramatic.

Wednesday. Jan. 18.

Had a sitting with Dr. Carter. Got the head in shape to leave and finish later. I am crazy to go on with the rest of it but he can't come again for 4 weeks.. not until Feb. 16 + 17, just before I go to Atlanta. However the frame will not be here by that time and I wouldn't have finished it entirely before I went anyway. I went to a sewing circle lunch at Mrs. Morss' in Charlesgate East. Sat with Harriet Binney and Hilda. Rose + Ellen (Walton), Candler and Mrs. Dealey. Had a very good time. Went back to the studio afterwards. Nina there. She had been there for lunch alone. She stayed sitting on the sofa while I painted on the [illegible]. Have got it about ready to show Mary Forbes. Will call her up. Had two telegrams from Wise one from Minneapolis and one from Chicago on his way home. He had a pretty tough fight but won over his people. He didn't say how he was but will call me up to-morrow from N.Y. I came home about 5 and practised and in the evening typed Nina's story. Quite a job. It took me from 7.30 to 11 but I got it off in the mail to-night, as it ought to be delivered at the Atlantic Monthly office to-morrow a.m. Very mild for this season. above 40 Only 2 days of winter so far.

Thursday. January 19.

Went up to the studio and painted on Miss Cutler. Harriet Bisney came along in her car as I was walking up Commonwealth ave, and gave me a lift to the studio. Got on very well with Miss C. Think it will make an effective portrait and one that people will like. Nina came in for lunch. After lunch we went down town to look again for a red hat for her and for an evening dress for me to take to Atlanta. We found a hat at Filene's that is fine for her and I also found a dress there, blue georgette and lace to match, after looking at Jordan's. Came home and wrote letters in the evening. Wise got back to N.Y. to-day and they called me up this evening. He seems very well considering that he is still taking the hypodermics. E. is coming on next Thursday to spend Sunday with me. Wise and we will go back to N.Y. together Tuesday and I go down to Princeton the next day to get the view hung.

Friday January 20.

I painted on the Lincoln portrait and Mary Forbes and Mrs. White came in to see it about 12. They are crazy about it. I made a few changes at their suggestion while they were there and they are both perfectly delighted with it. I am to have a plate made by Thulin to go on the frame and to get Mr. Smith to photograph it and Mary Forbes will send photos of it to the newspapers and will show it for 2 weeks in the Milton Library and of course at her Lincoln cabin on Feb. 12. Nina came for lunch and I left immediately afterwards to go to my music lesson. Afterwards did a few errands. Philip Cogswell came over in the evening for a while.

Saturday. Jan. 21.

Painted on Miss Cutler. Very cold and windy. Mary Forbes came in again during the morning. She is so crazy about the portrait she wanted to see it again. She said that Mrs. Stannard the editor of the rotogravure section of the Herald said when he would use it, would use anything of mine, that I was a coming painter etc., which pleased me very much naturally. Joanna telegraphed during the morning that Evelyn and Clark were coming up for lunch. I couldn't get home for lunch but got home at 2.30 and saw them and walked along down town with them when they left. Clark has grown taller but otherwise seems just the same as he did at Squam 4 years ago last summer. He is 9 years old now. E. babys him too much and hasn't taught him proper manners. He doesn't get up when he says how do you do to people and doesn't even say good-by etc., unless told to. It's too bad she hasn't been firmer and more sensible with him as he has been so sheltered and softened that it will be very hard for him when he has to stand up against things. Evelyn looked very well. Philip was at lunch too as he and Barry were going out to a horse show. After I left E. + Clark I tried to get Mr. [illegible] to arrange about photographing the Lincoln but he had gone. So I went and looked at dresses at the McQueen gown shop and got three — an awfully pretty new taffeta evening dress, a tan tweed and a dark blue flat crepe. E. + Will telephoned about 6 and W. wants a lot of prints of the Lincoln to send to rotogravure sections all over the country to appear on Lincoln's Birthday. Mary Forbes and Mrs. White are coming in to lunch Friday when E. is here and we will all go out to sister's afterwards so that E. can see the Lincoln sketch and the portrait.

Sunday, Jan. 22.

Read the papers, wrote letters and typed the copy for the catalogue for my Princeton show in the morning. After lunch I went over to the library to look up Miss Kerrick's review of my N.Y. show in the Spur and see what there was in the Art Digest. The library doesn't take the Spur but I found a copy at the Copley Plaza news stand — no art column in it though. The write up in the Art Digest was a rewrite of the N.Y. reviews, mostly taken from those in the Times and Herald-Tribune — the ones that were not very good. Afterwards I went down to the Prof. Woman's club to see the exhibition. Several people there. The woman in charge of the show said that people have liked my picture — the Lobstermen. Will leave it there till the end of the show and not take it to Atlanta or Princeton. Home and wrote more letters. Charlie Kepper came in the evening. Still cold but not so bad as yesterday.

Monday. January 23.

I went up to the studio and got the Lincoln portrait and took it down to Mr. Jouett's to be photographed. He will have 6 glossy prints ready Wed. a.m. Stopped at Herricks on the way back and got seats for Miss Mayo's lecture on her book Mother India ~~tomorrow~~ Wed. P.M. at the Copley Plaza for Mamma and me. Also seats for Holbrook Blinn in "The Play's the Thing" Friday night for E. and me, at her suggestion. When I got back to the studio I made a tracing of the enlarged photo. of Alfonso's portrait and laid it over the copy to find out where it was out as there is something still not quite right with it. I found several little places where it did not co-incide and fixed them and improved it a good deal. Nina came for lunch and afterwards I got out the pictures to go to Princeton and Atlanta and painted a little on Black and White painting in a [illegible] the wall in the upper right corner and fixing the little girl's face a little. Stopped at the Guild on the way home. An exhibition of [illegible], Mr. [illegible], Mrs. [illegible], Mrs. Hadley, Sears Gallagher, Margaret Patterson, and Mrs. Murphy. [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] for Nov. called "Thought is Free" a very well written story of a young native African king who's natural instincts and [illegible]. [illegible]. Afterwards I got my pictures ready for Mr. Brise to call for them to-morrow. Varnished the Art Students etc. and then Nina and I went down town. I had a fitting at Filenes on the blue georgette dress I got there and Nina wanted to open an account as she likes their things better than Jordan Marsh's. Mamma was coming to see my dress but she got delayed at the dentists' and didn't get there. I think the dress is going to be very pretty. It's a lovely shade of blue. I got home in time to practice a little and went to a Folk Dancing class in the evening.

Wednesday. Jan. 25.

I went down to a place on Boylston St, where they

do over dresses inexpensively, the Thrifty Frock Shop, 132 Boylston.
to see about having an evening dress done over, one B. gave me. It
seems like a good place. Afterwards I went to Mr. Smith's for the photos.
of the Lincoln portrait. I was rather disappointed in them but took them
up to the studio where Mary Forbes and Mrs. White were coming to
see them and to take them down to the Herald. They came soon after I
got there and we decided that they weren't good enough and that we
would have Mr. Smith take it again in the frame. So they took me
down to Vhelins to see if the frame with the label was ready. It wasn't
but we arranged to call for it ~~at~~ 2. and I went home to get ready for the
Sewing Circle luncheon. It was at the Algonquin Club, Mrs. Tobey, a
rather small meeting. I talked to Mrs. Fairbanks mostly. Left early as
Mary Forbes came for me. We went and got the frame and took it down to
Mr. Smith's and then went to the Copley Plaza for a lecture by Miss
Katherine Mayo, who has written a book exposing the bad conditions in
India, chiefly as they effect the women and children. I had got tickets for
Mamma and me and she joined us there and we all sat together.
Miss Mayo had a very large audience, filling the large ball-room and
she is a very charming and interesting speaker, though not a practised one.
She seemed nervous at first and got her sentences a little involved but
her sincerity and fine feeling were evident. Her book has raised quite
a storm of criticism on the part of those who for various reasons want
the sex abuses and unhygienic life of India passed over. Wise and E.
telephoned. Wise had had a long talk with his Dr. about the hypodermics
and he said the treatment was not enough of a stimulant to have bad re-
actions and that he will be greatly improved by it in the end ~~so~~ as well as
helped over this time of strain. E. comes to-morrow and I will engage a
room for her at the Ritz. Read in the evening and listened to the radio.

Thursday, Jan. 26

I painted on Miss Cutler's portrait and finished it.
Christine Curtiss came in to the studio and seemed to like it
very much, also "Black and White". Nina came for lunch and
I left right afterwards to get my hair waved. Stopped at the
Ritz-Carlton to engage a room for E. and at Mr. Smith's to see
the new photos. of the Lincoln portrait. They are better and I took
all he had ready (6) and got some envelopes and will send them to
various rotogravure editors; (Wise sent me a list of all the papers which
have rotogravure sections and I will chose the ones that seem best)

after getting my wave I went up to try on my new dresses at the MacGown Gown shop. They are O.K. and will be home on Saturday. Then I went to the train to meet E. and went with her to the hotel. She looks very well and likes the hotel. She came up for dinner and we looked at old photographs most of the evening. She likes the Lincoln judging by the photo. and so does C.W. very much.

Friday. Jan. 27.

I practiced for a while after breakfast and then went down to the hotel about 10.30 to get E. We went up to the studio where Mary Forbes was coming at 11 to get the Lincoln photo. to take to Mr. Strunsky of the Herald. E. liked my new pictures especially the portrait of Miss C. She doesn't like the subject of the "Black and White". Mr. Forbes and Mrs. White came and took the photos. away. E. & I went and did some errands then home to lunch. Mary & Mrs. White had arrived with the L. portrait which we took out to Milton afterwards. Mr. Forbes drove us out and showed us all the things in the Lincoln room and in his collection in the Clam Shell. We hung the portrait over the old mantel in a big room in the basement of the Forbes house, where she is going to serve coffee and doughnuts for the people who come out on Lincoln's birthday. It looked very well there and everyone seems to like it very much. Mr. Forbes drove us in town and after dressing I joined E. at the hotel for dinner and the theatre. She likes the Ritz very much. Service is excellent and the place quiet and comfortable. We saw "The Play's the Thing" with Holbrook Blinn. Written by Molnar and translated by Wodehouse. It was very well done in the main and very clever and amusing.

Saturday. Jan. 28.

I went down to the hotel to get E. after practicing for a while after breakfast, and we did some shopping. I got a brown felt hat and pinky-beige scarf to go with my new tweed dress to wear in autumn. Then we went up to the studio, met Mamma and B. [illegible] there. They wanted to see Miss C.'s portrait before it went away. Nina was there for her lunch and had brought a girl, her laundress's daughter to have lunch with her. The frame for the copy of [illegible] had come and I approved it and then we went home for lunch. Miss Alice Stackpole came and we talked again and [illegible] - I showed her my photos. of my [illegible]. E. left soon after lunch as she was taking the train out to Ipswich to spend Sunday with Mrs. Rice. She will go to the Macbeths in Spain for Monday night and we take the 1 o'clock for N.Y. together Tuesday. After she and Miss S. left I went over to my music lesson. It began to snow during the afternoon. In the evening I went with Bonny to a Horse Show at the new Riding Hall. Very pretty sight. Lots of jumping, fine horses and well set up riders. Wire telegram and short dinner time. He is O.K. C. had written him and much the used the [illegible] and Mrs. C. and he was delighted.

Sunday. Jan. 29.

I went up to the studio after breakfast to do a little something to the copy of Alfonso before fastening it in the frame for Mr. B[illegible] to call for Mon. a.m. I had noticed that the reflection on the shadow side of the forehead was too far over so I made another tracing of the enlarged photo. of the portrait and tested it up and fixed it. Nina had swept and dusted the studio for me so I won't have that to do to-morrow. Came home for lunch and did some jobs on my clothes beforehand. Mr. Meyers came for me about three and we went to a recital by Rachmaninoff. I like his playing very much but thought he played some of the loved. fine places in a rather confused way. Too fast and too much pedal. Of course he had to play the C# minor prelude after 6 other encores before people would go home. Mr. M. goes to Spain, ~~the middle of March~~ the [illegible] month, sailing on the [illegible]. In the evening I pressed some of my clothes and mended things I had ruined, and wrote a little on my article that Wire wants me to do "Some Experiences of a Portrait Painter". Mamma stayed in bed all day with a cold. Letter [illegible] from Mrs. Rice's "Had had a wonderful day out in the woods and was feeling fine (she did not feel any cold, yesterday, digestion good). Tried on my new dresses in the evening and they are lovely.

Monday, January 30.

Very cold, 10° this a.m. I went down town and did a lot of errands. Ordered some more prints of the Lincoln. Have sent out about 14 to the different Rotogravure sections of the newspapers all over the country with a short account of Nancy Hanks' cabin and Lincoln exhibition. Went up to the studio for lunch and to straighten things out so as to leave it in good shape for Mrs. Bailey. Nina came for lunch. She has no engagements for posing for the next two weeks and has not heard from Mr. Weeks about her, still. I gave her what was left of the [illegible] I subscribed for her to go to [illegible] - $38.85 - so she has that to fall back on if she doesn't get any work. I went for a fitting of the dress that is being done over at the

Thrifty dress shop and got some gold and silver slippers for Atlanta. I had two letters from Atlanta to-day. One from Mrs. Jerome, very cordial and pleasant, giving me information about artist's materials etc. Then and the other from Mr. Haverty, vice-president of the Assn and chairman of the exhibition committee acknowledging a note that I had written to thank the Athletic Club for the offer of a room for a studio. He is to be in N.Y. this week having his portrait painted by Seyffert at the Grand Central Galleries and I will try to see him Wed. as he asked me to. A very good reproduction of Alfred's portrait in this month's Am. Sketch, The Old Farmer's Almanac, in The Arts and a good write-up of my N.Y. show in the Spur. Mary F. telephoned that a photographer and reporter had come out sent by the N.Y. Times to get more details of the [illegible] story, perhaps the result of my sending the photo. of the portrait. Mamma's cold is better and she got up for dinner. I've got everything finished up nicely and will pack to-morrow morning and get off comfortably. ~~Lindy~~ Lindbergh is making a wonderful flight. Went first to Mexico, then through Central America, now is in Venezuela. Every-one acclaimed as a hero as he deserves to be.

Tuesday. January 31.

Packed my bag after breakfast and went out to the P.O. to send the daguerreotype that G. Hustress wanted me to give to Uncle Harry. E. came at 12. We took the 1 o'clock, getting in at the South Station. Uneventful journey. Wise met us. Seems very well. In the evening I called up B. and she will lunch with us to-morrow at the Belmont and I will go down to P. with her at 5. She says the pictures have arrived and everything is O.K. I also called up Mrs. Whipple, E. Wister's friend who was talking of having me paint her children. She had asked Wise to ask me to call her. She will probably have me do them when I come back from Atlanta in April. We arranged for ~~me~~ to go and see her and the children when I am in N.Y. next week.

Wednesday, Feb. 1.

E. and I went to Miss Norris's for me to try on two new dresses. E. is having her make for me for Atlanta and next summer. They are lovely, a flowered chiffon afternoon dress and a dressy sport outfit, orchid skirt and orchid and gold brocade blouse. Afterwards we went down to McCreery's and Stern's and did a few errands and I looked at hats at Franklin Simons for those two dresses. No luck, will try again when I come up next week. I went to the Grand Central Gallery to see Mr. Haverty if possible. They told me there that Mr. Seyffert's studio was in Washington Sq. and gave me the tel. no., so I called him up and he said Mr. Haverty was coming about 1.30 and to call him then. I met E. + Win and Brookie for lunch at the Belmont. Called up Mr. Haverty in the middle of lunch and had a talk with him but will not be able to see him, as we were both busy all the afternoon. Win will try and see him while he is in N.Y. After lunch I went for a shampoo and wave, stopping at Mr. Geraghty's for a few minutes. He had Mrs. Engel's portrait hung and had had Borah in a very good place. (I saw the blank left by it) He told me that Wayman Adams painted Bobby Jones a few years ago, full length in the golf togs. He thought it was for the Athletic Club in Atlanta and that it is there now. I told him about my painting him but asked him not to mention it yet. After my shampoo went to the train, met B. and we got to Princeton O.K. Jim met us. He went over to Trenton in the evening to speak for some Army Reserve Corps thing and B. + I talked and went over the proof of the catalogue for the exhibition and cut out a few more cards. Everything is arranged beautifully I think and to-morrow we get to work on getting the show hung.

Thursday, Feb. 2.

B. + I went in to Princeton right after breakfast, to Thomson Hall, found the carpenters there and got right to work opening the boxes of pictures. That took till 11 o'clock and then we planned out the hanging and Jim came in and helped us and we had the arrangement all planned by lunch time. After lunch we got back at 2 and worked until five with two Princeton students supplied by the students bureau of employment for boys who are trying to work their way through college. Arthur, B.'s brother, came in too and we got it all hung. It looks fine. The hall is big and the light very good. The walls are hung with burlap which makes a good background and we are all so pleased with the looks of the whole thing. B. says it knocks the spots out of any show they have ever had there. About 5.30. Eleanor (Mrs. [illegible]) Freeland came to see the pictures as she is going [illegible] to [illegible] and can't come to the Private View. I hadn't seen her since Stockbridge and of course we immediately began to reminisce

She seemed to like the pictures very much. We all went to the Tea House next door for tea and then came home. In the evening I wrote to Dianna and E. and read Jim's father's autobiography. Capt. John Sanford Barnes. I wanted to read his description of Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln. He escorted them to City Point, Va. during the closing battles of the Civil War and a few days later to Richmond immediately after ~~the surrender~~ its evacuation by the Confederacy. It was very interesting. He said Mrs. L. was an impossible person, practically out of her mind, with her jealousy, jealousies and spite. She was horrid to him, probably jealous because L. seemed to like him. His command was the "Bat" and he escorted the President's party sometimes on the "River Queen" and later when Mrs. L. went back to Washington for a while on "The Malvern". Lincoln was assassinated three or four days after his return to W. from this trip and Capt. Barnes was very much broken up about it. His description of L. was just as I imagined him, gentle and sad and rather quiet distressed by all the war suffering and Mrs. L.'s behavior. Grant and Sherman were on board a good deal of the time.

Friday, Feb. 3.

B. & I drove Jim to the station and then did errands in Princeton and went to the Hall to receive Edmund Cook's portrait and hang it. While I was there a Mrs. McGinnis came in ~~who~~ and it developed that she was a school mate and old friend of E.'s and admired her portrait very much. I asked her to the P.V. to-morrow so that she could see E. After lunch B. re-covered a card table and I read and then we went out for a little walk in the snow, down by the brook, and then drove in to P. to get Jim, stopping at the Insurance office to see about having the pictures insured. I got a valuation of $7750 on the whole lot and the insurance only came to $3.88, so I'm glad we've done it though of course nothing will happen to them. We telephoned to various people to get a woman to take charge during the show and she's coming to the Hall to-morrow to talk to us about it. — a Mrs. Elder whose son is here at college and who is boarding in Princeton. Jim came down quite tired and we persuaded him to telephone the Dr. for a tonic as of course he needs it after his attack of ptomaine last week. While telephoning he learned that he had had [illegible] over Mr. Haverly and will tell me about it to-morrow.

I also had a note from him this morning saying the deal with the B[illegible] has at last gone through — all signed up — which is a great weight off his mind. Read in the evening Jim's book on Commodore Bainbridge and got some copy about the show ready to send to the Princeton Times.

Saturday, Feb. 4.

B. & I went in to the Hall at 10 o'clock to see Mrs. Elder to talk to her about taking charge of the show and took a lot of the things for the tea-table with us. The flowers had come and B. arranged them while I talked to Mrs. E. I think she will be all right and am glad to have one person take entire charge. Jim came for me at 11.30 and we went over to Princeton Junction to meet Wise and E., stopping to order two palms to go on either side of the stage in the Hall. After lunch we took in 3 of Jim's bronze elephants to go on the mantelpiece over which I had hung The Ships model. We met E. & Wise all right (so glad to see them) and drove out to the farm, where B. had arrived some time before. We all took a walk before lunch over to the farmhouses and the old stone house and when we got back K. & E. arrived on foot, having left their car at the top of the hill across the brook because they didn't want to bother to put on chains for the short distance left and didn't dare come down the snowy & icy hill without them. We had a delicious lunch (wild duck etc.) [illegible] [illegible] boots and [illegible] [illegible] and Jim showed Wise & E. his African things after lunch. Then we all went in to the exhibition. E. took some pictures of the hall. People began to arrive about 4.30 and there was a crowd there steadily until 6 o'clock. About 125 people as nearly as we could figure out and [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] quite thrilled. I was pleased [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], Head of [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and Mr. [illegible], was [illegible] on [illegible] [illegible] about [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] pictures. He [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] about [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] opposite the door [illegible] [illegible] one side and [illegible] on the other and the two [illegible] portraits Miss H. and the Harvey's at either end beyond the big glass doors that lead out onto the piazza. On the opposite wall The Art Students was the centre in the space to the left of the door, as you come in, with the Old Farmer's Almanac on one side and Miss C. on the other. Beyond the door the Nursery Interlude with The Cross Problem, Hope & the R. Probl

The end wall had La Sevillana at the right, the ship model over the mantel, a group of Spanish sketches, E. Cook, Borah and Busser. The two flower pieces are on either side of the stage. Jim took E. and Will over to the train at 6 and we cleaned up everything and took the silver etc. home with us. B. & S. were over the last after supper to figure out how many came and I read Commodore Bainbridge. Both Princeton papers had stories, on the first page from the copy Jim sent in.

Sunday. Feb. 5.

We stayed in doors and read the newspapers etc. all the morning and B. embroidered on the pulpit hanging she is doing for Mercersburg Chapel. Immediately after lunch B. & S. drove in to the Hall to see that everything was O.K. and Mrs. Elder started all right. When we got back to the house two men had come out to see Jim to talk about Africa so I read and B. embroidered until it was time to drive in to the Gun club to tea. A certain set in P. belongs to this club. They have a place out in the fields to shoot clay pigeons and a little shack with big fireplace, stove etc. in which they can get tea or have a picnic meal. We had quite a nice time and I think I am getting the P. people a little more straightened out in my mind. On the way home we stopped at the Merediths. Mrs. M. told me a story about a P. woman, Mrs. Tabor, who when she saw the paintings of Gari Melchers (she didn't know who painted them and thought they were by a woman) exclaimed "Why these are almost as good as Miss Browne's work!" Which is quite amusing considering Gari Melchers' standing. After supper B. and I went over a lot of music. She is planning a program to sing at Mrs. Butler's in April. Wise tel. phoned. No special news.

Monday. Feb. 6.

B. & I took Jim in to his train and did some errands in Princeton, coming out again early for lunch at 12.30 as we were taking a 1.15 train to N.Y. We stopped at the Hall, found Mrs. Elder there and everything O.K. She said that about 42 people came in yesterday which was rather good for Sunday afternoon when I thought people might not know it was open. Some people were there while we were there this morning and all seemed to be going well. We also stopped in to see B.'s friend Mrs. Phillips. We got up to N.Y. all right and went straight to the hotel then down to a tea at

Roosevelt House, stopping for Jim at his office. When we came out of Jim's building which is right across from the N.Y. Yacht Club, I said jokingly "Let's go over and see Alfonso". There are very strict rules about women being allowed in the club but Jim said "all right, come ahead". So we went over and walked right in and he just explained to the clerk at the desk that I was Miss Browne who had painted the King's portrait and that I wanted to see how it looked hung. It is hung in a very good place on the right of the first big landing at the head of ~~where~~ the broad [illegible] stairs. The light is not very good. They have put a shaded electric light at the bottom which of course throws most of the light on the hands and the head looks rather dark. Wise will try and have the light put over the top of the picture. After we emerged from the yacht club safe, to B. waiting across the street for us, we took a taxi down to Roosevelt House. E. was receiving with Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Mrs. Demorest and Mrs. Cass Gilbert. Quite a crowd there, a good many visitors as the tea was for Mrs. Robinson. Jim + B. + I left early as we had an early dinner 6.30 at Mrs. Adams before the opera. Die Walkyrie which began at 7.45. I stopped at the Hotel to get my bag and was just leaving 144 when E. & Wise arrived from the tea. A delicious dinner at Mrs. Adams and I enjoyed a great deal of the opera though Wagner does seem to move pretty slowly and it was not very well put on. Also we left before the Fire music which E. says is the best part of the opera.

Tuesday. Feb. 7.

Went with E. to see about a hat to go with my new orchid outfit for dressy occasions at the country club etc. in Atlanta and Augusta. Did various errands all day. Got a beige lace afternoon dress at a place on 5th Ave. Emily Shop. Lunched with E. at Maillards. Did some hunting for a black hat to wear with my new flowered georgette and other afternoon dresses. Went to the Babcock Galleries to see the Stuart portrait of Commodore Bainbridge that they have advertised for sale. It is a replica, (or Jim's is the replica) of the one Jim has in Princeton and I wanted to see it to compare the two in my mind but they had sent it away temporarily so I couldn't see it. After that I went up to Alice ([illegible]) [illegible] I was engaged for tea. Had a nice time with her and he came in before I left. I saw also the little girls and they are darling. Alice doesn't look very well probably not entirely recovered from her illness last spring. [illegible] the right to try this time. She showed me some Russian art magazines. "modern" but some good things and they have an interesting painting of a Russian peasant woman over the mantel. It is by [illegible] though I may have remembered the name wrong. Got back to 144 rather late, just time to dress for dinner. We stopped at home this morning and hung the portrait of [illegible]. [illegible] after dinner so that R. & Mrs. Roosevelt will see it when they come to dinner Thursday night and I will then broach the subject of presenting it to Roosevelt House. It looked much better than I remember it. Really quite well.

Wednesday. Feb. 8.

A dark, foggy rainy morning. I was going to have a sitting with Ben to do a little to his portrait to brighten up the expression of the eyes but it was too dark to paint. I had planned to go back to Princeton to-morrow to go to a luncheon there and [illegible] of getting Ben off until again when I came back from Atlanta but decided that I could better give up the P. luncheon and stay over a few days and do him, as they want to hang it and of course it is important for me to have it right when all their friends see it - to say nothing of their wanting it fixed. So I arranged to paint to-morrow and late called up B. about not getting down in time for the lunch. She said K. was bringing some people over to see the Show to-morrow afternoon so I will go straight to the hall and meet them there. I also expected to go and see Mrs. Whipple to-day about the little girls' portraits but that was called off because she is sick. Also I had a letter from Fiona saying she had heard from the Atlantic Monthly - a nice, long letter - but that they had finally decided that her story of her experience was not professionally enough written to make it interesting. She was quite discouraged of course. I wrote her that we would send it somewhere else right away and [illegible] meanwhile she could write up another experience for the [illegible] or not [illegible] descriptive [illegible] as they suggested and that they might take it after all. Mrs. Weeks suggested that she might try another so I think she really was interested in the idea of having her do it. E. & I went down town, got hats at Saks then took a car to 20th street where she went to Roosevelt House and I went to the National Arts Club to see the little picture exhibition. It doesn't open till to-morrow but a girl who was getting the catalogue ready let me in to the gallery. My three sketches are hung fairly well. A quite interesting show. Afterwards I went over to Roosevelt House for E. and we went up to the Belmont for lunch. Then we went to exhibitions - Raymond [illegible] at [illegible] gallery (I liked his things, mostly painting of children) John Lavalle's water colors at Macbeth's (he was there and we had a nice talk with him) and Mrs. Allen's at the Ferargil. (I wasn't crazy about it. All the figure things and portraits were ones she has exhibited before, some several times and I don't like hers very much, too soft and sweet) Then we went up to Miss Moran's to try on my dresses. Then home for tea as we were exhausted. We went to the theatre in the evening, George Arliss in The Merchant of Venice, and enjoyed it very much. The play was beautifully put on and very well acted. Peggy Wood was the Portia and she was charming. A much more interesting Portia than Arliss's Shylock to my mind. He was good but ~~[illegible]~~ I didn't like his make-up. His face seemed too smooth and refined and his facial expression didn't change enough. I have liked him better in all his other parts, Disraeli, Alexander Hamilton & the Green Goddess. But the play was wonderful. I'd almost forgotten how wonderful Shakespeare, or Bacon, is. I simply loved it.

Thursday. Feb. 9.

Thank goodness it had cleared off and was sunny all the morning as I wanted to paint Ben. Wise took me down there at 10 and I did several little things to the portrait, brought the coat sleeve down a little further on the wrist, lightened the half-tones on the light side of the face a little and made his expression more alert. He is much pleased and so was Mrs. Graves who came in at the end of the sitting. They spoke of having me paint the little girl. I took a 11.20 train to P, met Wise in the station at 12.30 and had lunch with him. He had received from Mr. Haverty a magazine in Atlanta, this issue on art in Atlanta with articles by Mr. Haverty, Mr. Payne and Mrs. [illegible]. A good thing for me to have just now. When I got to P. I went straight to the hall expecting K. and some people but when

B. came she said that K. had telegraphed that she couldn't get the people she wanted but that they were coming over Saturday and probably would take me back with them to Towerdale where I am going to spend Saturday night with K. We stayed at the Hall about an hour. Mrs. Elder said the attendance had been pretty good. The best day was 25 people. We went out to the farm for a while and B. embroidered on her church embroidery for Mercersburg chapel while I read aloud to her. Then we went to meet Jim at the train. In the evening B. & I went to the movies in Princeton while Jim went to a lecture at the Vassar college club.

Friday, Feb. 10

I wrote letters and paid bills for a while after breakfast. Then Arthur took me in to the exhibition where B. picked me up at one o'clock for us to go to Mrs. Mitchell's for a luncheon party. A very quiet morning at the show. Hardly anyone came in but I think I accomplished something in the way of publicity. I called up Peyton Boswell of the Art Digest which is published in Hopewell near Princeton. I got his name from the university art museum. I knew about the magazine, which is only a few years old, and thought he might send someone over to write-up my show. He said he did not review any printed reviews from other papers but that if I would send him the write-ups that had appeared in the other papers that he would print them and would use a picture. So I called up the Princeton Herald to see if anything had appeared while I was in N.Y. I talked to the editor a woman. Mrs. Samuels, and she told me it was a mistake that they had not covered it in this week's issue but that she had meant to. had seen the pictures etc. and liked them very much and would come over to-morrow to write it up and would use a picture. I can send her article to Mr. Boswell. I also called up The Packet and the Princetonian and they both said they would send men and cover it. So something may come out when it's all over, which is better than not at all. If I had been down here I would have got them over sooner and I suppose I would have called them up Monday morning but I thought they would follow up their advance notices themselves. Mrs. Mitchell's luncheon party was very nice. It was for me. A delicious luncheon. 8 people there, three of them foreigners who have married Americans and are living in P. Mrs. Alexander a Russian, Mrs. Mackay, a Javanese and Mrs. Shellabarger, a Swede. The others were a Mrs. Morey and a Mrs.

guests. After the lunch party we went home. Found Jim all excited about the plot for a play he had just started. The scene laid in Africa. He read it to us and we discussed possible developments of the plot. Then I went upstairs and helped B. fix her dress to wear to the dance. We went to Mrs. [illegible] for dinner. Arrived at 7.30 as she had told B. that hour but found we weren't expected till eight. However some of the other guests thought it was to be at 7.30 too so we talked to them till Mrs. M. appeared. A dinner of 18. Two tables one in the dining-room and one in the hall. We went on to the dance afterwards. Quite good fun but I didn't find any of the people particularly interesting. There was a Mr. [illegible] there who knew Arizona a little, said he knew a Mrs. Hill who is hostess-entertainer at the Biltmore and for me to tell her I had met him — a very common man. We stayed at the dance until about one-thirty.
Wise and E. telephoned about 6 and said the Dr. and Mrs. Lambert who had been to dinner the night before liked my portrait of Mrs. Robinson very much and that E. would now speak to Mrs. [illegible] about it when she got home from abroad and meanwhile she and Mrs. Lambert would choose a place in Roosevelt House for it to hang.

Saturday, Feb. 11.

B. left me at the Hall when she went in to P. to do her marketing. The reporter from the Princetonian had been there but no one came from the Herald or Packet. Jim came in to see Dr. Irvine at the Inn. He is in Princeton for a few days but left this P.M. without coming to the exhibition because Mrs. I. is sick. However he had seen my show in N.Y. and liked it. Jim lunched with him and B. & I went out for lunch coming back immediately with my bag as some friends of K., Mrs. Chamberlin and Mrs. Biddle were coming from Torresdale to see the show and were to take me back to K.'s with them. They were at the Hall when B. & I arrived at 2 and seemed to like the things. Mrs. Elder and they asked prices very particularly and Mrs. C. said she wanted her grandson done (3 yrs.) full length life-size. She didn't say anything to me about it though, then on the drive to Torresdale, but perhaps I shall hear from her later. Her daughter-in-law was with her and her mother, Mrs. Morris, who comes from St. Joseph, ~~[illegible]~~ Mo. and is quite interested in art and in its success. They are beginning art there. I got to K.'s at 4, a little earlier than the was expecting me. She was lying down and the children just waking up from their naps. We took a little walk with the children and then had tea and Elliot came home. We went over to the Porters for dinner. The Newboys were there. Mrs. P. said she had not called me up about the portrait as they had decided they could not afford it just now. We sang songs until about 10.30 I playing, and then we played bridge until after 12. Very good fun.

Sunday. Feb. 12. Lincoln's birthday.

My portrait of L. was not reproduced in the Phila. Public Ledger, nor in the N.Y. Times or Herald Tribune. May be in some of the other papers though and surely was in the Herald and Transcript. We drove over to Chestnut Hill to see the Aspinwalls, taking Peter and Judy with us. A very nice call. Back for lunch and the children's rest and then we started for Princeton for tea with Brookie and to get me back. We got as far as Tullytown about 6 miles from Trenton when Elliot had to swerve to the right to avoid a car coming out of a side street and he struck the curb and smashed the right rear wheel all to pieces. Luckily that was all that happened. It might easily have been much worse. He called up the Franklin garage in Germantown and they said they had a wheel and would send it right over. I called up B. and she said that she ~~and~~ Jim would come right over for me. We waited for over an hour, in a little food shop across the road from the car and walking up and down outside until we got too cold. Jim came about 5.30. The garage man had not come yet and Elliot was going to wait for him and K. and the children take the 5.30 trolley home. No special news when I got back to Princeton. Various people had said nice things about the show. A letter from Vera. She has had no pension and has had to draw on the check I gave her, the last of the fund. Has been writing though and will have work next week as Mr. James will be back. Sat in front of the fire with B. in the evening and played a lot of songs for her to sing. To-morrow I have to clear up the show.

Monday. Feb. 13.

B. took me in to the Hall at 9 o'clock. The carpenter was there and we started right in taking down the pictures and packing them. We had engaged some Princeton students to come and help but we didn't need them. We finished everything except one box by lunch time and before we went out to lunch I went over to the office of the Princeton Herald to take a photo. etc. because the editor Mrs. Samuels who said she was coming over to write-up the show hadn't come. I gave her the material and she will have a story in this week. Then we went, Lena stopping to make two calls, at Mrs. Mitchell's and the Meredith's - not at home. After lunch. B. was going to a Bridge club meeting so she took me in to the hall and I finished up things up there and joined her later at the Bridge for tea. I telephoned the express Co. from the hall and they will call to-morrow for the pictures and let B. know the charge. $4.50 a hundred lbs. to Atlanta. Then we met Jim and read all the evening going to bed early.

Tuesday. Feb. 14.

I went up to N.Y. on the 10 o'clock with Jim. Read a new story of his while he was in the smoker "Twenty-three", a story of a nice boy who almost gets knocked out in a gambling house. Awfully well written. E. & Wise met us at the station and I went with them to look at tables for a hall table for Sheepwalks and to get some valentines for the children, thus using up the time till my train for Boston went at 1 o'clock. E. & W. put me on board. Got home O.K. in time for dinner. Went to a Folk Dancing party in the evening. Did not enjoy it very much as I felt rather out of it having been away so much this winter. Alex there. Very good publicity about the Lincoln portrait in the Boston papers. Special ill. articles with the portrait as ~~an~~ one of the illustrations in the Transcript and Advertiser. The portrait reproduced big 1/4 of a page in the Herald Rotogravure. Mary F. had telegraphed that there were about 6000 people out there on Sunday.

Wednesday. Feb. 15.

I helped Mamma get things ready for her Sewing Circle luncheon. Then went out and got some paint and went up to the studio and unpacked the frame for Dr. Carter's portrait. It looks O.K. Went to S.C. lunch at Susan Clymer's then walked over to the School of the Repertory Theatre to give my talk on Alfonso and other prominent people I had painted (Borah and Mrs. Robinson) The talk was in the library of the school and theatre building. Audience of about 30. Coffee and cakes afterwards. It went all right. I wasn't nervous at all. Afterwards one of the women connected with the school took me all over the theatre, behind the scenes, under the stage etc. Quite interesting. Wrote letters, paid bills etc. all the evening.

Thursday. Feb. 16. Mr. Carter came for a sitting. I painted on his pose mostly, decided to have him holding a book. It is going all right but painting is a damned hard job if you really try to do it well. Nina came in for lunch and we went out to a restaurant. She brought in her story and I will try and get time in N.Y. on Sat. to take it to Liberty. She has written another in Russian but will get it into Eng. soon and read it to me a. morning again. Got a wave, tried on a dress and got my ticket to N.Y. etc. in the P.M. and packed all the evening.

Friday. Feb. 17. I didn't have time to write this until now, Sunday, on the train to Atlanta. I painted on Mr. Carter Fri. a.m. Cleaned up things in the studio. Nina came in to say good-by and I went home for lunch and took the 3 o'clock to N.Y. Will met me. I took Nina's story along to do something with it if I had time Sat. a.m. and read it aloud to W. & E. Friday evening. They liked it and thought it had possibilities, though it struck W. as a bit thin in its descriptions. That is just what she is trying to improve on in the one she is working on now.

Saturday. Feb. 18.

A busy morning in N.Y. with E. We went to Mrs. Morris's first to have the sleeves fixed of the orchid blouse she made for me. Then to Bonwit's to try on my hat to match. I discovered at Bonwit's that my purse was gone. I was in despair as of course it had in it my ticket to Atlanta, travel check, a check from Mr. Bailey for studio rent. E. called up Mrs. Morris to see if I had left it there and I was looking out the door to see if I could remember the kind of taxi we had come down in when a taxi drew up and the man was [illegible] returning the purse he had found in the cab. I gave him a dollar of course and was so relieved. I had my arms so full of bundles when I got out of the cab and [illegible]. [illegible] I didn't [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] in back [illegible] after [illegible] R's & E. & I went [illegible] at the [illegible] 5:30 [illegible]. From [illegible] Mr. Robert [illegible], the [illegible] Nina's story. I had [illegible] in the morning after breakfast and he suggested [illegible] to him, and I would see his rooms etc. He was there and E. & I went up to [illegible] and left the [illegible] with him. Though he didn't seem very enthusiastic about using it. Then we went to Stern's for shoes etc. Then to Beers Bros. 110 W. 30 where I had had W.'s portrait done as E. thought the shadow looked dark and that it might need to have the varnish removed. Mr. Beers said no, however, that he was afraid to do it as the paint was so fresh and that he thought it didn't need it anyway. It did look O.K. there with the light falling on it from the right side as it does in our Squam and we decided that the reason the shadow looked dark in N.Y. was because the light fell on it from the wrong side in the apt. there. As it will hang permanently in Squam after I paint another of W. next summer for N.Y. it is all right. We met W. for lunch at the Vanderbilt where he arrived with my bag, golf clubs etc. He had planned to take them to the station before lunch but had such a busy morning at the apt. tele-phoning to [illegible] etc. making arrangements in connection with the [illegible] of the pictures by the [illegible] next week, so that his [illegible] with the bankers ran so late, that he didn't have time to go to the station ~~[illegible]~~ before lunch. He & B. got me on the train for Atlanta, 3.40. It was snowing hard in N.Y. but turned to rain before we got to Phila.

Sunday. Feb. 19.

A fairly comfortable night on the sleeper. Notice the southern atmosphere as soon as I got on the train. Passengers with southern accents. Porters very leisurely. Food in diner very good and cheaper than the northern railroads. Great prevalence of buckwheat cakes and sugar syrup for breakfast. Reached Charlotte N.C. about 9. Quite a cold morning but of course no snow anywhere. Lovely country. Red soil, red pines, little negro cabins everywhere. Reached Atlanta practically on time 4.55 my time but 3.55 Atlanta time. They change to central time about 60 miles outside of A. Took a taxi to the Biltmore and like the hotel very much. Thoroughly first class and not expensive. My room $4 a day and they will give it to me at 3.50 if I am here more than 30 days which of course I will be. I had been in my room about 20 minutes and was unpacking when the telephone rang and it was Mr. Haverty. He invited me out to supper at his house, called for me at quarter of six.

He lives in quite an imposing mansion and his collection of pictures is really very good - Jones like's, a portrait of his two daughters by Ivan Olinsky, himself by Speer, Daugherty's, Garber, Elmer Schofield etc. He is a widower living with an unmarried daughter who at present is in N.Y. with another daughter whose husband is staying with him. He had also asked in another daughter and her husband, Dr. & Mrs. Grove, to [illegible] me. Very pleasant if not thrilling, though I enjoyed the girl. Mr. H. certainly is a booster of art and the set-up here is wonderful. I am to meet Bobby Jones and Mr. Hudson with him to-morrow at the athletic club and arrange for sittings. A very good news story about my painting B.J. in the Atlanta Journal this a.m. Mr. H. gave me a copy. W.'s portrait reproduced. Can see plenty of publicity ahead. When I got back to the hotel the clerk saying that he saw in the morning papers that I was to paint some portraits while I was here wanted to give me a bigger room. I sent off eight letters to Mamma and E. & Wise and wrote to Mamma. Got to bed early as I was tired not having slept well on the train.

Monday. February 20.

Mr. Haverty sent his car for me at 9 o'clock and took my paint box, easel etc. down to the Athletic Club and then drove up to the Art Museum, Had a nice talk with Mr. McKinsey. He is young and enterprising. He showed me the gallery where my pictures will be hung and it is all right. The pictures are there in a room upstairs all unpacked and he seemed to like them very much. They will give me a tea and Private View on the opening day which will be Wed. March. 14 and Mr. McKinsey asked me if I would give a talk on that day about the pictures and my experiences in painting Alfonso, Borah etc. I said I would. I telegraphed from the art museum to Mrs. Kurtz to arrange about borrowing a big easel and then walked from the museum back to the Hotel, wrote to W. and got ready for lunch with Mr. Haverty at the Athletic Club. I went to the newspaper office first to get some duplicates of the story in the Journal, then to the club. Mr. Haverty came in soon after I got there and introduced Mr. Hudson and Bobby Jones. We stood in the big club reading room near the full length portrait that Wayman Adams has painted of Bobby J. and discussed plans for the sittings, what they would wear etc. They are both nice to paint and will make fine portraits. B. J. can't sit until Monday but Mr. Hudson can begin Wed. Had lunch with Mr. Haverty and he told me all about his bringing the exhibition ~~from~~ here from the Grand Central Galleries and to Houston. After lunch we went over to his furniture store to select draperies for backgrounds, chairs etc. He showed me two new pictures in his office, a Hawthorne and an Emil Carlsen. Both of them lovely. Astonishing to see them and the place full of [illegible] furniture most of it of hideous design and bad taste. Perhaps he has to suit his market, anyway he's thoroughly executive and practical and a great booster for artists. He left me there, is going to N. Y. to-morrow for a week. I went to the Dept. store and got some more draperies, took them over to the club and left them with instructions to take everything upstairs to the room they had given me for a studio, and went back to the hotel to get ready to go out to tea with Marjorie Bush-Brown (she called me up in the morning and asked me). They have a cute house and I had an awfully nice time. Mrs. [illegible] and others there and Harold B-B. came in before I left. She is writing art reviews for the Atlanta Journal and he's getting on splendidly with his work in the Georgia Tech. Both very cordial and nice, they told me all the inside dope about Atlanta. Came back and had dinner here and read all the evening. Called up Mrs. Hudson to discuss with her what her husband should wear in the portrait.

Tuesday, February 21.

Lovely mild, springy day. No trees budding yet though. I wore my suit and was almost too warm. I went down to the Athletic club after breakfast to make sure that everything was ready in the room I am to paint in. Spent the morning there getting things fixed and talked to Mr. Hudson about what accessories he should bring in to use in his picture. Went across to Davison's and Paxon's the Dept. store which has a very good restaurant for lunch. Then took a street car out to the art museum to leave photographs of my pictures with Mr. McKinney. He wants to announce my talk as "Some celebrities I have painted" but though I don't like the title, I can't think of anything else. I walked home and spent the rest of the day at the hotel reading, writing letters etc. Found a card from Mrs. Pope the lady who visited my studio last summer and first suggested my coming to Atlanta. Am going to tea with her Friday at the Atlanta Woman's Club.

Wednesday, Feb. 22. 1928.

A disappointing and very quiet day. It was raining hard when I woke up and pretty dark but I went down to the Athletic Club thinking I might be able to get the composition of Mr. Hudson's portrait planned out and perhaps the figure drawn in. He was there and came up to the "studio" and I tried a few poses but saw immediately that it was going to be too dark to work so we called it off until to-morrow. Started out to get at it but hadn't done long when I couldn't really tell the effect of light and shade on the skin tones. I thought I'd spend the morning in the Carnegie Library near the club but it was closed because of the holiday. So I came back to the hotel and spent all the rest of the day, except for a half hour's walk in the afternoon to get a little fresh air, in my room, reading, writing letters, paying bills and working on my income tax return. My earnings ~~they~~ for 1926 were only $2675.50 ~~as~~ compared with $6059.21 for 1925. Of course being abroad I did less work and not having the class made a big difference. Last summer was a pretty lean summer but this year has started me much better. Though I have not made much money I have gone way ahead in general professional standing, largely owing to Alfonso's portrait. My expenses for 1925 were $1608.17 and for 1926 $1414.20. That is just expenses connected with my work, not clothes or food. Though ~~they~~ I spent less in 1926 I have exhibited as much but I've paid the expenses of my N.Y. show and one thing that has made them lower the past year is because I have had comparatively little "studio rent" to pay as Mr. [illegible] had it all the time I was abroad and last summer. If I had had the studio rent my expenses would have been much heavier this year than last, as I have put more money into exhibiting and advertising. I had when I left Boston for Atlanta almost 1500 in the savings bank in Boston, 500 in my checking account there and 1000 in N.Y. in a [illegible] [illegible], 3000 in all. According to my receipts and ~~[illegible]~~ in 1926 I made 1280.80 so I have managed to save some of the profit I made the year before. Last year was the first year I did not have the class and though I lost a good deal in money I think I more than made it up in advancement of my professional standing to say nothing of having the benefits of the trip abroad. I couldn't have got half so far in my own work if I had had the class and I think the benefits in money will show ~~this~~ year.

Thursday, Feb. 23.

It was cloudy ~~still~~ this morning but I went down to the club on the chance that it might get lighter and it did about 11 and Mr. Hudson posed and we got the picture started. He is not a very good sitter, is rather stiff and self-conscious & if he relaxes at all, gets all out of pose. I shall have to be easy on him and just let him sit there and talk and move his eyes and try and paint the head when he comes right. He was feeling rather ~~[illegible]~~ to-day had a headache and [illegible] trying to keep his head still made it worse which of course was the nervous tension. Quite a job to get him posed too so that he didn't look stiff. However, I think I succeeded in getting a good pose and the color scheme is fine, dark brown suit, brown necktie, shaded green background and a copper [illegible] of his [illegible] hair, [illegible] and a brown [illegible] of his [illegible] of his [illegible] on the table [illegible] him. The coppers and browns go nicely with his hair which is reddish, turning gray. I had lunch with him and Mrs. Hudson and two lady cousins of hers at the club and we painted again for an hour after lunch. Then I cleaned things up and walked back to the hotel getting soap to wash my brushes on the way home. When walking the bad sidewalks and untidy yards of the houses are more noticeable. The city is pretty slovenly which I suppose is characteristically southern. Mr. Hudson introduced me to Mrs. Bobby Jones and B. J.'s mother as we came out of the dining room. Mrs. Bobby is very pretty and was very cordial and pleasant, saying she knew I would make a good portrait of her husband. I liked his mother's looks better than any woman I have met here. Both of them are intelligent looking. I wrote letters and read in my room in the evening. The Journal has quite a notice about the tea Mrs. Pope is giving for me at the Woman's Club to-morrow afternoon. So it was in my honor and I'm glad I saw the newspaper clipping. I sent one to Miss & E. and one to Mamma. Quite a nice write-up about me.

Friday, Feb. 24.

I went down to the club for my sitting with Mr. Hudson. Got a lot done, the [illegible] worked, and he is much pleased with it. He posed a little better to-day but not much. Gets

restless
and nervous as ever so he tries to sit still. So I let him get up and move about every few minutes, smoke his cigars all the time practically and will have to do the head when he doesn't know I'm working on it. He got relaxed towards the end of the sitting and I think is taking it a little better. He is getting interested in the portrait too which helps. I had lunch at [illegible] and Fox's, came home and washed my brushes and stopped in a room on the same floor where Knoedler is exhibiting some pictures. I saw a nice Sargent a Raeburn and a Sorolla and then left as some men came in to see the man in charge ostensibly on business. Went over to Marjorie Coates's to return a book she lent me "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" by an Atlanta woman, Frances Newman, which I didn't like at all and [illegible] was there and suggested my getting my dinners where we [illegible] stopping [illegible] it. [illegible] expensive. The food at the Biltmore is quite poor and last night I decided I wouldn't attend the dinners. To be sure I have only tried the #2 dinner but anything else is so expensive and I don't believe would be any different. So I went to the Coates' place to-night and it is much better and only 85 cts. Mrs. Pope called for me for the tea at quarter of four. There was a big Washington's birthday patriotic Women's club meeting with musical program and speeches, quite deadly except when it was amusing as it was when an elderly lady of over fifty recited the Star-Spangled banner dressed as Liberty, flag and all. She forgot the lines completely in the middle of the second verse, said "It's all left me! I'm so sorry to make such a mess of it." Put her hands to her face and tried to remember. I knew what the next line was and said it aloud and could have prompted her. The people near heard me say it and said "louder", so I repeated it louder but Mrs. Pope who was next me put her hand on my knee so I stopped. The lady may have heard me saying it went on just then and redeemed herself with her heart-stirring [illegible]. It was mighty thrilling. Though I felt a little like [illegible] prompting the poor thing as naturally one doesn't like to have one's audience more familiar with one's poem than one is when reciting it. Still everyone is supposed to know the S.S. Banner and [illegible]. The people that Mrs. Pope had there to ~~[illegible]~~ meet me were Mrs. Jerome who I have had the correspondence with about the exhibition, very sweet and refined but for some reason I feel is avoiding me, perhaps because she is sensitive about not being connected

with the art museum. a Mrs. ~~Marshall~~ Mitchell ? — who is going to ask me out to her home to tea, a Mrs. Block, a Miss Woodward and a Mrs. Mildred Seydell, who writes feature articles for the Georgian-American. She interviewed Alfonso and the Queen when she was abroad 3 yrs. ago and Mussolini too and is an able and interesting woman. She has an article in this month's McCall, very well written. She made an appointment with me to come to the club tomorrow to interview me about Alfonso and to have a press photographer there to take my picture painting Mr. Hudson.

Saturday, Feb. 25.

I went down to the club early as I was to meet Mrs. Seydell at 9.15. She was there and we went right up to the studio where she interviewed me about Alfonso. I gave her a photo. of the portrait and she liked it very much, also liked Boris's and was very enthusiastic about what I had done on Mr. Hudson's. He is getting quite thrilled about it too and doesn't mind the posing so much. The photographer came at 10 and soon Mr. Hudson appeared and he took flash lights of me standing at the easel with Mr. Hudson posing. He also took some photos. of my hand, as the paper wanted it. Mrs. Seydell reads palms and has a dept. on hands in the paper and she wanted it for that. She told me quite a lot about seeing Alfonso and the Queen in Spain. She saw a good deal of the Marques de Torres while getting her interviews. The royal family was at Santander then as I was in August. She saw A. play polo, said he played wonderfully and looked great on a horse, also went to a ball with them. She was very enthusiastic about my work in general and said I ought to paint Mussolini, whom she has interviewed too. She said his painting is going to be a thing in Italy and she wishes that he could see my work and that we could arrange about sittings then. I told her I might be in Italy next year and of course would love to do it. After they left I painted with Mr. Hudson and got along finely. He left at 12 and I worked on the rug and the hands in the studio until 1. Then went out to lunch, went to look at mouldings for frames, found some that might do, went back to the club to look at the swimming pool and decided to go in for a swim. Got a bathing suit and cap and went in. It was nice, but of course the fresh water isn't as nice as salt and it's not like being outdoors. I feel it's a fine pool, all white tiles and the water looks a lovely shade of green. Came home and went up to the [illegible] place for dinner. I find the food is better there and much cheaper - only 75 cts. for dinner. Read in the evening and went to bed early.

Sunday. Feb. 26.

Wonderful publicity in the papers to-day. The Journal ran Alfonso's portrait in the rotogravure section and the Georgian American the photo they took yesterday - reproduced big, 4 columns with a glowing write-up about me and my work in general by Mrs. [illegible]. I suppose the Alfonso interview will appear later and she also said that Mrs. Hinman, the art writer, would want to interview me. All this before I have even [illegible] Bobby Jones! I had a quiet morning, reading the papers, writing letters etc. and went up to the [illegible] place for lunch (the Mc [illegible] again.) They asked me to go to tea with them at the house of a friend of theirs a young man named Geo. [illegible]. I went first to the Art museum where Mr. McKinney was going to speak on early Christian art. Afterwards he introduced me to Mr. & Mrs. Hinman, who I quite liked, and a Mr. Fitzhugh Knox who drove me over to the Burr-Brown's apartment and left me there to go out to tea with them. The tea was quite nice, [illegible] in back of them. Nice young people, [illegible] Then [illegible] of the arts [illegible]. On coming out of the hotel I saw Mr. Cunningham the man who has the pictures here from Knoedler's and he asked me to dine with him and a Mr. & Mrs. Cobb, Atlanta people. Everyone knows them. I think he is a cousin of the Milton Cobbs. Went to Mr. Cunningham's dinner party in the evening, quite good fun. We had cocktails beforehand in his room and after we came upstairs again after dinner we played a word game, "Fives" and another "Telegrams". They were all bright and good fun. The young Mr. Cobb is a cousin of the Milton ones and he and the girl he married know a lot of Boston and Milton people I know. She was very bright and he looked a lot like the Prince of Wales. The other couple were a Mr. & Mrs. Tolson, He is in Amory Browne & Co. (cotton) has horses & dogs etc. I can't understand Mr. Cunningham's relations with them. They didn't call him by his first name but seemed on good terms with him and though he tried in a joking way to interest them in his pictures the relation didn't really seem business only. I like him quite well but he is quite a bit off color, I think.

Monday, Feb. 27.

I had my first sitting with Bobby Jones to-day. Had Mr. Hudson first at 10 for a little over an hour. His portrait is getting on nicely. Then Bobby came at 12, in dark blue coat and white flannel knickers. I liked him right away. He has real character and brains apart from his boyish simplicity and a charming simple manner. A nice sense of humour. Altogether an awfully attractive young man. He brought a huge black leather bag of golf clubs – the one that he ~~carried~~ travelled with when he went over to England and won the ~~International~~ British Open championship. We didn't have any trouble at all deciding on the pose and arrangement and I am very glad about it. It will be so informal and nice. He is sitting on a [illegible] wicker sofa against a light warm gray background ([illegible]) his bag of clubs leaning against the arm of the sofa at the right of the picture. He has one club loosely in his hands between his knees, the head of the club on the floor and he is looking up at the observer a little bit sideways. He posed finely and I don't think minded it though he was rather dreading it as he had such a [illegible] when they [illegible] painted him. [illegible] for 6 hours, standing. The portrait hangs in the lounge of the club and no one likes it. It isn't really him and the scheme of light [illegible] background and white clothes looks weak. Bobby said "[illegible] I was afraid of [illegible] my feelings [illegible] figure. [illegible] made me too tall". He is very short and inclined to be chubby, broad shoulders and [illegible], particularly [illegible] just [illegible] but [illegible] distinction. I think the sitting pose is best and [illegible] as I have him it is as if he had just come in from the links and was talking over the game. I may get the head [illegible] in and a little of the coat and background as I [illegible], [illegible] to make [illegible] I had [illegible] it. I stopped in at Mr. Hudson's [illegible] afterwards to return the drapery I didn't need for the portrait. He is expected back to-morrow afternoon. Went to the St. Andrews Gt. for dinner and got into bed early and read for a while.

~~Tuesday~~ Found a message at the hotel to call up Mrs. Tyndall which I did and she wants to send a photographer to take me and Bobby at work on the portrait to-morrow for the American on Sunday. I hate to interrupt our sitting but of course the publicity is a fine thing for me.

Tuesday. Feb. 28.

Painted Mr. Hudson. It is coming finely. B. Jones thinks it is splendid of him. Then had a sitting with B. The photographer came at 12. Got the canvas all covered. It is a nice composition. Mr. Daniels of the Journal telephoned during the morning and arranged to come at 3 to interview me, which he did. It will come out in the Mag Section of the Sunday Journal next Sunday. In the evening I went to Mr. Grant Bush-Brown's to dinner. Esther & Mrs. C. there and a Mr. Gully(?) from Virginia. Two other men came after dinner, Mr. Harris and Mr. Siegfel(?) They are all connected with the architectural Dept. of Tech. that Harold B.-B. is the head of. Had a very nice evening discussing various things.

Wednesday. Feb. 29.

Sitting with Mr. Hudson 10-11.30 and B. Jones 12-1.30. Another photographer took flashlights for the Journal. Mr. Hudson told me of another portrait [illegible] for a Mr. Reeves, pres. of the [illegible] city [illegible] which is to be painted for a [illegible] he gave to the city. Mr. H. told me to see Mr. Hewitt about it, that he might get the commission for me. Mr. Hewitt came in just as the photographer was there. He liked Mr. Hudson's portrait, said it was an excellent likeness. I had lunch with him at the club. He will look up the Mr. Reeves portrait right away. Also will see about frames and will get Miss Hanson, the art writer for the ~~Journal~~ Georgian into see me. I went up again to the studio again after lunch and took Mr. Hudson's ~~picture~~ canvas ~~off~~ the stretcher as I wanted to move it over an inch. Composition a bit crowded at the left side. Luckily there was [illegible] enough left and it is O.K. now. Came home tired, wrote letters all the evening. Dined alone at the [illegible]. I like B.J. ever so much. A charming personality and a real brain and fine character.

Thursday. March. 1.

A lovely day. "Bobby" telephoned the first thing in the morning to ask if he could change times with Mr. Hudson as he wanted to get out to play golf. Of course I said yes. So I painted him first but let him off at 11.30. He is going to play Sunday with Secretary Mellon [illegible]. The portrait is coming along and Mr. Hudson's is far enough along for me to leave it after the next sitting until the frame is ready. Then [illegible] the time in the frame [illegible] to finish it. Mr. Hewitt arranged for a framer Mr. Hale to bring some mouldings and after lunch [illegible] had with Mr. Haverty at the club we went upstairs again and he decided on a moulding for Mr. Hudson's portrait. The frame is to be ready by next Wednesday. I didn't like any of the mouldings he brought for Bobby's portrait and he will send others. Also I will try some frames at Mr. Walker's tomorrow. The framer, Mr. Hale, asked me if I painted the "general public," to my amusement. He said there was a lady a customer of his who lived in Concord, about 30 miles from Atlanta who wants her portrait painted. Wants to pay $1000 for it. Has a big house and thought perhaps the artist would come and stay with them while I was being painted. I told him I might do it after I left Atlanta, the first week in April and he said he would look up her initials and that she might come in tomorrow as he was doing some work for her and if she did he would call me up so that I could get in touch with her. Her name is [illegible]. Mr. Haverty got Mr. [illegible] on the telephone and is to see him tomorrow and possibly bring him in to see Mr. Hudson's portrait. So perhaps I'll get him. I came back to the hotel about 3 and wrote letters, arranged to send "Summer Afternoon" to Hartford and Portland and three Spanish sketches which have been at the National Arts Club in N.Y. to the Little picture exhibition at the Boston Art Club, to which I have been invited. That Black and White Drawing Exhibition, and Red Trees to the [illegible] in the Brooklyn Art Museum in April. Had dinner alone at the S.A. [illegible]. Fairly good and very cheap. If you have [illegible] [illegible] on a [illegible] basis of $22 a month, which brings it to 75¢ for a dinner. You can sign on to speak for half a month which I have done up to March 15. E. & W. will be here by that time and if [illegible] they won't want to go there. The service is too sketchy, but I really like the food better than the Biltmore. I get my breakfast in the Coffee Shop downstairs in the hotel and it only comes to 40¢. ~~and~~ So with Mr. H. taking me out to lunch every day I am not spending much on food at present. Nina sent me a copy of Anna Karenina and [illegible] Peggy [illegible]. [illegible] so I have quite a lot of reading for the evenings and can get into bed [illegible]. It's just as well I'm not going out much in the evenings as I am working so hard I get quite tired and have to get to bed early. I went up to the Radio Broadcasting studio on the top floor of the hotel this evening and saw them broadcasting a program. The station "is WSB of the Atlanta Journal at the Hotel Biltmore" and it was quite amusing to see how the whole thing was done. The studio is a fairly large sound-proof room draped with hangings and the ceiling even covered with a kind of material, I suppose to deaden reverberation. There was a piano in it and chairs and music stands for the performers and the microphone was near the piano. Almost all one side of the room was taken up by a large plate glass window so that people sitting in the outer room could see everything that was going on in the studio. Up on the wall of this outer room there was a large loud-speaker, so that as you sat there you heard the singer or announcer from this loud speaker and looking through the glass saw the performer who was making the noise. A young baritone from Emory University sang several songs and as he finished he would step away from the microphone and the announcer would step forward. He read a description of a prize fight ~~that~~ was going on in N.Y. I suppose it had been telegraphed down. Of course no one in the studio could make a sound that was not meant to be heard over the radio so they walked on their toes and if they had to say anything to each other, as the singer sometimes had to his accompanist, they would whisper it in each other's ear. There were several people, evidently guests in the hotel, in the outer room watching, and it was quite amusing. I must take Wise & E. up there when they come.

Friday, [illegible]

Went down to the club early expecting to paint Mr. Hudson but he couldn't sit, had some guests in town so I only did Bobby at 12 and we had to stop at 1.15 because Mr. Harvey had telephoned asking me to lunch with him and Miss Ruth Hinman, who writes the art and music page for the Georgian-American at 1.30 at the club. I liked Miss Hinman. She has studied music at the conservatory in Boston and is an intelligent girl. I had a nice talk with her after lunch in the "studio" and she plans to have an advance write-up of my work a week from Sunday, the Sunday before the show opens and then to follow it with a review of ~~the~~ show the Sunday after it opens, using pictures for both articles. When she had left I went to see a photographer about taking the two portraits when they are finished — the F & L. Photo Service — 66½ Peachtree St. They have done some work of that kind and I will try them. Then home to the hotel to dress and went out to the Private View of paintings of Swiss mountains by Alfred Gos at the High Museum. Mr. McKinney gave a talk on the pictures. They are quite interesting. Mr. Haverty there and he introduced me to Mr. Payne the pres. of the art ass'n who I liked - seems more interesting and better bred. Also met a Mr. Edwards who paints a little, a Mrs. Richardson, a Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr Fitzhugh Knox and Miss Mary Haverty, Mr. H.'s oldest daughter who keeps house for him. They brought me back to the hotel. Went out to dinner alone and read in bed all the evening except for a short visit up at the broadcasting studio where they were broadcasting an American Legion program with a band from a regiment of infantry at Fort McPherson. Read "Porgy" which Esther Cowsert lent me. A striking and picturesque sketch of negro life in some island of the West Indies. A telegram from W. to-day from Richmond where he went for the stockholders meeting saying everything about the new bond issue is settled and Henry say will be in March 6. So he and E. plan to come to Augusta the 7 or 8. I feel so badly because I forgot W.'s birthday yesterday. I meant to send him a wire of course. ~~[illegible]~~

Saturday, March. 3.

Had a sitting with Mr. Hudson from 10 to 11 and with Bobby from 11 to 12. Mr. Hudson's is practically finished. I am to have another hour on it Monday to finish the hands, arms of the chair etc. and then will have a last sitting on it in the frame Tuesday. It is lucky I have got it so nearly done as he told me to-day that he has been called away on business Wed. and won't be back in Atlanta except just for Sunday until the exhibition opens. I have hurried up the frame so that I can have it Tuesday and will ask Mrs. Hudson to come in that day and hope that it will be finished then. It certainly is a good likeness and I think is going to be a success. A clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Gobbins who lives in the Athletic club, has the next room to my studio, stopped in this morning and saw it and liked it very much. He is going to give me the names of some of his rich parishioners to send notices of my exhibition to and will try to get them interested in having me paint the Bishop of Atlanta, Bishop Mikell. Bobby was very nice as usual and I have got the head all but done, will work on the hands next time which will be Tuesday as he can't come Monday as he has to play golf with a distinguished visitor to Atlanta, Mr. White, of the Treas. Dept. He gets rather tired sometimes having to play so much with strangers, very few of whom of course can play very well, and I suppose he has to do a lot of standing around waiting for them to catch up. He said that Lawrence Tibbett the singer who is coming to Atlanta into the opera company (the Metropolitan which comes to A. every year for a week) had written asking him to play with him saying that he would be glad to sing to Bobby's family in return. Looks to me like a move for newspaper publicity, press agent stuff. B. was amused and said he felt like writing him that his family would hear him on the radio any time they wanted to. I had lunch at the club alone and after lunch went down to the Georgian office as Mr. Hudson had told me that the pictures of me and Bobby had come out Thursday night and I wanted to get some copies. I was [illegible] as usual. Good of Bobby and not bad of the portrait considering ~~that~~ I had had only one sitting when it was taken. I went back to the club and was reading magazines thinking I would go in for a swim a little later when Mr. Richardson who I had seen around the club, who seemed to be in charge and who Mr. H. had introduced me to, asked me if I would like to drive out to the East Lake club as he was going out. I said I would so we went. We drove through the Druid Hills section, newly developed, "beautiful homes", lovely trees and wide boulevards. Very pretty wooded, rolling country. Out at the club it was more open of course and the links looked fine. The club house is quite big and imposing, a beautiful site overlooking a little lake, a bit artificial looking, where they have swimming and canoeing. Tennis courts, an outdoor terrace and dancing pavilion etc. A lot of men playing golf and tennis. No women playing, just some girls in the club house. I guess they don't allow ladies Sat. P.M. The 18th hole was right near the club house piazza and I watched some foursomes finish hoping that Bobby might come along which he did. He drove from the tee which is across the lake at that hole onto the green (the professional, a nice little Englishman named Ballford drove the same and had holed out in the next shot) but took two putts to get into the hole. His swing was wonderfully relaxed and easy. Mr. R. & I were standing by the automobile in the driveway in front of the club house watching and as they finished we got into the car and drove away, passing near Bobby as they walked over to the club house. Mr. R called out and I waved and B. made some joking remark about looking out for that man. He looked quite a bit too fat and heavy, more so than in the studio. Is getting too fat he says himself, will have to look out. He is so short that a little weight makes a lot of difference, but ~~he~~ he certainly has a charming personality. On the way in we stopped at the Piedmont Driving club, having driven through Piedmont Park. Mr. R. wanted to show it to me. He was steward or manager there for years and said he felt like a father to all the debutantes he had "brought out" there. I didn't altogether like to go as his guest and felt a little uncomfortable when we found several young people in front of the fire in the club house. They all rushed up to Mr. Richardson and welcomed him. He didn't introduce me and perhaps it was better not as I would rather be introduced at a club like that by one regular member. Of course the East Lake Country club was different as I have a guest card for that and could go out there alone and use the links or anything I want. I had wanted to get some golf lessons but don't reckon I can manage to get out there as it is 8 miles out. Had dinner alone at the St. Andrews apts. Came back to the hotel, wrote a long letter to Louise and got into bed and read Anna Karenina which Nina sent me.

Sunday. March. 4.

I wrote letters and paid bills all the morning. Started to finish making out my income tax return and found that my personal exemption of 1500 exceeded my income which was only 1280.80 this year. So I shall have to ask at some bank whether I shall have to send in any report when there is no tax due. Went up to the St. A. apts. for lunch. Saw Mr. + Mrs. Cobb for a few minutes in the hotel lobby on my way out. They were waiting for Mr. Cunningham who presently appeared. He leaves to-morrow. After lunch wrote some more letters then went out to make calls. It has been pouring all the morning but held up a little in the afternoon. Went to Mr. Grant Bush-Brown's to return Peggy Sawyer and see baby. Then tried to call on Mrs. Pope but the number was wrong in the telephone book so after finally telephoning her and finding where she lived and that she had some people there on business so I didn't like to call then came back to the hotel. In the evening went to the Deans's, 33 14th Street. She is a niece of Mr. Richard Andrew, the Boston artist. A very sweet, ingenuous girl, too good for him a lot. Her husband is an architect, winner of the prix de Rome I think and they were saving up to go abroad for him to study at Fontainebleau when she proceeded to be in a family way. So they put off the trip and are putting aside for the baby to arrive after which she thinks now. She will leave it here for a year or more and go over just the same. I hope the baby doesn't go as the [illegible] goes too. Had a very nice evening. The young architectural set. The Deans and Margie. Mr. MacLaughlin, Mr. Rainey and his sister-in-law and a Mr. & Mrs. [illegible]. It poured all the evening and Mr. MacL. brought me home. A telegram from Wise to-day saying they plan to leave N.Y. Thurs. or Fri. and will call me up from Augusta Sat. at 6. Will come over the 15th for the P.C. and it is O.K. for Wise to have the presentation of the Bobby Jones portrait on the 17th so I will try and arrange with Mr. Haverty about it soon. Wise wants me to make a copy of the B.J. portrait. Will try to manage it if I can get it done in time. Don't altogether like the idea as it seems too much like making capital out of his prominence to make this copy just to have it to show next summer. Still if Wise wants it he has a right to it and of course it is good business from one point of view. Met B.J. and some ladies coming into the hotel as I went out to the Deans.

Monday. March. 5.

Had a sitting with Mrs. Hudson at 10 for one hour. Then went to see about the moulding for B.J.'s frame and to try and find some canvas like the kind I use as Wise wants me to make a copy of Bobby Jones' portrait so as to have it to show at Cove House next summer. I don't altogether like the idea. It looks too much like making capital of his prominence and yet of course it would be good business from the point of view of the general public to have it to show. And after all if Wise wants it he has a perfect right to order it only it will be perfectly transparent to other artists at least the way the whole thing was worked up to get me publicity. Of course if the painting is darned good I suppose it makes it better. Of course it would be inexcusable with poor work and I suppose after all there is no real reason why I shouldn't do it if I want to and if it's good I may be able to get away with it without being criticized as a publicity seeker. And yet people have to have all the publicity they can get to get ahead and they are all really trying for it. It's only that I am lucky to have a man like Wise with money and influence helping me to get it. Anyway I am going to make the copy though I will have to work hard to get it done between the time I finish the portrait and the day the pictures have to be hung for the show. I telephoned to Hatfield's finally for the canvas and to [illegible] for the tracing paper. Mrs. Hudson's frame will come to-morrow and Mrs. Hudson is coming in to see it and I hope that will finish it up. Bobby didn't come to-day as he was playing golf with Mr. Frank White of the U.S. Treasury - the man who signs the dollar bills. I killed time for a while after lunch at Dawson-Paxson looking at books in their book dept., then came back to the hotel and was writing letters when Mrs. Wick (May Atkinson) came to call and asked me to go out for a drive with her in her car. Mrs. Aspinwall had written her about me. She was a little stiff at first but thawed out and I quite liked her. She knows the [illegible] very well, rides and plays around with them etc, and the Cobbs and Tolner's etc. We drove out through the new residential section Paces Ferry Rd. and it was very nice. Big comfortable houses with plenty of land around them and lovely trees. She is going to Bermuda next Sunday where her father and mother have a house for the winter and I asked her to come in and see Bobby's portrait if I finish it before she left. She said she would love to, asked me to play golf with her in the morning but I said I couldn't take the mornings away from my painting. Had dinner at the St. C. alone and read [illegible] all the evening after writing to E. and reading her time-tables of the trains from Augusta to Atlanta.

Tuesday. March 16.

Had my last sitting with Mr. Hudson this morning The frame had arrived when I got down to the club and was O.K. I did little things to the portrait until 11 when Mrs. Hudson came to see it. She was crazy about it right away. Said she only wished it was to be hers instead of the club's. I told her I would do an exact copy of it for $800 and she may have it done. Mr. & Mrs. Hudson left and went downstairs and I was painting on the still-life in the picture and various people began to arrive to see it. Bell boys and [illegible] and a lot of men club members. Evidently Mr. Hudson was telling everyone he wanted to go up and look at it and he came up himself again with a man. He is so crazy about it he can't keep away from it. Mrs. Hunnicutt came at 2. with Mr. Keeves and they both were crazy about it too. I shall [illegible] in a few days about the [illegible] portrait. I talked about it a little with him and Mrs. [illegible] and I think I'll get it to do all right. He will be [illegible] nice to paint, [illegible] in the [illegible] to-day. He [illegible] yellow skin [illegible] and [illegible] will be nice to paint. [illegible] for his sitting at 1.30 [illegible] two men to see his portrait. They insisted so I showed it to them though I didn't like to. [illegible] it was all right as [illegible] they thought it was fine. I got [illegible] it was wrong [illegible] modelling I [illegible], [illegible] like it though [illegible]

I called up the Ga. Art Supply Co. after lunch and Mr. Hale thinks he has the right one and will make another. Didn't get my lunch till almost 3 but wasn't very hungry somehow. Had such an exciting morning I suppose, everyone liking the portrait so much. I came home to the hotel and wrote letters and sent off a night letter to Wise. Found a telegram from him here saying that the financial deal was all settled and the money in the bank, about $700,000. So he will have no worry about expenses in launching his new process. Had dinner alone and read afterwards.

Wednesday March 7

Went down to the club about 10 and painted in the golf clubs in Bobby's portrait. They look quite nice and when he came he said he thought they were fine. I told him I would want him to pose on them so that's all right. Mr. Hudson brought several people up to see his portrait. Everyone crazy about it. Several people say it is the most wonderful portrait they have ever seen. Perhaps they haven't seen many. Anyway it is done and wiped out of my mind and I can concentrate now on finishing Bobby's which I hope to do to-morrow. Had lunch with Mr. Haverty at the club and we planned out the procedure for the presentation of the B.J.'s portrait. Decided to have it Tuesday afternoon at the Art museum before the Private View. He will try to get the Mayor to be there to receive it for the city. He advised me to write to Mrs. Smith saying Mr. Hale had told me she wanted a portrait etc. which I did to-night. After lunch I went up to the Art museum for a lecture on Paintings of the Alps by the son of the artist who is showing a show there now, Albert Gos. Not a very thrilling lecture chiefly because his English is limited and he naturally couldn't express himself very well. Mr. Haverty took me home and left me at Mrs. Pope's where I made a call. Mrs. Pope was out but her husband, a nice, rather early old gentleman urged me to come in and wait which I did, making a call on him as it turned out. He walked back to the Biltmore with me and she called me up later. Wants to have me to tea again and wants me to speak for some club she is in. A wire from Wise asking me to come over to ~~[illegible]~~ Augusta for the week-end. Got my ticket from the porter's office in the hotel and will take the 2.25 Sat. arriving 7.50. Wise to take me [illegible] to the Forest Hills Ricker Hotel. Got dinner at [illegible] St. [illegible], and read and wrote letters in the evening and got a list of names ready for Mr. McKinney to send invitations to for the Private View. Think Bobby's portrait is going to be O.K. if I can get the expression I want to-morrow. He has a mighty good mind, asks such intelligent questions about painting etc. Naturally a clear thinker and has a fine controlled character, nice sense of humour and sweet disposition. Mrs. Dick told me that his father was quite childish and uncontrolled and his mother flighty and emotional. That B. used to have fits of temper but that he now had developed balance and control now. That he was very fond of both his father and mother but that he was the balanced one of the family and of course he never could have accomplished what he has if he hadn't self-control and balance. What I want to get in the portrait ~~Thursday, March 8.~~ is the steady eye, showing concentration and thought, a suggestion of his nice smile showing his humour and sweet disposition, a general relaxed, easy pose showing his complete lack of self-conceit and self-consciousness and a general clean cut well groomed look, showing his gentlemanly point of view. These qualities with his youth (he will be 26 on the 17th of March.) and his golf clubs to represent his achievement ought to make it a portrait that will appeal to the heart and the imagination.

Thursday. March. 8.

Went down to the athletic club and had my last sitting with Bobby Jones. Mr. Haverty and Miss May Haverty saw it after Bobby had left and liked it very much. Thought it was a fine likeness. Mr. Haverty has been saying all along that he didn't think I'd be able to get a good one of Bobby as he was hard to do but his first exclamation was "Well, you've done it. It's a fine likeness of Bobby" Mrs. Jones will come to see it to-morrow morning and if she likes it it is done though I would take a last look at one or two little things myself. The plans are made for the presentation. It will be a luncheon for about 35 invited people at the Athletic club on Friday, the day of my Private View. Wise & E. will be here then and Wise will present the portrait to the city. The Mayor will receive it and then present it to the High Museum for safe keeping. Mr. Haverty or Mr. Peeples will receive it for the art museum and I will take it up there later in a taxi for the exhibition. I may have to say a few words". Bobby will be at the luncheon. He isn't crazy about it but accepted nobly when Mr. Haverty asked him over the telephone during my sitting this morning. After lunch at the club I came back to the hotel wrote to Mrs. McKinney sending a list of names that I wanted invitations sent to for the Private View and the copy for my catalogue. The museum is a bit mixed up and has been having my type-written lists tacked up on the gallery walls for the exhibitions, but I want a catalogue; it is so much better in every way. and a nice day for the printing myself. At 4.30 I had a treatment for my hair and a wave, in the hotel. Then went out to supper and read and wrote letters all the evening. Mr. Haverty is going to try ~~Friday~~ and get Mrs. Rivers in to see the two portraits to-morrow. If I can go to Augusta for the week-end with those two portraits finished successfully and another to start next week, I shall be thrilled.

Friday, March 7.

It was rainy and dark but cleared about 10, very warm Bobby telegraphed that Mrs. Bobby was coming at 11 to see the portrait and I asked him to come a bit earlier about 10-30 as there were things about it that I wanted to fix when I saw it this morning. So he did and I had it just about fixed when she came. She likes it very much. Thinks it is wonderful and made the same remark that Mrs. Hudson made about Mr. Hudson's, said she wished it was to be hers, which of course pleased me very much as it meant that she really liked it. After they left, Bobby taking his clubs with him, I went to get a little sport dress and straw hat to wear at Augusta. Got a very good-looking figured silk dress and little red hat at Davison-Paxons and later got a new red purse so I shall feel quite swell arriving at Augusta. Will & C. get there to-morrow at 8.20. They are going to the Forest Hills Ricker, and I take the 2.25 getting there at 8.55. After lunch at the Athletic Club I called up Mr. Haverty to ask about Mrs. Rivers and he said they meant to come to-day but couldn't make it and for me to call them up and arrange for to-morrow morning which I did. I also asked Mrs. Wicks to come and see it to-morrow and she is going to stop for me at quarter of ten and take me down in her car. Bobby brought up his father and brother-in-law after lunch and they thought that the portrait was great. Mr. Jones said as soon as he saw Bobby's "I don't know what other accomplishments you have Miss Thomas but you certainly can paint" which pleased me very much. Mr. Haverty said when he telephoned that he hadn't liked to say anything when he ~~telephoned yesterday~~ was there yesterday because Mrs. Haverty was there too, but he thought the head in Bobby's wasn't as good as Mr. Hudson's. I thought they were pretty good and Bobby thought they were all right so I had decided to let them go as I hated to ask him to pose any more, he hates it so. But if Mr. Haverty had mentioned that yesterday I would have had a look at them this morning and perhaps made them better with a few strokes and of course I can still though I hate to ask him to sit again. I'll see how they strike me. I'd like another look at them really myself but then I always feel that I could make a thing better and sometimes make myself stop for fear of making it fussy and weak. However we'll see. I did a little bit to them without him and perhaps Mr. H. will think they're all right now. Came back to the hotel about 4, did odd jobs to my clothes and wrote letters and read all the evening. A letter from W. to-day saying that he has ordered Sea Lady to be put in commission May 15 and we will go to the Harvard-Yale boat race and the start of the Spanish race in her and get some fine cruising.

Saturday - March 16

It was lovely and warm and springy so when I packed my bag for Augusta which I did before breakfast I put in some quite summery things. Luckily I put in also a sweater and warm coat as it clouded over in the middle of the morning. ~~And~~ poured all the rest of the day. I still thought it might only be showers ~~and~~ so I took along my bag as I had packed it but here in Augusta it seems exactly as cold. colder in fact than we have been having it in Atlanta and unless it changes considerably to-morrow I shall wish I'd brought my tweed dress. Mrs. Wick stopped for me at 9.45 and took me down to the Athletic Club. She liked the portrait very much. I stayed there until twelve showing the portrait to different people. Bobby Jones mother who brought a friend and who was crazy about it and Mr. & Mrs. Rivers who brought six or eight other women came at the same time. All very enthusiastic. I think Mrs. Rivers is won over. We talked business and she said she would let me know as soon as I get back from Augusta. Also a photographer came from the Journal and took a picture of me and the finished portrait to use in the news section. At 12 I took the two canvases in a taxi to the photographers F. & L. Photo Service, 68 Peachtree St. took a taxi back to the hotel for lunch and to get my bag and golf clubs and took the train for Augusta. A very slow trip to-cause the train stopped at so many stations, really 5 1/2 hrs. No diner and the only way you get anything to eat is the porter takes orders for "lunches" which are telegraphed ahead for and brought down to the train in paper bags from some hotel en route. Fried chicken stuffed eggs, rolls, cakes, pickle and a ~~thy~~ slice of ham on top. Not very appetizing & easy to eat with your fingers (the porter passes round towels) but the food tasted all right, while I ate of it. Afraid E. won't enjoy it much. Everyone sits there with the paper bags on their laps, in the pullman, with a bottle of Coca-Cola which is a national and much advertised product here, on the window sill. I tried some and didn't like it at all. They say it has caffein in it but it tasted like shoe polish. Wise & E. met me in the pouring rain and we had a nice talk until quite late. They both seem well, though Wise looks a little tired. They are perfectly delighted with my having finished the portraits. Wise has written to Orville Wright to ask him to sit for me. He is an old friend of his since early aviation days. Hotel new but somehow without charm, grounds all so formal and country is flat around it. Right on golf links.

Sunday, March 11.

Foggy and cloudy. We went out after breakfast and E. & I putted on the putting green near the hotel while Wise strolled about the links. The hotel is built on an old camp site which is a plateau on the top of the hill where the most attractive places and hotels in Augusta are situated. A great many of the private houses with old gardens are lovely but ~~the hotel~~ the land around this hotel has so bare of trees and had been laid out so formally that it is not all attractive. Josie and Mr. Villa Pickard appeared about 12 and we visited with them and then strolling back to the hotel met a Mrs. Jordan, a friend of Josie's who visited her in Squam last summer, her two granddaughters and Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards the writer. We talked to them standing round in the lobby of the hotel till lunch time. We went to the Bon Air Vanderbilt to lunch, much more attractive than the Forest Hills Ricker. Then took a taxi to get some Atlanta papers to see what publicity I had. Mr. Davis's story in the Sunday edition of the Journal very good. The picture of one painting Bobby not as bad as the others. E's picture also reproduced cut down to one column width. It was in all three of the papers where the pictures had been on Friday. After that we went to Josie's. The house she is in is lovely. Beautiful old trees, stone terrace, lovely garden with a pergola etc.

She took us over to the land she has bought where she is building. A lovely spot and from the plans it will be charming. Then we went back to the hotel, and tea and after dinner there was an entertainment. A girl, Eleanor Cook who sang Roumanian, Polish, Czecho Slovakian & Russian Folk songs in costume, danced etc. Her accompanist [illegible] played [illegible] and did [illegible] dances and [illegible]. Very good. We talked to the [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] quite [illegible] jolly. I suppose an important part of her job.

Monday, March 12.

Still cloudy, [illegible] [illegible] towards noon and it cleared in the afternoon. We were out on the links again. Strolled round and did some putting, until it was time for me to go in and pack and dress. E. & W. put me on the train at 1 o'clock. They came to Atlanta Thursday P.M. and will stay over Sunday anyway and then probably E. go to Virginia Hot Springs and W. back to N.Y. as the press will be ready for [illegible] test run. They are not crazy about Augusta but of course have had bad luck with the weather and would have liked it better at the Bon Air Vanderbilt as the Forrest Hills Ricker is so far out. Uneventful journey, read Anna Karenina, which is tremendously interesting. A wonderfully real picture of Russian life of all sorts. So many characteristics of the people remind me of [illegible]. [illegible] see that her faults are inherited and racial and I don't know how she is ever going to overcome them. She writes that she is "quitting" [illegible], can't make more than $13 a week [illegible], but doesn't do anything about looking for another job or work for this summer, when the [illegible] will stop in Boston of course. She has been writing but hasn't [illegible] article yet so I suppose she isn't finishing it. Probably making it too long. Had dinner at the St. A. [illegible]. Came back to [illegible] and had a bath and got to bed as I had a "[illegible]". Evidently the first [illegible] picture of me on the portrait came out in the later edition of the Sunday Journal. They had an early one to Augusta. It must have been [illegible] as I heard [illegible] the people [illegible] [illegible] like it and one said the picture didn't look anything like [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the picture itself was wonderful. I [illegible] [illegible] take it that way. Hope the real photos will [illegible] me and efface the bad impression of this. About 10.30, I had been asleep quite a while. The telephone rang by my bed and it was Dr. [illegible] telephoning from [illegible] wanting to arrange about my coming out there for a tea and to speak to his school. He had been in Atlanta over the week-end and had tried to see me. We decided on Sunday March 25th. This morning it seems like [illegible] so I talked to him in the dark and [illegible] right to sleep again.

Tuesday March 13

It was dark and showery to-day and I didn't feel very energetic so I decided to put off painting Bobby's hands until Thursday even though that meant that the people from the newspapers would see it Wed. before I had worked on them more. Still there really isn't very much to do to them and they may get by all right though of course I'd rather have them better when they see them. I went down to the photographers to see the pictures of Mr. Hudson and Bobby. They are fair but I guess will have to do for Atlanta. Then went to the Journal office to get the copy I missed of Sunday. The picture of the portrait is simply rotten. so bad it is almost funny. All touched up and of course ruined. I took the paintings back to the Athletic club and fastened them in their frames and while I was there the telephone rang and it was the Metro-Goldwyn movie people asking if they could take a movie of me painting Bobby. I called him up later and though he wasn't very thrilled he agreed and they are coming Thursday. I know I shall be a sight but it will be rather amusing to see how they come out. Took the pictures up to the Art museum and then went back to the hotel for lunch. While at the museum Mr. Haverty stopped in to ask about the Kiwanis situation. Told him about Sat. a.m. and he said he would call Mr. K. up at once and settle the matter though he was quite sure that Mr. K. would not pay more than the Athletic club was paying me for Mr. Hudson — #600. I said I'd do it for that if they decided right away but that if I got other orders at my show I should of course have to give them precedence if they paid my regular price and decided before Mr. K. did. After lunch I went down to look at something for a frame for T. J.'s portrait, a better one. This one will do for the copy. A Frenchman [illegible] was in town for a few days and got me on the telephone as I had left word at a framer's that I wanted to see his samples when he came. I ordered one, black with gold line inside. After that I bought a smock to wear when the movie is taken, tried to get Mrs. [illegible] to have tea with me to ask her advice about [illegible] and came back to the hotel. [illegible] telephoned about 5.30. Spent the evening reading and went upstairs and listened to the radio for a while. Everyone who saw the T. J. portrait to-day seemed to like it. A man at the club who saw it as I was carrying it out to the taxi and who said so sweetly "I wish we were going to have that here instead of the other". The taxi-driver who said "That's Mr. Bobby Jones isn't it?" and the girls at the art museum who raved over it. So I feel a little better about that awful picture in the Journal. Began the show [illegible] at 9.30.

Wednesday. March 14

Got up to the museum early and had the show all hung except the sketches by 12.30. A very good colored man did it, under my direction, with Mrs. McKinney helping a little with suggestions about the arrangement. It looks very well though I wish the light in the downstairs gallery was a little stronger. Have Bobby and Alfonso on the wall opposite the door which is a sort of alcove, on either side of this alcove are the Glass Players and Hope + Mr. Pao. In the centre of the left wall is Elizabeth with Wise on one side of her (her right) and Beatles on her left. Opposite The Art Students in the centre with Mr. Holmes at the left and Bernie at the right. On either side of the door The Harveys and Miss Hoffy [illegible] Flowers. On the wall opposite the big door of the gallery as you get a good distance is it is The Old Farmers Almanac and on the walls at either side of the entrance to the gallery La Sevillana and the Rachmaninoff Prelude. The Spanish sketches are in one group on the dark paneled wall of the library where tea will be served and in one of the upstairs galleries there is the [illegible], flanked by Miss [illegible], The [illegible] and the [illegible] the [illegible]. Mr. [illegible] came about 1.30 to write it up for the Journal and was there when I got back after lunch. She seemed to like it. After she left I finished hanging the sketches and then [illegible] 5 take photos. [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] which Mr. [illegible] to Mrs. Wall for the art Page of the Journal. [illegible], Mrs. [illegible] gave me a ride home for which I was very grateful as I had waited a long time for a bus and it was getting late. Spent the evening reading and [illegible] and [illegible] my letters. Mrs. Inman came to call on me about 5.30. Very nice. Bobby changed the time of his sitting tomorrow to 2. [illegible] of the [illegible] people and they will come at 3.15. Nothing further about Mr. Rivers. Several people at the museum for lectures and they all tried to take a peep at my show. Seemed [illegible]

I don't feel satisfied myself with the expression. It isn't pleasant enough. Am glad I'm to have another look at it ~~to-day~~ to-morrow.

Thursday, June 15

I fixed the sleeves of my new tan lace and georgette dress to wear to-morrow to the luncheon and then went up to the art museum to get B.J.'s portrait and take it down to the Athletic club for a sitting to-day and for the presentation to-morrow. It got dark and began to rain and I was afraid I couldn't paint but after a thundershower, it got lighter at 2 so we had the sitting. The movey man had telephoned during the morning that it was too dark to take the movies and that he would come to-morrow. He wants to take it on the roof where there is a roof garden effect, hanging up palms, rugs etc. and as he put it make "a pretty story" out of it, first of me leading on the [illegible] etc. Then at work, then the finished portrait. I said not at all, that it would have to be just straight like a news feature as if we didn't know it was being taken and of course that was all Bobby would do, so when I talked it over with him we finally decided that we would let them take the picture but would do as we pleased while it was being taken. B. said he didn't mind publicity if it didn't make a monkey out of him, and I don't blame him. Of course I really would like to do it for the fun of it and to see how it will come out but naturally I don't want anything silly. Anyway we're going to do it to-morrow at 12 before the luncheon, I told the man so that he will have everything ready. Then Bobby comes at 12. I telephoned Mrs. Campbell in the morning to ask her advice about the movie story and she will see me next week some time, she was just leaving town to-day. The sitting went finely. I made the hands a lot better and got the expression I want in the face. ~~I~~ really like it now. Mrs. Jones, B's mother and Mrs. [illegible] (his wife's mother) came to see it in the morning before the sitting and they both were crazy about it but I know they will like it even better now. The expression I didn't like didn't show up near too bad in the gallery. It didn't look right at a distance and the photo showed up the same thing and I discovered what it was, little things about the shape of the shadow round the nose and mouth and I fixed it. Miss Haverty came just as I was leaving [illegible] where we would hang the portrait for the Private luncheon to-morrow and he took me back to the hotel in the car. I washed my brushes and went to the station to meet E. + Wise. So glad to have them here. They seem to like the hotel. We went up to the broadcasting studio after dinner for a while. A lot in the papers to-day about the events of to-morrow. A head line across the whole top of one page "Bobby Jones Portrait Friday in Atlanta" and after the sitting to-day I felt that it really was ready.

Friday March 16

A perfectly thrilling day. I went to the "hair-dressing parlor" in the hotel before breakfast and got a wave. We had breakfast in Wise's room and he gave me a cheque for 500 for the Bobby Jones portrait. Mr. Haverty telephoned during breakfast that he would see us at the club at about 12, that he had left a list of the people who were to be at the luncheon at the desk in the club and that it was all settled that I was to paint Mr. Rivers. We dressed for the luncheon and got down to the club about 11. I wore my new tan lace and georgette dress with black broad-brimmed hat, light stockings + black patent leather shoes and fox fur. As soon as we got down there I took E. + W. up to the "studio" with Mr. Hudson who we met downstairs and showed them the portrait and they are crazy about it. The [illegible] man was there from the [illegible]-Gallery Corp. and had everything ready up on the roof except the portrait. We took that down to the Private Dining Room, quite a big room, to decide where it would hang during the luncheon and then took it up on the roof and I got my things on and palette and brushes etc. and we went up there and pretty soon Bobby came and they took the movie. He didn't make us do anything for it. Though of course I couldn't help feeling a little silly pretending to paint, but at least you can talk all the time and we made quite a lot of fun out of it. E. and Wise watched us and Mr. Haverty came pretty soon and E. took some photos of it all. After that we just had time to go downstairs and get fixed up for the luncheon. People began to arrive, the reception room downstairs where Mr. Haverty introduced them all and Then we all went up to the dining-room. A huge oval table and the portrait hung in the centre of the end wall between the windows with [illegible] they draped over it. I sat between Bobby and his father. E. between B. + the [illegible] and

Wise between Mrs. Haverty and Bobby's wife. They took movies first of Mrs. Bobby and me standing in front of the portrait and she unveiled it. Then they had the speeches. Mr. Haverty presented Wise. Wise spoke very well indeed and presented the portrait to the City of Atlanta. The mayor received it, reading his speech, and gave it to the High Museum of art for safekeeping. Mr. [illegible] the treasurer of the Art Association received it for the museum. Then Mr. Haverty asked me to say something, which I did, not very much, but it went all right. Then Bobby and [illegible] spoke, just the right [illegible] each. Then they took movies of us all under the portrait. These are all for The Fox News and Paramount companies. They will be released Monday and I have sent telegrams to the family telling them about them. Then we all went up to the Art Museum taking the portrait in Mr. Haverty's car. There were a lot of people already there when we arrived and everyone very enthusiastic and nice. Tea tables with flowers etc. in the room to the right of the door where the pictures are hung. I began my talk a little after 4.30. Mr. Haverty introduced me. I spoke for about 40 minutes. Everybody sat in the gallery and stood in the hall outside. There must have been 150 people. I wasn't at all nervous and it went off very well. I spoke chiefly about Alfonso and Baruch. I said only a little about Bobby. Everyone came up and spoke to me afterwards, all very enthusiastic about the talk and the pictures. One woman, a Mrs. Robinson wants to have me paint her husband. will meet me at the gallery Sunday afternoon to talk about it. Another woman wants to have me paint her mother from photographs. Mr. [illegible] was there. Another from La Grange. Mrs. Inman poured tea and she is the Inman family that [illegible]. I had forgotten about his [illegible] of them. It was all a great success and E. & Wise and I could talk and think of nothing else all the evening.

Saturday. March. 17.

I felt rotten to-day having caught cold somehow and also probably nervously tired after the excitement of yesterday. We had breakfast late in Wise's room. Got the papers for the news stories of the luncheon ~~and on~~ all very good and an editorial in the Atlanta Journal on the portrait. Everyone seems to like it. It poured all the afternoon. Mrs. Samuel Inman came for us and took us to her step-daughter in law's Mrs. Frank Inman for lunch and we all drove out to Roswell after lunch to see some lovely old houses that are there, among them the old Bullock house the home of Roosevelt's mother before the war. A delicious luncheon at the Inmans and all very pleasant. Mrs. Frank Inman talks a blue streak and tells stories well but I like Mrs. Samuel Inman better. She was one of the founders of the Art Association, on the committee for Stone Mt. etc. and very active in things of that sort and yet very quiet and charming and lady-like. When we got back to the hotel we got the Sunday papers. Very good write-ups of my show. M. Cosmo Bush-Brown's is fine. After dinner went up to the radio room and heard O.B. Keeler, the sport writer of the Journal and the collaborator with Bobby J. in his book, broadcasting a tabloid version of La Boheme, the arias sung by Victor records. We talked to him and he said he had heard that Bobby's portrait was fine but that I didn't look old enough to have done it.

Sunday, March 18.

I haven't written in this diary for three days because I have been so busy doing things and at the same time have felt so rotten with my cold that I have not felt up to writing when I had a minute. Sunday morning E. + Wise and I went out to Stone Mt. Drove out, it's about 20 miles from Atlanta. It was cold and windy but clear. The Confederate memorial, being carved in the side of the mountain, from designs and models by Augustus Lukeman, is most interesting and impressive. The mountain itself is a wonderful site for such a memorial. It is of bare, gray granite and rises, mound-shaped, out of the plain with the side on which the carving is almost vertical. The design for the carving is stupendous and will take 14 yrs. more to finish. It consists of a group of equestrian figures, the central group of which includes Gen. Davis, Lee and Jackson. The figures are enormous in scale as the nearest pt. at the foot of the mt. from which they will be seen is 1/4 of a mile from the carving, the figures are so high up. There are scaffoldings built across the face of the carving and the workmen are let down from above. In the sheds at the ft. are the offices, with the models in plaster 1/4 size of the actual ~~carving~~ work, telescopes for people to look through at the carving, a guide to explain the design etc. It was all tremendously interesting and we asked a great many questions about the engineering difficulties, having to allow for the angle of vision etc. in modelling the figures. The project was originally started by Gutzon Borglum but through inattention to the work or lack of efficient management on his part he got into an awful row with the committee in Atlanta and smashed up all his models, leaving them with thousands of dollars spent for work they were not able to have completed. After 4 yrs. Henry Lukeman was engaged to do the work and it is going ahead with his designs in spite of some trouble still made by the Borglum faction. The head and shoulders of Lee are now finished and his figure will be done down to the waist by April 10 when they plan to have the first unveiling. Mayor Walker of N.Y. has been asked to be present and receive the monument for the nation which is a mistake in the opinion of some people because of his rather undignified personality and his affiliations with Tammany. It will be very interesting to see how it develops. Anyway the work seems to be in the hands of a good, practical sculptor now in Lukeman. We went up to the Art Museum in the afternoon. Quite a crowd there, over one hundred, and everyone likes the show. Bobby a great success. Everyone thinks it is perfect. Mr. Payne was there, Mr. Frank Inman, Dr. & Mrs. Hinman. Mr. Mackinney gave a lecture on "Modern Art" that E. listened to. I stayed in the gallery though as I was expecting a Mrs. Robinson who wants her husband painted. She didn't come though. Mrs. Inman telephoned in the evening about going to the Berry School the next day. She was taking E. who was interested in seeing it because she had heard so much about it from Mrs. Hammond in N.Y. I wasn't going because I had an appointment with Mrs. Rivers to go to the school where the portrait was to hang and talk it over, but Mrs. Hinman said she particularly wanted me to go because she thought there were some portraits for me to do there. So I put off Mrs. Rivers until Tuesday morning.

Monday. March 19.

E. & I started with Mrs. Frank Inman at 8 o'clock to drive to Rome about 70 miles from Atlanta to see the Berry School. Mr. I. didn't go as he was afraid the long auto trip would tire him, to say nothing of Mrs. I. who is a great talker and story teller, but quite charming, though she is talky and talks like a [illegible] girl some-times. It developed on the drive that the portraits were one of a Mr. Eagan who had been a trustee of the school, which she was going to try and persuade his wife to have done, from a photo. as he died two years ago, and the other was Miss Martha Berry, the founder and head of the school for the new building, a girls' dormitory to be called the Mothers' building that Mrs. Inman is terribly interested in raising funds for. She hoped to have [illegible] give the portrait and she wanted me to be [illegible] and [illegible] wanted me to come to the [illegible] [illegible] the school and get the [illegible] of the place went through Miss Berry herself is away just now in [illegible]). The school is very impressive, really a wonderful thing. It started with Martha Berry, the daughter of an old and well-to-do Southern family (we saw the white-pillared family homestead) who began as a young girl teaching and helping the children of the mountain people and whose effort has achieved the school as it is to-day, an industrial and vocational school of 300 boys, 150 girls and 150 boys in the so-called foundation school, which takes them when they first come whether they are 10 or 18 yrs. old and gives them enough education (many of them can hardly read and write) to enable them to enter the regular school. All the work of the school, cooking, sewing, making roads, building cabins, gardening, farming forestry etc. - is done by the pupils as well as book learning which covers [illegible] the ordinary preparatory school. The school grounds are a beautiful tract of country, so big that it includes two mountains. You enter through the Gates of Opportunity. The buildings are a mixture of log cabins, the original buildings made by the boys, and brick buildings in [illegible] style and the new buildings are of the native stone. We went first to the little chapel on the girls' campus. The [illegible] and girls from about 12 to 18 in blue gingham dresses with dark blue sweaters [illegible] (they wear [illegible]) [illegible], [illegible] from every direction. They [illegible] in singing a hymn. The dean, Miss [illegible], introduced Mrs. [illegible] after a big prayer. Mrs. I. introduced me and I spoke a little, mostly about [illegible], giving his qualities of good [illegible] about his work as well as play, [illegible] to his job etc. and then E. spoke about Roosevelt House. It was quite [illegible], seeing nothing but the Anglo-Saxon types. They are the children of [illegible] of Scotch + English ancestry who settled in the more mountainous parts of the [illegible] and who are now out of reach of any [illegible] of education. They come to Berry as [illegible] (there is not [illegible] money for nearly all of them) and work their way through paying their [illegible] by raising their food, doing the work of the school etc. It's a perfectly splendid thing and most impressive though there is a [illegible] of sentimental church [illegible] through it, [illegible] in the names for some of the cottages and some of their [illegible]. Perhaps this is necessary to get the support they need - to appeal to people's emotions in this way.

is it of course there is common sense and practical results in every individual case. We saw the boys at the foundation school. Mr. & Mrs. Watt from N.Y. happened to be visiting at the same time and they had their movie camera along and took some pictures of the boys, and girls and dogs. We also went to the cottage where they do the weaving. Then had lunch, cooked and served by the girls in another cabin. Then back to the weaving cabin where some girls dressed in old-fashioned clothes, sunbonnets etc. sang folk songs to us while they turned the spinning wheel, carded, etc. Boys came in and sang to us during lunch too. Then we went to the barn and saw the 75 pedigreed Jersey's gift in [illegible]. Then to the library and the chapel, a lovely building modeled on the ~~chapel~~ church at Alexandria, Va. Then back for a cup of tea and then drove home. Reached the hotel at 7.15. Quite a day but very interesting. E. & W. decided in the evening that E. would commission me to paint Miss Martha Berry for the school, but that it would be an anonymous gift. So E. called up Mrs. B. and she was thrilled. I suppose I may go out there to do it before I go back. It would be a wonderful chance as so many people of prominence and money would be interested and a very interesting portrait in a great many ways. Wise had been to the movie but mine are not out yet. Had also had a talk with Mrs. McHenry who was very enthusiastic about the way my show was going.

Tuesday. March. 20.

Mrs. Rivers called for me at 9.30 and drove me out to the E. Rivers School with a Mrs. [illegible] to see where the portrait is to hang. The school is a new building and the walls of the auditorium are light so it will be a light canvas. Mrs. Rivers also had some photographs of her husband to show me which gave me an idea of what characteristics she wanted brought out in the portrait. Got back to the hotel and went with E. & Wise to the station to see them off. E. left at 12.15. Mrs. Frank Inman and her little daughter-in-law came to see her off. Wise left on the Crescent Limited for N.Y. at 1. I got Mr. Rivers on the telephone while waiting with Wise and he will pose to-morrow. Went back to the hotel after Wise's train had gone feeling quite deserted and "on my own" again. Mrs. Page came for me at 2-30 to take me to Miss Haverty's for a meeting of a little club she belongs to. Sort of a current events study club. 10 "girls" there. One talked on

American politics. There was tea and general discussion and then we all looked at Mr. Haverty's pictures and Miss Haverty asked me to talk about them a little and answer questions, which I did. She talked too and it was all quite informal and it wasn't bad. I got to bed early as I was awfully tired. A big picture of the B. J. portrait in the Georgian. Came out pretty well. I sent it to W. and E.

Wednesday, March 21

Started Mr. Rivers this morning. Took quite a while getting the set-up arranged so I didn't get much painting done but it is going to be nice to do. I went down first and stretched the canvas. Had lunch at the club and then went out to the art museum to talk to Mr. McKinney about extending the stay of B. J. out there, also about getting ads in the papers about the show. He says it is not necessary the attendance has been so good. Went back to the hotel to rest. Mrs. Ayer came to call to ask me to a luncheon Sat. at the Piedmont Driving Club. Mr. Fitzhugh Knox came for me at 5 for a little tea at his house. About 15 people there. Mr. & Mrs. Harrison. Mr. & Mrs. Kurtz, the artist whose easel I am using, Mr. Haverty, and several others. To St. Andrews Apts. for dinner and wrote to Mamma and in my diary in the evening.

Thursday. March. 22.

Had a sitting with Mr. Rivers at 11. It is going nicely. Afterwards he took me over to the Capital City Club for lunch. Mrs. Rivers and Mr. & Mrs. Frank Inman joined us there. A delicious lunch, several courses, all ordered beforehand evidently. A very nice time. Mr. Rivers quite thrilled about his portrait. Told them it looked like him already and that he didn't mind the posing at all. Afterwards I went to a movie theatre to see if our pictures were released yet but they aren't. Then back to the hotel and lay down as my cold still makes me feel rotten. Then up to the museum at 5 o'clock to get the Bobby Jones portrait and take it down to be photographed again. Will have to call for it early tomorrow to get it back before 10 o'clock. St. A. Apts. to dinner and read and wrote to Wise in the evening.

Friday, March. 23.

Had a sitting with Mr. Rivers at 11. Went first and got the Bobby Jones portrait and returned it to the art museum

The photo. looks better than the first one, judging by the negative. The sitting went pretty well except that I was feeling rotten. Think my cold has got into my muscles as I have a headache every morning and feel rotten all over. Got lunch at the club and went back to the hotel to lie down and get [illegible] for my cold. Felt better and went to a tea at the Woman's club given me by Mrs. Bull the chairman of the art committee. Sat next to Miss Hammond who says that [illegible] thinks if we could get a movement started to buy my [illegible]. I [illegible] for a new baby hospital that is being built & [illegible] go through. Will see what I can do with Dr. McHenry and Mrs. Dr. [illegible] a clergyman whose name I've given me connected with the hospital fund. Had dinner at the St. Andrews [illegible] and changed afterwards to tell a group of women. [illegible] my experiences in painting [illegible]. They had urged me & I couldn't get out of it. It wasn't bad though as it was all so informal, only about 10 of them in the room of a Miss Phippen who sits at my table. I left about 8.45 and having heard from one of them that the movie of Bobby and the portrait was on at the Howard theatre I went down there, telephoning first to find out when it came on, and saw it. It was very short — only about 2 seconds. [illegible] Drawing the portrait, then Bobby and the portrait and Bobby alone. Came back to the hotel right after and went to bed. Feeling better.

Saturday, March 24. Very warm to-day. 77°

Had a sitting with Mr. Rivers at 10. He came in all in a stew because he had got so seriously exhausted yesterday posing. Wanted to change the position in the portrait. We decided on a new position of his hands so that ~~his~~ only one of his arms was on the arms of the chair which made it comfortable for him and he didn't get tired. He takes it too hard though, keeps telling me the expression I ought to get before I've got the canvas even covered. I told him not to worry, to leave the painting to me, that he was trying to sit for the portrait and paint it too. He got on my nerves a little this time but that is largely because I was feeling so rotten that I was hard to paint any way. This morning I felt better but having to change the position of the arms and hands I didn't accomplish as much as I expected to, also he only stayed for an hour, and I may have to take the canvas off the stretcher and [illegible] it a little to make the composition balance so that the pose is changed. However it does look a more relaxed and easier position. We will try after this having him pose an hour before lunch and an hour after and break it up in that way. He is the kind of person who talks in trying to get you to see his point of view which of course you get immediately that he doesn't believe when you say anything. The kind of over conscientious, worrying person who is appealing because he is so earnest and anxious not to hurt anyone's feelings but who is exasperating to work with because he worries us. After he left I came up to the hotel and dressed for [illegible]. Agnes's luncheon at the Piedmont Driving Club. According to the papers it is for me but I didn't realize it [illegible]. [illegible] stopped for me and took me out. I had [illegible] was simply crazy about [illegible] portrait and was considering buying one [illegible]. About 8 at the luncheon. Very pleasant. I sat next to a Mrs. Candler whose husband owns the Biltmore Hotel. They are staying here now as their house in Druid Hills is being done over. She talked a blue streak about having me paint her and her two children. Went with me afterwards to the exhibition and said she would call me up about the portrait. She was crazy about Bobby's. When I got back to the hotel I [illegible] to get ads in the papers about my gold bracelet which I [illegible] last night, stopped at the club and [illegible] the [illegible] for the copy of Bobby and went to a movie theatre to see the pictures again. [illegible] this time and a [illegible] and the whole picture [illegible]. [illegible] Wise in the afternoon. Dinner at St. Andrews apts. and read all the evening. A letter from Wise to-day saying things are going very well though he has a lot of work still to do in it. [illegible] Hot Springs seems peaceful and good to be [illegible]. Called up Mr. [illegible] to see if he could do something about that [illegible]! He didn't think there was much chance but will talk to someone.

Sunday. March 25

I wrote letters paid bills etc. all the morning. Arranged to send "Spring Evening" to the Normal Art School alumni exhibition in Boston, "Summer Afternoon" to Portland (it got turned down at Hartford) and either The Class Problem or "Old Farmer's Almanac" to Springfield, Ill. Had lunch in the cafe downstairs and took the 1.25 train for La Grange. Cloudy off and on all day and thundershowers while I was at La Grange. Mr. Penn and a Mr. Neville or his family met me at the station. Mr.

Penn had with him in his car a man named Botts, crippled with infantile paralysis, whom he had brought over from Warm Springs about 20 miles away to sing at the tea. He was young, had a good baritone voice and was quite interesting as he had told us a lot about Warm Springs. Franklin Roosevelt has been so much benefitted there for the results of infantile that he has bought a lot of property and is trying to develop it into a health resort, taking crippled people on a charitable basis when necessary. It seems that the warm baths and mineral properties of the Springs are a great help in those cases and Franklin Roosevelt is evidently doing a wonderful work there. Mr. Botts & Mr. Penn said I ought to paint his portrait for the new building he is putting up and Mr. Botts is going to talk to him about it. The Penn Studios at present occupy some half dozen rooms in a shabby building on the main street of the town but they have bought a house and move in in June and Mr. Penn has accomplished wonders in building up the school in the year and a half that he has been there. He has over 100 pupils and evidently has created quite a following. The people began to come and were introduced to me and Miss Black who's head of the Dept. of Art of LaGrange College. Mostly girls, students in the school. I never was in such an atmosphere of hero worship. LaGrange being quite isolated and a small place, about 25000, my coming was a great event. Mr. Botts sang a group of songs, then I spoke for over half an hour. All informal, interesting, about 50 or 75 people I should think. Then we had tea, then sat around until about 6.30, the reception guests having gone, and then had supper served in the studio by Mr. Lavelle and a colored girl. Mr. Penn's mother was there, a sweet old lady, his father is postmaster in a little town in Alabama where he comes from. His sister is in Boston giving music lessons and next summer will be in [illegible] brought there by the [illegible] classes. She will use the old [illegible] house as a studio. After supper Mr. Penn drove me to see the house they had bought for the school, then he & Mr. Lavelle took me to the train. I kept getting surprises from their casual remarks and attitude, about how they regarded me. Apparently all the newspaper publicity I have had has put me in a higher position than I realize in people's eyes. Particularly in an unsophisticated community like that. La Grange is a nice old town, lots of lovely old ante-bellum houses, wide streets, big trees etc. I admire Mr. Penn tremendously for the courage and enterprise he has shown in building up in a small

Got back to Atlanta at 11.45.

Monday, March 26. Went down early to the A. club and took Mr. R.'s portrait off the stretcher, and [illegible] it over to allow for the change in pose, Had a sitting with Mr. Rivers at 12 – 1, and 2.30 – 3.30. Did errands and ~~wrote letters~~ fixed the canvas beforehand. Had lunch at the Club and about 4 o'clock took the canvas for the Bobby Jones copy, my paint box etc. up to the Art Museum in a taxi., Then went and called on both Mrs. Inman's, Both out, Dinner at St. A. and read in the evening. A friend of Charlie Rogers's, Mrs. MacDonald, called me up and asked me to supper to-morrow evening and to go with her afterwards to the Arts club opening. Mr. McKinney would like to keep my show on a week longer.

Tuesday, March 27.

Went up to the Art Museum early and worked on tracing and transferring the Bobby Jones portrait. To the Athletic club at 11.30 for a sitting with Mr. Rivers. He poses much better and I can see that it will all be plain sailing now. Came back to the hotel at 4. and had a shampoo and wave. Went to Mrs. McDonald's for supper. Tiny little apartment. She lives there with her little 5 yr. old boy, husband away most of the time. Got supper herself, though she let me help her serve things. We went to the Art club afterwards. The Romancers by Rostand acted very amateurishly, and of course hampered by the small stage but the club room is very nice and they have done wonders with it. The exhibition mostly watercolor sketches by architects and portrait heads. Rather amateurish of course but not bad work by anyone. I saw the Conants, Bush-Browns, etc. there. I left as early as I could as I was awfully tired. Am feeling much better though.

Wednesday, March 28.

Went up to the Museum and finished transferring the portrait, have it ready to start painting to-morrow. Sitting with Mr. Rivers 12 to 1 and 2.30 – 3.30. He likes to divide it that way and get lunch in between, and it is not a bad plan. He is getting quite thrilled about it, says he is quite sure that it will bring me two portraits he knows about and that they think he ought to be painted again for the new building they [illegible]. The clergyman next door came in and admired it and another man came up and wanted to see it. Mrs. Rivers says she is quite sure I will have to come back to Atlanta and do some more portraits another year. I got the new photos. of Bobby portrait and they are fine. I am reading were mounted ones to E. who asked me to get Bobby to autograph them as she wants to give them to some golf friends. A letter from Wise this morning says that Mr. Cunningham of Knoedlers called him up and wanted to see my portrait of him. Told Wise that after meeting me and seeing my work in Atlanta that he had decided I was a person to be reckoned with. I think he probably is after Wise as an "art lover". but there may be something in the other. C. Bittinger also called Wise up and when he heard what I was doing here said I ought to be in the Academy and the Guild and that he would do something about it. He has said that so often before that I don't take much stock in it. However something may come of it. I am having 2 column 2 in. ads. about my show being extended put in the Atlanta papers next Sunday. Dinner at the St. A. and wrote letters and read in the evening. A big box of chocolates came for me from Mr. Penn. I wouldn't let him pay for my ticket to La Grange so I suppose this is by way of graceful appreciation of my coming.

Thursday. March 29.

Went up to the museum and painted on the B.J. copy then down to the Athletic club for a sitting with Mr. Rivers 12 to 1 and 2.30 to 3.30. Got it to the point where I shall put it aside for a day or two and have one more sitting with it in the frame. Am waiting for the Newcomb Macklin frame for B.J. which should come any day now. I can then put Alfonso's in the other B.J. frame and bring his down to the club for Mr. Rivers. The one I have ordered for Mr. R. is just like A.'s but is not due till the end of next week, so I will use A.'s for that and not have to wait. Stayed quite late at the club as Father Gibbons, the clergyman who has the room next door brought in a friend, a retired naval officer, who looked over my photos. and stayed a while. I got Bobby to sign the photos. of his portrait for E., sent them over to his office by a boy from the club and mailed them to E. at Hot Springs when I got back to the hotel. Had dinner with Mrs. Conant and Esther at the St. A. and in the evening went up to the radio room to listen to a program by movie stars, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, John Barrymore, Dolores del Rio and Griffith broadcast from Hollywood all over the country to advertise a new Dodge car. Not especially good but interesting because of its wide extent. The Pres. of the Dodge Co. talked from Detroit and Whiteman's orchestra broadcast from N.Y. A really wonderful thing.

Friday, March 30.

Spent the whole morning up at the museum working on the copy of B.J. Back to the hotel to lunch then downtown for various errands and called on the Fitzhugh Knox's on the way back, not at home. Dined at St. A. and read and wrote letters in the evening. Mrs. Inman telephoned. She has written to the Berry School but has not had an answer. Will stop for me Sunday and take me out to the Rivers' for lunch. Mrs. Pope telephoned and suggested that I write to a Mrs. Peter W. Godfrey, Covington, Ga. a friend of hers who she thought might like her grandchildren painted.

Saturday, March 31.

Went up to the museum and painted on the copy all the morning. Mrs. McKinsey wanted to know if I would sell two of my Spanish sketches for $40 apiece instead of 50. Said a woman who was here from Michigan wanted two for her new house but would only pay 40 for them. I said I would. Went down to the Journal and Georgian offices to see about the proof for my ad. on Sunday. Got lunch at the Junior League tea-room, did a few errands and came back to the hotel and wrote to Wise and sent off photos. of B. to the American Golfer, the Sphere and Mr. Gerrity of the Portrait Painters' Gallery. I had a letter from him this morning saying he had secured the services of a Miss Eleanor Lambert as publicity agent for the gallery and could use photos. Mrs. Alex King, née Eleanor Whittemore of Boston, Gertrude's cousin called me up and I am going there to dinner Tuesday night and to hear Judge Lindsey and someone else debate on companionate marriage afterwards. Mrs. Inman had told her I was here and she has just been in Boston where Charlie Higgins & G. Whittemore told her about my being here. Went to the St. A. apts. for dinner and read in the evening. Have almost finished Anna Karenina, a wonderful book. I like Anna less and less. She is behaving more and more like a fool through her weakness in not facing situations and self indulgent character. All the characters wonderfully well drawn.

Sunday, April 1.

I wrote letters and did odd jobs to my clothes in the morning. Mr. + Mrs. Inman came for me about one o'clock to take me out to the Rivers' for lunch. While I was waiting for them downstairs young Mr. + Mrs. Cobb came in with their little boy. They asked me out to dinner Thursday night. Had quite a nice time out at the Rivers. They live way out in the country in a house that was a summer hotel enormous and rambling. 400 acres of farm land, cows mules, dogs, chickens, ducks, guinea hens, peacocks etc. The country is getting awfully pretty with the fruit trees and shrubs in bloom. We took a walk all over the place after a big Sunday dinner and then the Inmans drove me in again leaving me at the Museum at 5 o'clock. I stopped there a few minutes, there were several people in the gallery. Mr. McK. said they had had above 60. Mr. + Mrs. Kurtz were there and they took me along home in their car. Got supper in the coffee shop and went up to listen to the radio. Atwater Kent hour, afterwards. a Russian singer and Josef Hoffman. While I was there Mrs. Candler and her little boy and girl and Mr. C. walked in. She sat with me. Evidently is still thinking of having me paint the portrait will call me up in a day or two. The little girl is pretty but overdressed, the little boy a plain, sandy-haired little thing. Looks like his mother. Mrs. Inman has not yet heard from Miss Berry but is planning to go out to the school Tues. and will take my album with her and arrange about the portrait.

Monday. April 2.

I went up to the Art Museum and painted on the copy of Bobby. Mrs. Seydell telephoned and asked me to come to a little business woman's lunch club of which she is a member at the Hotel Winecoff. I went and had quite an interesting time. About 12 women there most of them advertising managers for the biggest stores in Atlanta, feature writers for the papers etc. Talked informally about Alfonso. After lunch I went over to the library with Mrs. Seydell as she wanted to look up something and I brought her Marias' story to read over. She gave me some good advice about placing it. Will try and do something with it when I am in N.Y. Came back to the hotel and then went out to Mrs. Inman's to take her my album of photos. which she will take out to show Miss Berry to-morrow. Stopped at the Art Museum to find out if the frame for Bobby's portrait had come from Newcomb Macklin. It has and I can change things around now and use Alfonso's frame for Mr. Rivers as that one I have ordered for his is just like that. Mr. McKinsey told me that Mr. Daniel of the Journal had called him up and had sent out the photographer who took a picture of Mr. Hudson. I don't believe Mr. Haverty wants that published until the portrait is presented and any way I would want to furnish the photo. as I haven't much confidence in newspaper photographers. So will call up Mr. Daniels in the morning. Called up Mr. Haverty in the evening and he said he did not want it used until the presentation. Also got Mr. Rivers and arranged for a sitting to-morrow at 12. Mr. Haverty asked me to lunch with him at the Capital City Club to-morrow.

Tuesday. April 4.

Went up to the art museum to get the frame for Mr. Rivers' portrait and took it down to the Athletic Club in a taxi. Went out and got the photos. of Bobby that I am going to send to the rotogravure sections and magazines and ordered ½ doz. mounted for him as a present from Wise. Back to the Athletic club and had my sitting with Mr. Rivers. We went over to the Capital City Club where we met Mr. Haverty for lunch. Talked mostly about the difficulties of the Stone Mt. Memorial Ass'n. and Mr. Haverty told us about an old painting he had just got in N.Y. at the Ferargil Gallery. Said that ~~the~~ Mr. Price and Mr. Russell have separated. I didn't see how they could keep on as they were at such cross purposes all the time. Mr. Haverty walked back to the club with us and saw the portrait. He had one or two suggestions to make about the likeness but on the whole liked it I think. Mr. R. & I worked again for about an hour and then I came home and rested. He is coming again to-morrow for the final touches and then it will be ready for Mrs. R. to see it. He certainly has been a hard one to do! The Kemps came for me at 6.30. I liked them immediately and had a very good time with them all the evening. She having travelled so much with her mother has breadth and character and intelligence and seems older than he in that way. though he has a good mind too. They were married only last Sept. and are quite demonstrative. They live in a pretty little house off Peachtree Rd. She had been to see my pictures with her sister who has an apt. here in The Biltmore and liked them very much. After dinner we played some things on a new Duo-Art piano they have, a wedding present I suppose, and then went to the debate on companionate marriage. I had taken the newspaper definition of it and thought I did not approve but wanted to hear what Judge Lindsey had to say. Found that what he means by c. m. is not a new thing ~~but~~ but a recognizing and legalizing of birth control, that it did not refer to permanence in marriage but to the relationship in marriage. I had not realized before that he is really working for birth control, of which I approve, and for the granting of divorce to childless couples, who by mutual consent do not want to live together. I thought it was an experimental relationship, easily dissolved without the economic and other responsibilities of marriage but what it really is, is a commonsense intelligent partnership in which of course the having of children ought to be controlled by the partners according to their means, physical condition etc. and which if it became unbearable should be dissolved in an open honest way without having to resort ~~of~~ to subterfuges with the law. As Mrs. Cobb who was there put it "all intelligent marriages are companionate marriages any way and knowledge of birth control ought to be spread so that all marriages can be intelligent partnerships."

The clergyman (Houghton) who answered Judge Lindsey was a rotter. He was rude in the first place because Judge Lindsey had forestalled all his lines of argument, he not only had not allowed Judge Lindsey a chance for rebuttal, refusing to enter into the debate if his opponent had a chance to reply to him. But having got in that position proceeded to hit below the belt. Insinuating that J. L. was doing this for money, whereas his object was to go to a [illegible]. He quibbled over J. L.'s not sticking to the point of the discussion and then proceeded not [illegible] to evade the point himself but deliberately to ignore J. L. definition of what he meant by c. m., arguing along the lines of the popular misconception of the judge's plan. He ended with a very [illegible], sentimental, [illegible] religious, appeal for ethics and virtues which of course J. L. stood for any way and having no remedy for the evils Judge L. was trying to cure suggested absolutely nothing except a glossing over, and a return to the old fashioned virtues which not only ~~dont~~ were not the pt. in this case but evidently had not prevented conditions of divorce and sexual immorality becoming what they are. He got a great deal of applause but some hisses however the morning paper says that he won 6 hundred and ninety votes to Judge L.'s 3 hundred and seventy. So I fear people think and particularly here in the South it seems to me they are very easily swayed emotionally and sentimentally. They can't conceive of people having all ~~theirs~~ ideals and yet being able to face facts and try to cure them. They would much rather live in a lovely world of their own self-satisfaction and think ~~[illegible]~~ if things go wrong it is the fault of the people who suffer them. I went up afterwards on the stage and spoke to Judge Lindsay, told him that it must be very discouraging for him to have his opponent not even listen to his definition of what he meant by companionate marriage and that it was a great pity the church could not realize how much it would help humanity if it would back such forward-looking and common-sense propositions as his. He agreed heartily at that and I suppose most of his opposition is from the church. Of course because it is so contradictory to their established sacramental marriage. I think the disapproval of birth control is one of the greatest evils of the Roman Catholic church; for as Judge L. said the "unwanted family is a dangerous family" and that most of the criminal element comes from homes where there are too many children for the mother to raise properly let alone the possibility of defectives and degenerates from an overburdened mother. I also spoke to the minister. It was noticeable the difference in the types of people around the two men. ~~J~~Judge L's crowd was forceful, intelligent, talking to him eagerly all had something to say. The clergyman's mostly women, only shook his hand gazed at him adoringly and murmured something. I said to him that I hoped he would pardon me for saying it but that I felt that if the church would realize that the majority of people had all those ideals of home, mothers etc. that he spoke of anyway and would get behind such a common-sense, helpful, forward-looking measure as Judge Lindsay's that they would find a big increase in their congregations and would become a more influential factor in people's lives. He only said, yes, yes in low tones. And I wished later that I had said what I did to him in a louder voice so that the people around could hear. Because as it was from his manner and agreeing with me etc. it looked as if I was agreeing with him in his stand against Judge L. The [illegible] was much interested. Mrs. K. especially got quite excited. We saw the Jobbs and Thomas's going out all agreeing that the clergyman was a cad in his methods.

Wednesday, April 5.

I went up to the art museum and painted for a while on the copy, then to the artistic club and had a sitting with Mr. Rivers from 12 to 1. Finished it and Mrs. Rivers and Mrs. Inman will come and see it to-morrow at 11. Had lunch at Davison-Paxons, went back to the hotel for a while then made calls. Called on Mrs. MacDonald, not at home. Then on the Dennis's. Found them. Miss Andrew, Mrs. D's aunt is with them. Then went to the Art museum and got Mr. Hudson's portrait and took it down in a taxi to be photographed again. Will call for it early in the morning. Had dinner at the St. A. apts. and wrote letters and telegraphed to various people in the evening. Mrs. Inman said that Miss Berry is not well enough to sit for her portrait at present, so I shall not stay for that. Mrs. I. wanted me to call up a Mrs. Egan who she thought would have a portrait painted of her husband for the Berry school, from photos. as he died a few years ago. I talked to her and she said that she would try and get in to my exhibition to-morrow or the next day but that there were two other artists that she was considering. Then I called up Mrs. Candler to see what she had decided but she was in bed with a headache and will call me in the morning. It looks as if I would go Sunday but I leave Miss Berry's portrait to bring me back and I feel quite sure that it would materialize.

Thursday, April 6.

Went down to see about Mr. Hudson's photos. which are all right this time. Will take one to the Journal Roto-gravure section as it was for that they ~~sent~~ a photographer to the Art Museum. The picture they took was not good enough for them to use however. I got a copy of Anna Karenina for Mrs. Inman as she had said she would like to read it and I wanted to do a little something for her before I went away. Then went to the club fo to meet Mrs. Rivers + Mrs. Inman and show them the portrait. They came and Mr. Rivers too, later Mr. Inman and Mr. R. brought a friend. At first Mrs. R. + Mrs. I. thought there was something not quite right about the expression, so I made various little changes and improved it so that they all agree and everyone who has seen it since that it is a splendid likeness. Mrs. R. is the kind though who studies every inch of the canvas and wants the ~~[illegible]~~ lapels to ~~stand~~ show on both sides of the coat whether the detail of one side is lost in the light or not. The result is that I get fussing with little things to try and please them and lose breadth and simplicity. He has the kind of head that can't be treated simply very well, so many wrinkles and such changes of expression and the color very subtle and difficult. He was much the hardest of the three I have done here and I think the picture looks it though in some ways it is carried further. After lunch at Dawson-Foxon's, somewhat exhausted, I had to keep an engagement made Monday at Mrs. Seydell's luncheon to go through the Norris Candy factory. Quite interesting but a good deal what I had expected & the sickly sweet smell made me a little ill. I don't see how the girls stand it. After that I came back to the Athletic Club where Mrs. Candler was to meet me to see Mr. Rivers portrait. She brought a sister and talked a blue streak, thought the likeness was wonderful, wanted to know if I would do her and her mother, at a reduction, being two commissions at once, the third time she has asked me. I finally said I would do the two, her mother to be without hands and I to have a room in the Biltmore to paint them in, for 1500. Her husband has millions but she evidently likes to ~~the~~ make a bargain even with portrait painters. Of course at that I shall be getting more than I have for Mr. Rivers and Mr. Hodson and I would like to do them though I think she would be terribly wearing as a sitter. The kind of person who is so anxious to make her point that she says the same thing over and over again and doesn't listen to what you say. She left to go to the exhibition saying she would call me up in the morning. I went back to the hotel and dressed for dinner at the Cobb's, Mr. Cobb came for me. Very pleasant evening, played bridge, a young [illegible]. [illegible] from Boston, has a job in Dawson-Foxons. When I got back to the hotel found that Mrs. Rivers and Mrs. Jameson had both called me up. ~~[illegible]~~ wonder what's up. I took Mr. R. to be photographed when I left the club.

Friday, April 7. A trying day. I had expected to go up to the Art Museum early and get a good morning's work in on the copy. as if I go Sunday, I have only two mornings left to work on it, but Mrs. Rivers called me up early and said she had tried to get me last night because Mrs. Candler had called her up to talk about the portrait ~~[illegible]~~ and said that she thought the likeness was fine (thank goodness) but that the gray wig was too light. as Mrs. R. has always been doubtful about his wearing a light wig that wig and his [illegible] and she wanted me to make it darker. I thought myself that possibly that light and shadow in it were too contrasting so I was glad of the chance to look at it again and we arranged for a sitting at 11.30. Then I called up Mrs. Candler. As I more than half expected she has decided not to have the portrait done now because her mother is [illegible] [illegible] but she definitely gave me the commission to do them when I came back. So I told the porter to get my berth for the Crescent Limited Sunday. 1 P.M. and will have to get the copy of Bobby done to-morrow if I work all day on it. Then Mrs. Inman called me up and gave me a long talk, all for my own good, as a friend and real well-wisher etc., insisting that I would really like to know what people were saying about my work. The long and short of it was that they all thought I got splendid likenesses but didn't always like my color. That there were several portraits being considered and people had come to her and asked her advice and that she had said that she thought I was a "splendid likeness artist" but that sometimes my color was not "soft and artistic" enough, but she thought that I was so reasonable that at a hint I could easily change the color in my painting and make it softer particularly in the women's portraits. Naturally ~~they~~ they don't know how to express what they feel technically but I think I know what bothers them. I think I have especially in the past gotten the half tones too dark and the color too heavy in the shadows but I am working at that and the very fact that my portraits look alive as they all say, is due to the color and values being true to nature and not a decorative prettified translation. Of course they are so used to seeing the latter in portraits that perhaps they miss it but I do honestly think that I must get better color as I ~~[illegible]~~ am always trying to do. ~~[illegible]~~ If only it was as easy as Mrs. Inman seems to think, that all an artist needed was to leave some laymen into a suggestion upon their eyes is that they would accomplish without effort what they have been thinking about and trying for for 20 years! I'd like to see Mrs. Inman paint portraits the way she thinks they ought to be but of course that's not fair as I pretend to be able to do it and she doesn't. Of course I couldn't say to her that as she knew better than I how far short of perfection my work fell but that I was doing all I could to improve it and they would have to leave that to me and take it or leave it for what they liked about it. I could only thank her and say I understood and perhaps there was something in it and that I would consider it carefully hereafter. She really meant it very well and I shall write her a note to explain my attitude as she is one of those who doesn't listen to what you say. Had my sitting with Mr. Rivers, repainting the entire clothes and changed the color of the shadow behind him. I think darkening the clothes and making them a little cooler in color did help. Part of my trouble has been that the light reflected in from a brick wall opposite and of course as the sun came round changed the color in his light gray suit. Mrs. Rivers came in, studied & studied it again, and I finally got away & started at 2.45 for some lunch. Cleaned up things in the room as the paperers were next door, and want to work in there to-morrow. Went to Mr. Rivers office, got my check for the portrait, stopped and saw the photos. very good but will have it taken again now that the clothes are darker, took the picture over again to the photographer and all my belongings up to the Biltmore in a taxi. Have sent telegrams to E. & W. I am coming and will write to Mamma. Got Tina's recent story yesterday. Not as good as the first in my opinion, Has lost its straightforward simplicity. Mr. Rivers says he wants me to paint him again in a dark suit when I come back and in some [illegible] pose, leg easy-air, which is what Mrs. R. did not want in this. I suppose if Mrs. Inman thinks she has had a finger in making me a really artistic painter and not just a "splendid likeness artist" she will be for me strong. A letter from Mamma to-day saying poor Cousin Sally died Monday, March 26. She had been unconscious for some days with no pain.

Saturday. April 7.

I got up to the museum early and worked all the morning on the copy of Bobby Jones and finished it. Am quite pleased with it. Mr. McKenney thought it was so good that I called up Mrs. Jones to ask her to come in and see it before it goes as she has been talking of having me make a copy for her but was doubtful whether it would really be like the original. She will go in to-morrow or Monday. The pictures will be packed Tues and I gave Will, the colored man, all the instructions. I am sending the Chess Problem and the Old Farmer's Almanac to Springfield, Ohio, the first for the exhibition and the second for a life membership. The copy of Alfonso, the R. Prelude, the Japanese lilies and the Spanish sketches to La Grange for exhibition in the Penn Studios, E.O.W. & H.A.W.W. and Mrs. Robinson to N.Y. and Borah to N.Y. too for the Portrait Painters' gallery and all the rest to Boston. Got back late for lunch at the Biltmore, about 2.30 and found a big box of lovely flowers for Easter from E. & Wise. After lunch went down to see the second photos. of Mr. Rivers, much better. Took a print of them, of Mr. Hudson and Bobby to the Rotogravure Section of the Journal Angus Perkerson, editor. Came back to the hotel and got dressed to go to Mr. Conant Bush-Brown's for a tea. Had quite a nice time. Mr. MacLaughlin, the Deans, Homans', Zieglers etc. were there. Mr. McL. took me to call on Mrs. Pope to say good-by. Then I got dinner at the St. A. Apts. and said good-by there. Every one so cordial and nice and I am really glad I'm coming back. Elinor Whitman called me up and wanted me to go to church with them to-morrow to St. Luke's where she is going to play the violin and afterwards to dine with Mrs. King, her husband's mother who lives in the Belmont Apts. Said Mrs. King had been to the exhibition with her and wanted to meet me, said she was all alone and quite forlorn since her husband died so I said I go over and see her this evening for a while, which I did. She reminded me so much of grandmamma. I suppose the Southern type. Has a lovely old place Carlysle, near Asheville in No. Carolina. Came back to my room about 9.30 and packed till almost 12. Sent some flowers to Mrs. Ayers as I couldn't get out to call to say good-by. Quite a crowd in the hotel and the city decorated for the unveiling of the Lee head at the Stone Mt. memorial on Tuesday.

I wish I could stay over for it. Mr. Reivers said he would get me a place in the grandstand and at the banquet at the Capital City club the night before. Also the opera week is in two weeks and it would have been fun to be here for that. The Metropolitan Opera Co. comes down and most of them stay at the Biltmore and are tremendously entertained and entertaining, I guess.

Easter Sunday, April 8.

A perfect Easter day. I did last things to my packing, got my trunk off at 10 and wrote notes, paid bills etc. until time to go for the train at 12.30. So sorry to leave Atlanta I feel I have made some good friends here and am glad that I am coming back. Got off very comfortably and had a quiet and uneventful journey. Read "Disraeli" by André Maurois. Very interestingly written and such a picturesque and appealing personality.

Monday. April 9.

Reached N.Y. at 12.30. Much colder. Took a taxi to 194 Riverside Drive with my bags. Had lunch there and went over to Brooklyn to the Private View of the National Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors in the Brooklyn Art Museum. (E. and Wise ~~got in~~ had telegraphed that they would be in from Baltimore where they have been for Easter in time for dinner.) They have hung the Amazing Woman Lobsterman in the show and it looks quite well. Hung in a good place and I discovered by the catalogue that they have given it "Honorable Mention". I was so overcome that I had to sit down for a few minutes and felt like crying a little. Not that it is such a tremendous honor but it does mean a good deal and is an important start in the right direction. And I know I can paint and have painted much better pictures than that. I am simply thrilled about it and to think that I went in to the gallery in apprehension for fear they hadn't hung it at all. The first prize was $250 (the Mrs. Kingdon Gould Prize) and it went to a painting called "Nada Gray" by Emma Fordyce McRae. Then mine was next with honorable mention and all the other prizes were for landscapes or sculpture or women's portraits, so I know mine must have been the one that was considered seriously for 1st. prize. I was so thrilled to have that to tell E. & W. when they arrived. Enjoyed it at the show till after 5. met [illegible] and talked to Mrs. Ferguson, Theresa and

Bouvé and her husband. Got back to 194 and read Disraeli and E. & Wise arrived in time for dinner. Both well but the baby in B. had a relapse with his tonsilitis and convulsions again, not so bad as last year. They will take his tonsils out as soon as he is well enough.

Tuesday, April 10.

Called up Mrs. Whipple right after breakfast and she said that they had decided not to have the children painted until the fall, because they had had chicken pox and were not looking well. So I went to the station and got my ticket for Boston on the 10 o'clock Thursday. Then went up to the Grand Central Galleries. Had a satisfactory talk with Mr. Barrie. He said he had been waiting for me to send some pictures again for the jury for admission to the galleries, had seen my portrait of Alfonso at the Yacht club, liked my photo. of the portrait I did in Atlanta and I think was disposed to have me as a member. I'm to send him my photos. He liked them very much. Then went to see Mr. Geraty. Not in. Then to the Anderson Galleries to see the exhibition of the women painters of the American Women's Ass'n. Not much very good, though it was a pretty good show on the whole. Then met E. for lunch at Maillards. After lunch went with her to see the La Salle car which she is going to get this year. They didn't have her model in. Then after trying to find a lantern slide place for a slide of a map of Spain for her lecture at R. Hogue on Saturday we went home and had tea and rested. Wise's half sister Kitty is very sick, may not live many days. The baby is better but still has tonsilitis, no more convulsions thank goodness. Wrote Mamma & Nina when I was coming home.

Wednesday, April 11.

I called up Mr. Graves thinking I would go round to see them. Talked to him but Mrs. G. is out of town. Tried to see Mrs. Geraty, not in. Went and had a shampoo and wave. Met E. for lunch at the Belmont, went to a meeting of the Nat. Ass'n of W. P. & S. Sat with Rosamond Smith Bouvé. Went to call on Mrs. [illegible]. She and Ben have broken it off and I didn't say anything about painting her little girl. Met B. & Jim for dinner. Very nice time though B. seems awfully tired. Has been under some strain as Anna has been operated on for appendicitis. B. & J. took the train for P. at 8 and I went home and got there just as E. & W. were finishing dinner. They had heard that W's sister Kitty died this afternoon. She was 72 and was incurably ill so it was better to have her go as she did. We sat around and talked all the evening, planned out our cruises a little for next summer. Wise is working hard on his press, expects to have it taken down next week and put up in the Times office and then he will work with it every night until it is going smoothly. It can print and ~~fold~~ 50, sixty-four page papers an hour, about twice the speed that has been attained by any press before. The baby is better. A very good notice about my picture at Brooklyn [illegible], calls it the chef d'oeuvre of the show.

Thursday, April 13

Took my bags to the station, then went to see Mr. Gerrity again but just missed him, so I took Lisa's story up to the King Features Syndicate on W. 58 St. & Broadway – the place Mrs. Snydell told me about. Talked to a Mr. Jones. Quite promising. He said that he could use it for a feature but it would only be a one page. If his company took it and that they could only pay about $40. Gave me two other addresses where he thought they might use it serially and she would get much more for it. But said if I couldn't place it there to bring it back to him. There wasn't time to go to the other places before I went to the train so I shall have to let it go till I am on again. Went to Mr. Gerrity's and found him this time. He would like to show the Bobby Jones copy for two weeks, announce it in the papers etc. but will let me know definitely as he wants to talk it over with Miss Lambert who handles the publicity for the gallery. After I left him I just had time to take a taxi to Sterns and get a birthday present for Peter – a sail-boat and then went to the station and took the one o'clock. Mamma & C.B. & Barry met me at the station. All well. Mrs. Wead had telephoned to ask me to give it a Private View for an exhibition of Mr. Fuller's pictures that the Art Club is having Sat. P.M. A letter from Dr. Carter saying he is coming down next week and can pose for his portrait.

Friday, April 14.

Went with Mamma to look at spring coats and [illegible] so I didn't see any I liked more better. Then [illegible] with me. Then up to the studio. Everything O.K. Dr. Carter's picture looks more finished than I remembered it. I quite like it. Bobby's portrait is reproduced in the Post this a.m. I don't know how they got it as I didn't send it in. Had a talk with Mr. Wilson and came back to lunch. Katharine Homans came to lunch. Afterwards I went to various exhibitions. Hibbard at the Guild (perfectly fine) Gertrude Fiske at the Ehrich Gallery (fair - I like her old men and women character studies best) John Lavalle at Doll & Richards (his water colors that I saw in N.Y. I think they looked better there. don't like the dark blue background of D. & R.'s new gallery,) and then down to Jordan Marsh Co. to see the Normal Art School alumni exhibition. They have hung my "Spring Sewing" very well indeed, practically in the place of honor. Saw Mr. Meyerowitz at D. & R. (They are showing his etchings there) and he congratulated me on the prize for the Ogunquit Lobstermen. Had seen it at Brooklyn and liked it very much. Came back for dinner and found Mamma had gone to bed with a slight cold. Philip A. came over after dinner and wanted B. & me to go to the movies and we went. Not very interesting. I had hoped to see the Stone out. Am waiting to see these reels but suppose it won't be released until next week. A check from Mr. Hudson for his portrait with a nice note saying he thought my work was fine and a letter from the N.Y. Times rotogravure editor acknowledging the photo. I had one of Bobby's portrait and saying they were going to use it. Nina telephoned and will come in to the studio to-morrow morning.

Saturday. April 14.

I took a taxi up to the studio with my painting things. Nina came at 10.30. Looks about the same. Has not got any thinner. She has not done anything about looking for a job except talking to a friend of Mrs. Coffin's at the Union. She suggested one or two things for N. to look up but she hadn't done anything about looking into them. I am getting rather fed up with her lack of pluck and her inaction. Got her to call up an address she had for some posing while she was there at the studio and she said she would look into the other things and let me know Tues. I told her about what I had done in connection with her story and she only said she didn't think she'd write any more and didn't want it published in newspapers. She had exactly $14 in the world owed all of that for her week's board due next Tuesday and had only three of her mornings engaged for posing next week and of course absolutely no plans for the summer. I can't understand her being such a fool. She apparently thinks that writing is going to turn up

She said she was sorry to worry me, that I'd better just let her go to the poor house and I said it wasn't even a question of the poor house as they wanted only totally old people who couldn't work. She's trying to open an account at Stearns and gave my name as reference so I took the blank to the studio and asked her how I would fill it out, as to income etc. She said to put $1000 a year and that of course she didn't intend to charge anything that she couldn't pay for. Of course she doesn't and she doesn't really mean to lie down on people but she can't seem to realize that if she doesn't do something about the situation that is just what she is doing. Came home for lunch. The studio windows are washed and I think the light will be fine. Went to the Private View of the exhibition of Gov. Fuller's pictures at the Art Club. Mamma & C.W. went too. I poured tea, saw a lot of people and had a very good time. Lucy and Joan Dodge helped pass things and they looked so pretty. Would love to paint a portrait of them together. Charlie Riggs came in the evening and I think my [illegible] is very [illegible]. [illegible] telephone. Bobby still has a temp. but Dr. thinks he is getting on all right.

Sunday. April 15.

The Back Bay station burned down last night. A total loss. I went over to see the ruins in the afternoon. They had a wrecking company at work immediately clearing it up. It must have been a [illegible] [illegible] the stacks in Trinity Court. I unpacked, wrote letters etc. in the morning. In the afternoon called on Mrs. MacKenna, Mrs. Pope's niece, 187 Beacon. Not at home. Winnie telephoned that Bobby was reproduced in the N.Y. Times Roto. Section. So I got a copy. Also a Herald-Tribune and Brooklyn Eagle. No mention of me in the write-ups of the N.A.W.P.&S. exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. Philip & Betty came in the evening after a tea party at the [illegible] and went over to see the ruins of the station.

Monday. April 16.

I went down town to do various errands and up to the studio to get my mail. Summer afternoon got in at Portland all right so I got an invitation to the Private View. I stopped in at the Transcript office and had nice talks with Mr. Quimby, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Claus and Mr. King. Showed the Bobby Jones photo. to Mr. Claus and he [illegible] it very much. Also to Mr. Mandell as I thought he might print it in Sat. Transcript though I was afraid that its having appeared in the Times yesterday and the Post might make a difference. He said he couldn't use it as it had appeared already. However it will come out in the Herald, on Sunday which reaches the same public. I didn't realize it would come out so soon in the Times. Home to lunch and after lunch played the piano and then went out to exhibitions, Irving & Casson, etc. Dealers exhibition (Mrs. Hale has a self portrait there, very interesting) Vose galleries - Jonas Lie show and the Guild Amy Cabot. Saw Mrs. Hale at Irving & Casson and she ~~want~~ asked me to go with her to see the Jonas Lie show. I like her very much. Saw the Townsends and Mr. Kaula at the Guild. Stuck in photographs and listened to the radio in the evening and C.W. read aloud a book on George Eliot.

Tuesday. April 17.

Had a sitting with Dr. Carter. Lisa came in and we went out to lunch. She was in a much better frame of mind. Had spent all yesterday and this morning seeing people and trying to get a job and although she had accomplished nothing definite she had several lines to follow up and felt better about the situation because she had done something to try and improve it. Went down to Hatfield's and got some new paint brushes to finish up Dr. Carter tomorrow with and then went to a tea at Mrs. Courtney's to meet an English novelist Mrs. Clough. Bossy's friends the Chandlers came to dinner and went with her and me afterwards to look on at the folk dancing class on their way out to Cambridge for a dance. The class was small but quite good fun. Alex was there and they all had seen my Bobby Jones portrait in the Times and were quite interested. Am trying to decide what I'll paint after Dr. Carter. Hate to be out of a job. Would like an interesting model to work from.

Wednesday. April 18.

Another sitting with Dr. Carter. Am quite pleased with it. He will come down again now about May 8 and his daughter will come on from N.Y. then to see it and we will finish it up. Lisa came in and we had lunch at the studio. Went down town afterward to look for a hat and to Hellen Scotters to order a box made for E. to keep her photos. in. The baby is very much better, I'm glad to say. E. went to a lunch in N.Y. and saw several people who had seen B.J. in the Times and liked it. Mr. Carter came to dinner. I stuck in photos. in the evening. Have an idea for a picture that I will follow up to-morrow. At the Guild tea on Monday I was struck by a man (the waiter who served the tea) when he stopped and looked closely at one of the paintings on the wall, his eyeglasses down on his nose etc. A good type and the light happened to be very effective on him as he stood there studying the picture. Thought then that it would make a good picture. Call it the Connoisseur and perhaps have strips of prints on the wall. Will try and get the same man as he was particularly good in character. Also might do a self-portrait if nothing better turns up.

Thursday, April 19. (Patriots Day)

We all got up late as it was a holiday and about 11 I went over to the Art Club to see Gov. Fuller's pictures again (like the English school and the Sargent copies of Franz Hals especially). Then to Herricks to get tickets for Porgy. Got them for that afternoon. Then to the studio to get my mail home to lunch and we all went to the theatre. A very effective play, very well acted and well worth seeing. Darned stockings in the evening. I tried to see about the old man I am thinking of using as a model but the Guild was closed so I couldn't find out about him from Mc Brine. Will go to-morrow the first thing.

Friday, April 20.

I went over to the Guild and got the address of the old man I want to paint from Mr. Sloan, called him on the telephone after I got to the studio and finally got him and he came over to see me after lunch. He will pose for me all right but can't come till Tuesday afternoon and can not come in the mornings, so I shall try to get someone else too and do another picture in the mornings. I thought a little of doing a self portrait but could not find any arrangement I liked and haven't got a good enough mirror. I may do it if I can get a mirror that doesn't cost too much. Nina came in for lunch. When I was talking to Mr. Sloane at the Guild I said "Why isn't Mrs. Sloane a member. She ought to be etc" and she ought to as she is a darned good landscape painter. He said he was so placed that he couldn't say anything of course and said that people getting in was largely a personal matter and that lots of people weren't in who ought to be and vice versa. For instance, you aren't". To which I said that I knew several of the members who liked my work and thought I ought to be but I supposed there were some who didn't. After lunch Nina & I went down town and I got her a pair of slippers she wanted - pale grey kid, as a present from my being away. I thought of getting her something in N.Y. but thought I would wait till I got home and found what she needed. She has got her account at Stearns and charged some silk stockings there - and has put it in the world. I left her at the subway and walked home and stopped at Christie's to find out when Mme. [illegible] would be back from Paris as I wanted her to make up my wash dress material E. gave me. They told me they had just heard that she died a few days ago and recommended a place upstairs, Grace, where I could have my dresses made. Arranged there to bring the material in the first of the week. Read in the evening and looked at some books on [illegible] I had forgotten I had. Am going to make some sketches of the children on the beach at Squam next summer - possibly a large canvas. Am quite thrilled with the idea.

Saturday, April 21.

I went down town and got a knitted beige sport dress and coat at Filene's and ordered a hat - a dark blue straw to be fitted to my head. I go in Monday at 4.30 to have it fitted. Then up to the studio and tried to get hold of various models to pose for me. Not much luck but have two coming to see me next week. Will probably do a self-portrait till I can get something else started for the mornings. Swept and dusted the studio till lunch time. Nina came for lunch and I went home quite early. Wise & E. telegraphed at dinner-time. They plan to come on next Friday on the 5 o'clock and we will go down to Squam for the day on Sunday. Everything going well and the baby better. They hope to be able to take his tonsils out about May 5. Charlie called up and gave me Percy's symphony ticket so I went to the concert. Quite interesting but not thrilling. Three members of the French Society of old instruments played with the orchestra - on a quinton, a viola d'amore and a harpsichord. Then there was a Saint Saens symphony. K. Maynard there with Miss Stevens in their seat so he is evidently away.

Sunday, April 22. I spent the whole day going over my summer clothes, altering them and pressing, etc. Charlie came -

the evening to listen to some tangos on the radio. Bobby's portrait is reproduced in the Herald rotogravure section [illegible] his and Mr. Hudson's in last Sunday's Atlanta Journal. Mr. Haverty sent me a copy and Mrs. Inman sent E. one and they are sending them to me.

Monday, April 23.

I stopped at Leonard's on the way up to the studio to see if I could get a good mirror for the studio as I thought I might do a self-portrait in the mornings, but they were awfully expensive so I decided to see what I could get down town and went on up to the studio and was trying to fix a nice arrangement of light with the mirror I have when a model came in. A very pretty young girl, and I kept her an hour trying different poses and decided on a way to do her and she will come to-morrow morning. After she left I stretched the canvas for her picture and got my lunch. All alone and very peaceful. I get a bit fed-up with having Nina around so much. She asks so many questions about everything I am doing or wearing and talks when I want to be quiet sometimes. I felt a little mean telling her not to come till Tuesday, that I might go home to lunch Monday, and then staying up there after all but I really do want to be alone to plan out my work. After lunch I took down the dress materials E. gave me to have them made up at Chace's. Chose some very pretty models for them I think and then went down to Filene's and had my hat fitted. It is going to be fine. Charlie came in the evening to listen to two things of his on the radio - Smocks & Frocks and La Joya - played by an orchestra in N.Y. and they sounded fine.

Tuesday. April 24.

Went up to the studio early and started a picture of the girl who came in yesterday - Dorothy Free - am doing a small canvas - 18 x 22 - just head and shoulders, a nice effect of light though. A top light on her curly bobbed hair, face in shadow and strong reflected light on one side. She has on a flowered georgette dress and my gold necklace. Shall call it The Gold Neck-lace. Had lunch alone though I expected Nina. She telephoned about 4 o'clock that she had been to Worcester to see about a job. [illegible] luck though. Am glad she had the initiative to go to see about it whatever it was, but wish she had telephoned earlier as of course I had bought things for lunch for her and made cocoa for two etc. In the afternoon I painted on the old man. Drew it at the guild. A 25 x 30 canvas - "The Connoisseur". It is going to be quite nice I think. Shows his silhouette in profile, chin up, looking through the lower part of his glasses at some etching on the wall. Got the canvas all covered in 1¾ hrs. Quite a day's work. Went to a Folk Dancing class in the evening. E. sent me the enlargement of the pictures she took of the man taking movies of Bobby and me. Very good and quite amusing.

Wednesday. April 25.

Got up to the studio early and painted on "The Gold Necklace" Am not crazy about it. Lisa came and had her lunch there and I went home as Theresa (Peabody) Prouse was coming. She is a dear. Went back to the studio after lunch and painted on Mr. Johnson - The Connoisseur. 1½ hrs. It is coming nicely. Went to a folk dancing party in the evening. K. Maynard had asked me to be a "hostess". Quite good fun but I got awfully tired after standing and painting all day. Mr. & Mrs. Hanson, "Cousin Charles", are talking of having me paint their portraits.

Thursday. April 26.

Painted at the studio all day. Miss Free in the morning and Mr. Johnson in the afternoon (2 hrs.). Lisa came to lunch. Tired and discouraged. Says she is going on strike. Going to sell something and go on a two weeks spree in a "fashionable hotel" and see if something won't happen. I told her she felt discouraged now because she had been thinking more about getting something to do but that really she was nearer getting something than she was in the winter because more people knew she was looking for a job now and she wasn't doing anything about it then. I started another head of Miss Free, thrown back against the back of the sofa. Like it better than the other. Expect to [illegible] "The Connoisseur" to-morrow. Am quite pleased with it. Mrs. Aspinwall took me to the Yale-Harvard Glee Club concert in the evening. Very nice. Cousin Howard telephoned that Uncle Harry had had a cable that Uncle [illegible] had died suddenly yesterday in Manila. I haven't seen him for more than 20 yrs.

but am very sorry. Bonny feels badly as she saw him when he was on here 8 yrs. ago and liked him very much. He had written Uncle Coulter that he might come back for a visit now and I was looking forward to seeing him then. She doesn't know any of the particulars of his death.

Friday, April 27.

Had a shampoo and wave in the morning and went down town and got the materials to trim my wash dresses with. Up to the studio for lunch. Nina came and I went with her afterwards to a dress shop in the Copley Plaza where there was a possibility of a job for her. We talked to a Mrs. Girton, very nice, attractive girl. She thought she might use Nina for secretary work with possibly some selling later on. Wants Nina to come in and see her again next week if she hasn't anything else by that time. I went back to the studio and painted on The Connoisseur and finished it, in four times in all, 5½ hrs. There wasn't much work in it as it was in profile silhouette and the head in the shadow but that certainly is pretty quick work. Went to try on my wash dresses at Stacy's. They are going to be awfully pretty. Home to dinner stopping at Doll & Richards to see Mr. Jonniaux exhibition of portraits. He has had a great success here this winter and has done lots of people. His work is thoroughly competent technically, good drawing and values - not a very distinguished color sense or artistic taste. Uninteresting composition and a lack of decorative sense but very able drawing and good sense of color, to make them careful and conscientious likenesses, [illegible] interest in character or individuality of his sitters. They are well drawn matter of fact conventional portraits and apparently all the majority of people want, through the use of artificial light [illegible] rather than [illegible]. After dinner I fixed [illegible] ~~Instead~~ [illegible] and went to meet E. & W. at 10 o'clock. Wise didn't come, is coming on the midnight to-night. C.W. & Gemma & Bonny came down to the hotel to see E. & W. and we had [illegible] etc. E. seems very well. They are stopping at the Ritz-Carlton.

Saturday, April 28.

I went down to the hotel after breakfast. Found E. in bed and Wise had come in but was feeling too tired to go down to Lyon to see about the boat as was staying late and had arranged for a man to come up from Lyon to talk to him about taking Henry's job (taking care of the boats next summer). I stayed at the hotel all the morning and had lunch with E. + W. He got up about 11.30 feeling better. The man came after lunch and W. engaged him. His name is Guilford, a Newfoundlander. After he had gone we went and looked at the La Salle car, as E. is getting one for next summer. Then to the studio where I showed them Dr. Carter's portrait, The Connoisseur, the head of Miss Free (the Gold Necklace) the copy of Baby and Black and White. which Wise says I should call Black + Gold because of the two heads and I think I will. Wise liked Dr. Carter's but thought it needed stronger modelling in the nose which is just what I was going to fix next time. He thought the copy of Baby was fine (though I can see the eyes are not quite right) and they both were not enthusiastic about The Connoisseur. Afterward Wise went to the hotel to rest and E. + I went to the Art Club to see Gov. Fuller's pictures and to the Spanish exhibition. E. telephoned soon after we got back to the hotel and said W. had a temp. of 101°, wanted to know a Dr. etc. for him. He came to dinner ~~alone~~ and reported that the Dr., the House doctor of the hotel, Dr. Sylvester, said that he was just tired and must stay in bed and rest. So he can't go to Squam with us to-morrow. I was so disappointed. We are all invited to dine there to-morrow with them at the hotel. I do hope Wise will be better in the morning. Daylight saving begins at 2 o'clock a.m.

Sunday, April 24

Wise felt so sick that E. + I did not go to Squam. The Dr. said he must be careful, had overworked + overstrained his heart and that there was considerable water on his lungs and his left tonsil was infected. He gave us all quite a scare as he said he was afraid of pneumonia. but W.'s temp. went down during the day and when the Dr. came again in the P.M. his lungs had cleared up. I went down to the hotel and read aloud to W. during the morning, and lunch there with E. and then we left W. to go to sleep and went out for a walk up to the studio as I wanted to get some telephone numbers to put Nina and the models off to-morrow. When we got back W. was better and I read a little more and then went home to dress. We all had [illegible] dinner with E. at the hotel and I went up and saw W. for a few minutes after dinner with C.W. He was so much better that we decided to go to Annisquam to-morrow if he was all right to be left in the morning. It rained and was cold and raw most of the day.

Monday. April 30.

Warmer but still showery. Dennis came to the hotel for E. & me at 10.30 and we drove down to Squam. W. is much better. Temp. almost normal. It was lovely down there though the season is very backward. My tulips are up, also the new narcissus and jonquils but are not in bud yet. E. talked to Tony about the garden and we ate our lunch up at Sheeprocks on the seat Tony made on the terrace. Also talked to Mr. Oakes about fixing the garage so the new car can get in and about cutting a door in the end of the boat house at Cove House with steps leading down from the road. Saw Mrs. Adams and looked at houses for mamma - the Haines house $450 for the season. Mrs. A's cottage $325. The R. Adams will be there have their house again for July & Aug. for 450 and they may take that. Stopped at the MacLeans on the way home. Got back to hotel and found W. better and cheerful. C.W. had been in to see him. I went down there to dinner and read the paper aloud afterwards. I called up Mrs. Graves to-day and asked her if Lucy & Jo would pose for me. I would love to do a big portrait of them for my Boston show in the autumn. She said she thought they would and would let me know soon.